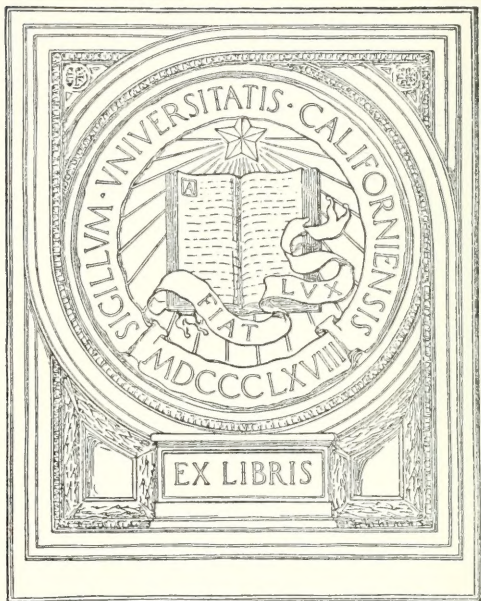


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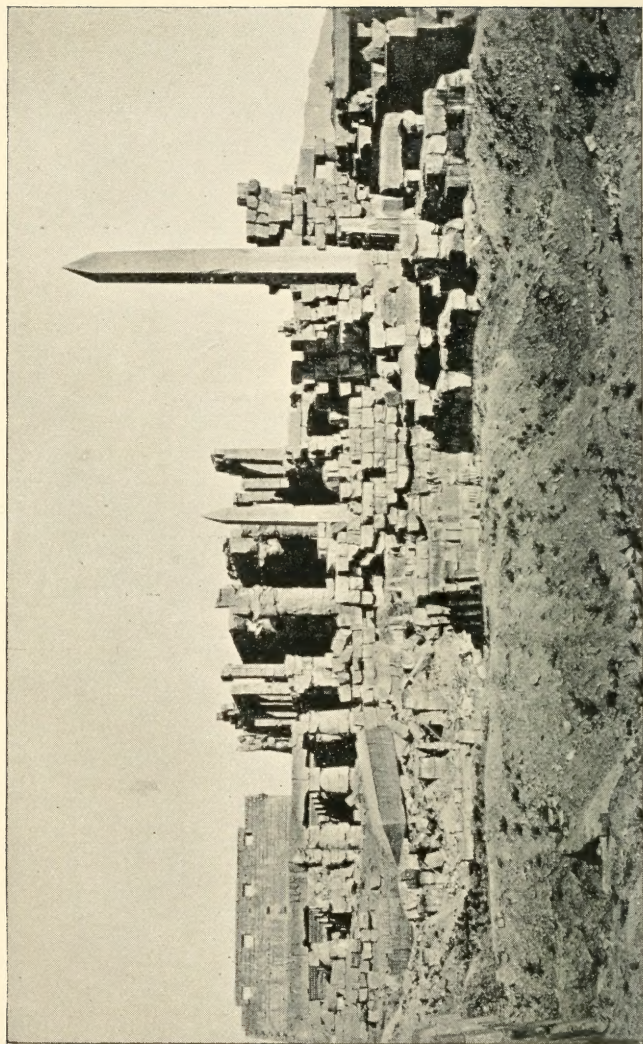




ANNUAL REPORT  
2010-2011  
YR0811







RUINS OF GREAT TEMPLE AT KARNAK.

(See page 398.)

# HALF-HOURS

WITH THE

## BEST FOREIGN AUTHORS.

SELECTED AND ARRANGED BY

CHARLES MORRIS.

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VOL. III.

FRENCH.

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## INTRODUCTION.

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THE literature of France—to which the present volume is devoted—forms a subject of great interest, both historically and critically, and some preliminary discussion of it seems indispensable as introductory to our selections. It was the first to emerge from the gloom of the dark ages, to arouse the sleeping thought of Europe, and to fill the neighboring nations with the spirit of lyric and epic poetry. And it has been persistent from that time to this, with none of the dormant intervals which have marked the literatures of Germany, Spain, and Italy, and to a minor extent that of England. Its historical details are, therefore, of great importance, but in this introductory note we can give them only in brief outline.

As early as the tenth century the poets of Provence were singing their love-songs in the vernacular, and had abandoned that use of Latin as the language of literature which had hitherto prevailed in Europe. During the succeeding century lyric poetry was largely cultivated, crude attempts at dramatic writing were made, and the *Chansons*, or narrative poems, formed part of the popular literature of the day. The famous “Chanson de Roland” seems to belong to this century. Literary production greatly increased during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. The minstrelsy of France became exceedingly active, and its influence extended to all the surrounding nations. The Troubadours of Provence were now singing everywhere,

in castle and court, their melodious songs of love, while the Trouvères of the North, the Minnesingers of Germany, and the minstrels of the Norman court of England harmoniously echoed their strains. Equally active seem to have been the composers of *Fabliaux*, short metrical tales, generally humorous, and often full of satire, which form the basis of many of Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales," of the stories of the "Decameron," and of the witty fictions of later tale-writers. The spirit of satire became pronounced, and the evils of the age were mercilessly lashed in verse by those protesting souls who were powerless to deal with them in any other manner. Of satiric productions the most notable is the humorous poem of "Reynard the Fox," which in time grew to enormous proportions and served as the vehicle of all the political discontent which had no more direct channel of expression.

But the most voluminous literary productions of that age were the "Chansons de Gestes," extended epics of chivalry, which recorded the deeds of Charlemagne and his paladins, of Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table, and of other heroes of romance, with a prolixity and with a multitude of impossible incidents which are marvellous to contemplate. It is said that the more ancient section alone of these poems of magic and knight-errantry reached the enormous extent of from two to three million lines. This favorite form of mediæval narrative had an active development also in Germany and some other countries, where it became equally popular. At a later date the metrical form of the tale of chivalry was succeeded by a prose form, which continued in existence to the time of Cervantes, who with his Don Quixote, and his potent lance of satire, put the whole swarm of knights and enchanters to flight. They were literally laughed out of existence.

During the same period some meritorious works of prose literature appeared in France, particularly in the domain of history. The first of these was the "Conquest of Constantinople," by Villehardouin (born about 1150), a valuable historical record, yet so infiltrated with the prevailing spirit of poetry and romance that it has been called a *chanson de geste* in prose. A half-century later appeared the "Life of Saint Louis," by Joinville, a work which much more closely approaches the spirit of true historical composition. At the opening of the succeeding century Froissart wrote his entertaining and valuable "Chronicle," a production of considerable literary merit, though too full of the romantic sentiment of the age of chivalry to settle down to the sobriety of modern history.

The thirteenth century was marked by the terrible wars and massacres of the Albigenses, which racked the fair land of Provence from centre to circumference and brought to a violent end that age of peace and pleasure which had fostered the happy vagrancy of the Troubadours. In the two succeeding centuries flourished a literature more in consonance with modern tastes. This was the era of the voluminous "Romance of the Rose," a poem of mingled allegory and satire which attained the highest popularity; of the graceful lyric poets Charles d'Orléans, Alain Chartier, François Villon, Jean Regnier, and their contemporaries; and of the dramatic "Mysteries" and "Moralities," the stepping-stones to the modern play. In prose little of importance was produced. Froissart, who wrote at the beginning of the fourteenth century, we have already named. The opening of the sixteenth was marked by the much more valuable historical work of Philippe de Comines, whose history of Louis XI. clearly outlines the character of modern historical writing.

The era from 1500 to 1650 is distinguished by several

important steps of literary progress in France. Its poets are very numerous, including, among the best known, Marot, who did much to improve the literary language of his country; Ronsard and other poets of his school, the merit of whose poetry was half lost in a rude dialect that was neither French nor any other known language; and Malherbe, whose critical taste brought to an end the popularity of Ronsard and his imitators and restored the French tongue to its natural line of development.

In the witty and graceful tales of the "*Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles*," in those of the "*Heptameron*" of Margaret of Navarre, and in similar productions of other writers of the era in question, we have the opening of the long reign of the prose fiction of France, whose grace and artistic charm have never since failed. Many other prose-writers of skill and ability appeared, including D'Aubigné, Montluc, Brantôme, Pasquier, Calvin, and St. Francis de Sales. But pre-eminent in this field were two of the greatest writers in the whole history of French literature, Rabelais and Montaigne, the character of whose works is too well known to need description at our hands, and whose fame is as fresh to-day as in the period in which they lived.

The succeeding half-century, from 1650 to 1700, was that of the reign of Louis XIV., during which French literature rose to a height of excellence not equalled elsewhere in Europe. Of the renowned poets of this period may be named the great dramatists Corneille, Racine, and Molière; the fabulist La Fontaine; Boileau, the satirist; the lyric poet Jean Baptiste Rousseau, and Fontenelle, the noted didactic poet. The prose-writers include the celebrated names of Bossuet, La Rochefoucauld, Fléchier, Fénelon, La Bruyère, Balzac, Descartes, Pascal, Madame de Sévigné, Mademoiselle de Scudéri, and others of equally enduring reputation.

The eighteenth century, while not so prolific in great names, well sustained the credit of French literature. It produced the two great authors Voltaire and Rousseau, a host of poets of minor renown, the encyclopedists Diderot and D'Alembert, and Beaumarchais, the author of the "Marriage of Figaro" and the "Barber of Seville." Some of its best work was in fiction, of which we may name Madame de Lafayette's "Princess of Cleves," the direct ancestor of the modern novel, the celebrated "Mannon Lescaut" of the Abbé Prevost, which, written in 1733, is generally accepted as the first character novel, the "Gil Blas" and other works of Le Sage, Saint-Pierre's admirable "Paul and Virginia," and the "Emile" and the "Nouvelle Héloïse" of Jean Jacques Rousseau. Chief among the historians of the century stands the celebrated Montesquieu. Other writers in this field are Voltaire, Rollin, Saint-Simon, and Turgot. Buffon's "Natural History" is a work of the greatest merit in the literature of science, while in the other domains of thought might be named authors but little below those mentioned in skill and ability.

Of the host of writers whom the nineteenth century has produced, and many of whom have attained great celebrity, we can here but give the names of some of the best known. In general literature may be cited Châteaubriand, Lamartine, Sismondi, De Staël, Sainte-Beuve, De Barante, Volney, and Michelet; in poetry, Béranger, Hugo, and many others of minor reputation; in history, Thiers, Guizot, Thierry, Taine, Renan, Tocqueville, and Mignet; in fiction, George Sand, Balzac, Sandeau, Musset, Mérimée, Dumas, Hugo, Gautier, About, Feuillet, Erckmann-Chatrian, Cherbuliez, and Daudet. This is but an imperfect list, but it will suffice to show that the literary activity and ability of the French have in no sense



declined, and that they have kept themselves on a level in this particular with the most advanced of other nations.

It must be said, however, in conclusion of this rapid summary, that while for volume and general level of merit during the past eight or nine centuries the literature of France has surpassed that of any other nation, it presents no individual works of the supreme excellence of the highest of the world's authors, such as Shakespeare, Dante, Cervantes, and Homer. Perhaps the most meritorious and original of French writers are Rabelais and Molière. But France has produced no epic poem of merit; only a few great tragedies, and these faulty in construction; and no verse equalling in merit that produced by the best poets of England, Germany, and Italy. On the other hand, in the art of narrative fiction the authors of France have attained to a high degree of excellence. For charm of diction and wit of dialogue in the short tale and the extended novel, for harmony of language, grace of style, colloquial versatility, artistic completeness, and all that goes to make up the attractiveness of literature considered from its artistic side, the writers of France are unsurpassed, if indeed they are equalled, by those of any other European nation.

This leads us to a brief consideration of the characteristics and merits of the French literary style. In this respect there is a remarkable contrast with the style of German prose, as described in the introduction to the preceding volume. While the latter is noted for its heaviness, and for the awkward construction of its sentences and its works as wholes, lightness and grace are the prevailing characteristics of French literary productions. De Quincey says, somewhat extravagantly, indeed, but with general truth, that "such a thing as a long or involved sentence could not be produced from French literature,



though a sultan should offer his daughter in marriage to the man who should find it." Throughout the whole range of the literature of France the requisites of harmony of construction, attention to grammatical correctness, grace, polish, and accuracy, have been most carefully observed; and in the writers of the past ages we find none of the slovenliness in composition which marks the works of many of the earlier writers of England and other Teutonic countries.

This artistic excellence in the arrangement of sentences, in simplicity and grace of expression, and in brevity and perspicuity of manner, is everywhere evident in French books. No episodes or digressions are permitted to interfere with the main flow of the narrative or the essay; the reader is never wearied by undue length of dialogue or description, or checked in his interest by the introduction of extraneous matter; and, aside from the fondness of some authors for declamation, no more is ever said than is necessary to the graceful rounding and finish of the theme.

When we come to consider the origin of these virtues of the French style, it may readily be found in the conditions and habits of French life. It is the conversational method carried out in literature. No other people has brought the art of conversation to such perfection. French conversers sedulously avoid the monologue so common in England and Germany, deal in brisk, terse, simple, and clearly-expressed sentences, avoid monopoly of talk, and do their utmost to say much in little, and say it clearly and explicitly. Unlike the literary men of Germany, who are the outcome of the lecture-room and the library, the French writer is a man of the world, accustomed to the frequent discussion of social and political questions, and wide awake to all the demands of social intercourse.

This developed art of conversation is the influencing agent in the French literary style. The rights of the hearer are never absent from the mind of the French author. He constantly strives for ease of expression, and never forgets what to him is the paramount duty of amusing and interesting his auditor.

One unavoidable result of this is a degree of flippancy which, while making French books fluently readable, detracts from their merit considered as records of thought. In this particular they fall below English and German books. In seeking to be rapid and chatty they become superficial. The sweep of thought in the conversational style is narrow; clearness is attained, but profundity is hindered; and in consequence the intellectual value of French books lies at a considerably lower level than that of the less graceful but more reflective products of the Teutonic mind. In the words of Goethe, "The French possess wit and understanding, but no depth and no self-devotion. They are social by nature, therefore they never forget the public to whom they are speaking. They endeavor to be clear in order to convince their readers, and agreeable in order to please them,"—paying more regard, indeed, to this than to moral propriety or that search for truth which is an inborn instinct of the Teutonic mind.

The extract from *Madame de Staël* in the present volume very happily contrasts the conversational characteristics of the French and Germans, and may be offered to the reader as a sequel to what we have here said, from one far more competent, through personal experience, to discuss intelligently the characteristics of the French and German styles of expression.

# HALF-HOURS

WITH THE

## BEST FOREIGN AUTHORS.

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### THE CAPTURE OF SAINT LOUIS.

JEAN, SIRE DE JOINVILLE.

[Jean, Sire de Joinville, nearly the earliest prose-writer of France to acquire literary fame, was born in Champagne in 1224, and educated at the court of Thibaut, the troubadour King of Navarre and Count of Champagne. He accompanied Louis IX. in his first crusade, and was taken prisoner with the king at Mansoorah, in Egypt. Returning to France in 1254, he there wrote the work by which his name is known in literature, "History of Saint Louis IX., King of France." He died about 1317.

This historical production is one of high interest, being written in an easy, conversational style, and with such candor, simplicity, and naturalness as to give it an enduring charm. We select that portion of the gossipy narrative which describes the capture of the king, and the attendant circumstances.]

It may be well that I should now speak of the river that flows through Egypt, and comes from the terrestrial paradise; and I recall these things to your memory, that you may be able to understand some circumstances which have to do with my subject. This river is different from all other rivers, for the more streams a river receives, the

greater number of little streams and brooks does it discharge; and this river sends out none, but flows in one channel into Egypt, and there divides and spreads over the country. About the time of St. Remy's day, the seven rivers overflow the country, and cover the plains; and when the waters retire, the laborers go out to work on their land with ploughs, without wheels: then they sow wheat, barley, rice, and cummin, which succeed so well that one could not wish for better crops. Nobody can tell the cause of this overflow, except that it is the will of God; and, were it not to take place, nothing could grow, for the great heat of the sun burns up everything, as it never rains in that country.

The river is always disturbed, for the country-people go there to drink; towards evening they take some of the water, and grate four almonds or beans into it, and on the morrow it is perfectly fit to drink. Before the river enters Egypt, men, used to the work, cast their nets into the stream in the evening, and when morning comes they find in them many spices, which they sell by weight in that country, namely, ginger, rhubarb, lign-aloes, and cinnamon; and they say that these things come from the terrestrial paradise, and that the wind blows them down from the trees there, as it does the dry wood in the forests of this land; and whatever the river brings down, the merchants sell there by weight. The water of the river is of such a nature, that when we put some of it into a kind of white earthen pot that is made in that country, and hung it to the cords of our tents, it became in the heat of the day as cold as at the spring.

In the country they say that the sultan has tried many times to discover the source of the river, and has sent out men for that purpose, who took with them a kind of bread called biscuit, because it was twice baked, and lived on

this bread till they returned to the sultan. They reported that they had followed the course of the river, and had come to a large hill of sharp rocks, that it was impossible to climb, and over these rocks fell the river. There appeared to be many trees on the top of the hill, and they said they had found marvellous wild beasts of many kinds, lions, elephants, serpents, which came and looked at them on the bank of the stream as they went up.

Now to return to our original subject. When the river enters Egypt, it spreads out its branches, as I said before. One of its branches goes to Damietta, another to Alexandria, the third to Tennis, and the fourth to Rexi. To this branch that flows by Rexi, the King of France marched with all his host, and encamped between the Damietta branch and that of Rexi, and all the army of the sultan encamped on the other side opposite our army, to prevent our passage.

One night they brought out an engine, that they called *La Perrière*, which they had not yet used, and, while we were guarding the *chas-chateils*\* by night, they put Greek fire into the sling of the engine. When Sir Walter de Curel, the good knight who was with me, saw this, he cried out, "Gentlemen, we are in greater peril than ever, for if they set fire to our *chas-chateils* we shall be burnt and destroyed; and if we leave the posts we have been appointed to keep we shall be disgraced. None but God can deliver us from this peril. I counsel and advise you, whenever they throw the fire at us, cast yourselves on your hands and knees, and pray God to guard you in this danger."

As soon therefore as they threw the first shower, we

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\* A kind of movable shed, under cover of which soldiers attacked a fortification.

threw ourselves on our hands and knees as he said, and it fell between our two chas-chateils, into the place in front of us, which the army had made to stop up the river. In appearance the Greek fire was like a tun of verjuice, and the tail of fire which issued from it was of the length of a long spear; it made such a noise as it came, that it sounded like the thunder of heaven; it seemed a very dragon flying through the air; so bright was its light, that we could see the army as clearly as in broad daylight.

Thrice this night did they throw the Greek fire from La Perrière, and four times from cross-bows. Each time that our good king, St. Louis, heard these explosions, he threw himself on his bed, and, with outstretched hands and bitter tears, cried to God, "Good Lord God, preserve thou me and all this people;" and I truly believe that his prayers served us well in our need.

I will now relate to you how the king was taken prisoner, as he described it to me himself. He had left his own battalion, and, with Sir Geoffrey de Sergines, had joined that of Sir Gautier de Chasteillon, who commanded the rear; and the king told me that he was mounted on a small courser, with a housing of silk, and said that of all his men-at-arms there only remained with him Sir Geoffrey de Sergines, who led him to Casel, the place where he was taken prisoner. In like manner, said the king, did Sir Geoffrey de Sergines defend him from the Saracens, as a faithful servant defends the cup of his master from flies, for every time the Saracens approached him he took his sword, which he had placed on his saddle-bow, and drove them away from the king's person; and thus he led the king to Casel, where, having dismounted at a house, he laid him, almost lifeless, in the lap of a citizen's wife from Paris, fearing that he would not live to the evening.

Shortly after arrived Sir Philip de Montfort, and told



the king that he had seen the admiral, with whom he had treated for a truce; that if it were his good pleasure he would return to him, and conclude it in the way the Saracens wished. The king entreated him to do so, for he earnestly wished it.

He went to the Saracen, who had removed his turban from his head, and his ring from his finger, as tokens that he would keep the peace. Just at this moment a great calamity happened to our people, for a sergeant, a traitor named Marcel, began to cry to our men, "Sir knights, the king orders you to surrender; be not the cause of the king's death." They all thought that the king had commanded them to do so, and yielded up their swords to the Saracens. The admiral, seeing the Saracens leading away our men, told Sir Philip that it was not expedient that he should grant a truce, for he saw they were taken prisoners. Now, it happened that all our people were taken prisoners, and Sir Philip was not, because he was an ambassador. But there is a very bad custom in pagan countries, that when the king sends ambassadors to the sultan, or the sultan to the king, and the king or the sultan dies before the ambassadors' return, they are made slaves and prisoners by either side, whether they are sent by the Christians or Saracens. The council of the sultan tried the king in the same way they had tried us, to see if he would promise to deliver to them any of the castles belonging to the Knights Templars, or to the Hospital of Rhodes, or any of the castles belonging to the barons of the land; but it pleased God that the king answered them as we had done, and they threatened him, and told him if he would not do so they would put him in the bernicles, which is the greatest torture any one can suffer. The bernicles are formed of two pieces of wood bent, indented at the ends, and fit one into the other, and are fastened

with strong straps of leather at the top, and when they want to put a person in them they lay him on his side, placing his legs among the pegs inside; and then they make a man sit on the planks, and thus not half a foot of the bones remain unbroken; and, to make it as bad as they can, at the end of three days, when the legs are swollen, they replace them in the bernicles, and break them again.

To all these threats the king replied that he was their prisoner, and that they could do what they would with him. When they saw that they could not conquer the king by threats, they returned to him, and asked him how much money he would give the sultan, and if he would also surrender Damietta. And the king answered, that if the sultan would take a reasonable sum of money he would write to the queen to pay for their deliverance. And they said, How is it that you cannot say that you will do these things? And the king answered, that he did not know that the queen would do it, for that she was his wife. Then the council went and spoke to the sultan, and brought back word to the king, that if the queen would pay a million bezants of gold, equal to about five hundred thousand pounds, he would set the king free. And the king made them swear that the sultan would give them their liberty if the queen did so. They went to speak to the sultan, and on their return gave the king an oath that they would set him free on these terms. And now they had sworn, the king promised cheerfully that he would willingly pay five hundred thousand pounds for the ransom of his men, and would give Damietta for his own; for no ransom could be paid for a man of his rank.

You have had related the great persecutions and miseries that the good king St. Louis and we all suffered and endured in Egypt. You should know also that the good

lady the queen did not escape without her share, and very bitter it was to her heart, as you shall soon hear. Three days before the birth of her child, the news reached her that her good husband the king had been taken prisoner. This news affected her so much, both in mind and body, that incessantly in her sleep the room seemed filled with Saracens, ready to slay her, and she kept crying out constantly, "Help, help," when there was not a soul near her. She made a knight watch at the foot of her bed all night without sleeping. This knight was very old, not less than eighty or more, and every time she screamed he held her hands and said, "Madam, do not be thus alarmed; I am with you, do not be afraid." Before the birth of her child, the good lady ordered every one to leave her chamber, except this ancient knight, and threw herself on her knees before him, and requested that he would grant her one favor. The knight promised it with an oath. The queen then said, "Sir knight, I request, on the oath you have sworn, that should the Saracens storm this town and take it, you will cut off my head before they seize me." The knight replied that he would do so very willingly, and that he had before thought of it, in case such an event should happen.

In this same town of Damietta the queen shortly after gave birth to a son, who was named John, and surnamed Tristan, because he had been born in misery and poverty. On the very day of his birth it was told the queen that the Pisans, the Genoese, and all the poorer people in the town were about to fly and leave the king. The queen sent for them, and thus spoke: "Gentlemen, I beg of you, for the love of God, that you will not think of quitting this town; for you well know that my lord the king, and all who are with him, will be ruined. At least, if such be your intention, have pity on this wretched person who

lies here, and wait until she be recovered." They all answered that it was impossible, and that they should die of hunger in that town. She replied that they should never die of hunger, for that she would buy up all the provision that could be found in the place, and retain it henceforward in the name of the king. This she was obliged to do, and all the food that could be found was bought up. And in the little time before her recovery, it cost her three hundred and sixty pounds and more to feed these people. Notwithstanding, the good lady was forced to rise before she was perfectly well, and set out for the town of Acre, for Damietta was to be delivered to the Turks and Saracens.

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## THE MANAGEMENT OF CHILDREN.

JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU.

[The life of the author of our present selection was one of greatly diversified incident and fortune. Born at Geneva, Switzerland, in 1712, and exposed to very unpleasant conditions in his boyhood, he ran away from the engraver to whom he had been apprenticed, and began a series of devious wanderings, in which he suffered much from poverty. After a greatly varied life, he began his career as an author in 1750, in which year he won a literary prize offered by the Academy of Dijon. In 1752 he produced an opera, "*Le Devin du Village*," which was highly successful. In 1753 appeared his "*Discourse on the Origin of Inequality among Men*," in which he maintains that all men are born equal. This democratic doctrine, then first promulgated, had a powerful effect on the subsequent history of politics. His other noted works were "*Julia, or the New Héloïse*;" "*The Social Contract*;" "*Émile, or Education*;" and "*Confessions*," a remarkable autobiography. His life continued to be a series of adventurous wanderings, and he died in 1778, as poor as when his existence began.

As to the beauty, eloquence, and originality of the works of this

remarkable writer, and their striking influence on contemporary thought, little need here be said. Lowell remarks, in an article in the "*North American Review*," "There was a faith and an ardor of conviction in him that distinguish him from most of the writers of his time. Nor were his practice and his preaching always inconsistent." "Though I see," says Hume, "some tincture of extravagance in all his writings, I also think I see so much eloquence and force of imagination, such an energy of expression, and such a boldness of conception, as entitle him to a place amongst the first writers of his age." From the "*New Héloïse*" we select a passage which contains much sound sense upon the subject of the rearing of children. It is an extract from a letter supposed to be written to a friend by a person visiting Héloïse, or Mrs. Wolmar.]

"I HAVE thought that the most essential part in the education of children, and which is seldom regarded in the best families, is to make them sensible of their inability, weakness, and dependence, and, as my husband called it, the heavy yoke of that necessity which nature has imposed upon our species; and that, not only in order to show them how much is done to alleviate the burden of that yoke, but especially to instruct them betimes in what rank Providence has placed them, that they may not presume too far above themselves, or be ignorant of the reciprocal duties of humanity.

"Young people who from their cradle have been brought up in ease and effeminacy, who have been caressed by every one, indulged in all their caprices, and have been used to obtain easily everything they desired, enter upon the world with many impertinent prejudices; of which they are generally cured by frequent mortifications, affronts, and chagrin. Now, I would willingly spare my children this second kind of education by giving them, at first, a just notion of things. I had indeed once resolved to indulge my eldest son in everything he wanted, from a persuasion that the first impulses of nature must be good and

salutary ; but I was not long in discovering that children, conceiving from such treatment that they have a right to be obeyed, depart from a state of nature almost as soon as born,—contracting our vices from our example, and theirs by our indiscretion. I saw that if I indulged him in all his humors they would only increase by such indulgence ; that it was necessary to stop at some point, and that contradiction would be but the more mortifying as he should be less accustomed to it ; but, that it might be less painful to him, I began to use it upon him by degrees, and in order to prevent his tears and lamentations I made every denial irrevocable. It is true, I contradict him as little as possible, and never without due consideration. Whatever is given or permitted him is done unconditionally and at the first instance ; and in this we are indulgent enough ; but he never gets anything by importunity, neither his tears nor entreaties being of any effect. Of this he is now so well convinced that he makes no use of them ; he goes his way on the first word, and frets himself no more at seeing a box of sweetmeats taken away from him than at seeing a bird fly away which he would be glad to catch, there appearing to him the same impossibility of having the one as the other ; and, so far from beating the chairs and tables, he dares not lift his hand against those who oppose him. In everything that displeases him he feels the weight of necessity, the effect of his own weakness, but never—“Excuse me a moment,” says she, seeing I was going to reply : “I foresee your objection, and am coming to it immediately.

“The great cause of the ill humor of children is the care which is taken either to quiet or to aggravate them. They will sometimes cry for an hour for no other reason in the world than because they perceive we would not have them. So long as we take notice of their crying, so



long have they a reason for continuing to cry ; but they will soon give over of themselves when they see no notice is taken of them ; for, old or young, nobody loves to throw away his trouble. This is exactly the case with my eldest boy, who was once the most peevish little bawler, stunning the whole house with his cries ; whereas now you can hardly hear there is a child in the house. He cries, indeed, when he is in pain ; but then it is the voice of nature, which should never be restrained ; and he is again hushed as soon as ever the pain is over. For this reason I pay great attention to his tears, as I am certain he never sheds them for nothing ; and hence I have gained the advantage of being certain when he is in pain and when not ; when he is well and when sick ; an advantage which is lost with those who cry out of mere humor and only in order to be appeased. I must confess, however, that this management is not to be expected from nurses and governesses ; for as nothing is more tiresome than to hear a child cry, and as these good women think of nothing but the time present, they do not foresee that by quieting it to-day it will cry the more to-morrow. But, what is still worse, this indulgence produces an obstinacy which is of more consequence as the child grows up. The very cause that makes it a squaller at three years of age will make it stubborn and refractory at twelve, quarrelsome at twenty, imperious and insolent at thirty, and insupportable all its life.

“I come now to your objection,” added she, smiling. “In every indulgence granted to children, they can easily see our desire to please them, and therefore they should be taught to suppose we have reason for refusing or complying with their requests. This is another advantage gained by making use of authority, rather than persuasion, on every necessary occasion. For, as it is impossible



they can be always blind to our motives, it is natural for them to imagine that we have some reason for contradicting them, of which they are ignorant. On the contrary, when we have once submitted to their judgment, they will pretend to judge of everything, and thus become cunning, deceitful, fruitful in shifts and chicanery, endeavoring to silence those who are weak enough to argue with them; for when one is obliged to give them an account of things above their comprehension, they attribute the most prudent conduct to caprice, because they are incapable of understanding it. In a word, the only way to render children docile and capable of reasoning, is not to reason with them at all, but to convince them that it is above their childish capacities; for they will always suppose the argument in their favor unless you can give them good cause to think otherwise. They know very well that we are unwilling to displease them, when they are certain of our affection; and children are seldom mistaken in this particular: therefore, if I deny anything to my children, I never reason with them, I never tell them why I do so and so; but I endeavor, as much as possible, that they should find it out, and that even after the affair is over. By these means they are accustomed to think that I never deny them anything without a sufficient reason, though they cannot always see it.

"On the same principle it is that I never suffer my children to join in the conversation of grown people, or foolishly imagine themselves on an equality with them, because they are permitted to prattle. I would have them give a short and modest answer when they are spoken to, but never to speak of their own head, or ask impertinent questions of persons so much older than themselves, to whom they ought to show more respect."

"These," interrupted I, "are very rigid rules, for so in-

dulgent a mother as Eloisa. Pythagoras himself was not more severe with his disciples. You are not only afraid to treat them like men, but seem to be fearful lest they should too soon cease to be children. By what means can they acquire knowledge more certainly and agreeably than by asking questions of those who know better than themselves? What would the Parisian ladies think of your maxims, whose children are never thought to prattle too much or too long? they judge of their future understanding by the nonsense and impertinence they utter when young. That may not be amiss, Mr. Wolmar will tell me, in a country where the merit of the people lies in chattering, and a man has no business to think, if he can but talk. But I cannot understand how Eloisa, who is so desirous of making the lives of her children happy, can reconcile that happiness with so much restraint; nor, amidst so much confinement, what becomes of the liberty with which she pretends to indulge them."

"What," says she, with impatience, "do we restrain their liberty by preventing them from trespassing on ours? And cannot they be happy, truly, without a whole company's sitting silent to admire their puerilities? To prevent the growth of their vanity is a surer means to effect their happiness; for the vanity of mankind is the source of their greatest misfortunes, and there is no person so great or so admired, whose vanity has not given him more pain than pleasure.\*

"What can a child think of himself, when he sees a circle of sensible people listening to, admiring, and waiting impatiently for, his wit, and breaking out in raptures at every impertinent expression? Such false applause is

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\* If there ever was a man upon earth made happy by his vanity, it is past a doubt that he was a fool.

enough to turn the head of a grown person ; judge, then, what effect it must have upon that of a child. It is with the prattle of children as with the predictions in the almanac. It would be strange if, amidst such a number of idle words, chance did not now and then jumble some of them into sense. Imagine the effect which such flattering exclamations must have on a simple mother, already too much flattered by her own heart. Think not, however, that I am proof against this error because I expose it. No, I see the fault, and yet am guilty of it. But, if I sometimes admire the repartees of my son, I do it at least in secret. He will not learn to become a vain prater by hearing me applaud him, nor will flatterers have the pleasure, in making me repeat them, of laughing at my weakness.

“ I remember one day, having company, I went out to give some necessary orders, and on my return found four or five great blockheads busy at play with my boy ; they came immediately to tell me, with great rapture, the many pretty things he had been saying to them, and with which they seemed quite charmed. ‘ Gentlemen,’ said I, coldly, ‘ I doubt not but you know how to make puppets say very fine things ; but I hope my children will one day be men, when they will be able to act and talk of themselves ; I shall then be always glad to hear what they have said and done well.’ Seeing this manner of paying their court did not take, they since play with my children, but not as with Punchinello ; and, to say the truth, they are evidently better since they have been less admired.

“ As to their asking questions, I do not prohibit it indiscriminately. I am the first to tell them to ask, softly, of their father or me, what they desire to know. But I do not permit them to break in on a serious conversation, to trouble everybody with the first piece of impertinence

that comes into their heads. The art of asking questions is not quite so easy as may be imagined. It is rather that of a master than of a scholar. The wise know and inquire, says the Indian proverb, but the ignorant know not even what to inquire after. For want of such previous instruction, children, when at liberty to ask questions as they please, never ask any but such as are frivolous and answer no purpose, or such difficult ones whose solution is beyond their comprehension. Thus, generally speaking, they learn more by the questions that are asked of them than from those which they ask of others.

“But were this method, of permitting them to ask questions, as useful as it is pretended to be, is not the first and most important science to them that of being modest and discreet? And is there any other that should be preferred to this? Of what use, then, is an unlimited freedom of speech to children before the age at which it is proper for them to speak? Or the right of impertinently obliging persons to answer their childish questions? These little chattering querists ask questions, not so much for the sake of instruction, as to engage one's notice. This indulgence, therefore, is not so much the way to instruct them as to render them conceited and vain,—an inconvenience much greater, in my opinion, than the advantage they gain by it; for ignorance will by degrees diminish, but vanity will always increase.”

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## OLD-TIME MARRIAGE-CUSTOMS.

AURORE DUDEVANT (GEORGE SAND).

[The celebrated novelist so well known in French literature under the assumed name of George Sand, her real name being Amantine Lucile Aurore Dupin, was born in Paris in 1804, and was a great-

grand-daughter of the famous Maurice de Saxe, natural son of Augustus II. of Poland. She spent much of her early life at the château de Nohant, under the care of her grandmother, where she had full liberty to indulge in her wayward impulses and to foster her native love for natural scenery. Here she studied the philosophies of Aristotle, Leibnitz, and Locke, but Rousseau was her favorite author. In 1822 she was married to M. Dudevant, a retired officer of the army, but they separated after ten years of married life, from incompatibility of temperament. She then settled in Paris, gave up her fortune to her husband, and adopted literature as a profession.

Her first novel, "*Rose et Blanche*," was written in conjunction with Jules Sandeau. In 1832 appeared "*Indiana*," under her pseudonyme of George Sand, which had an immediate and great success. She continued to produce novels with great industry, and was also the author of a number of dramas, and of "*Histoire de ma Vie*," an autobiography. In 1838 she was legally separated from her husband, and the castle of Nohant was restored to her; and here she spent the remainder of her life, till her death in 1876.

As a novelist George Sand stands in the first rank of recent writers of fiction, and has done valuable work in giving literary expression to the charm of the landscape scenery of France. In diction she is of unsurpassed excellence. Michelet calls her the great prose-writer of the nineteenth century, while Thackeray says, "Her style is noble and beautifully rich and pure. She has an exuberant imagination, and with it a very chaste style of expression. Her sentences are exquisitely melodious and full. I cannot express to you the charm of them: they seem to me like the sound of country bells falling sweetly and sadly upon the ear." Among her most admired works are the pastoral romances "*La Mare au Diable*," "*François le Champi*," and "*La petite Fadette*." These are free from the theory, the declamation, and the indelicacy of her other works, and are charming in their quietness of incident and beauty of language. From the first-named we select the Zimmern sisters' translation of the description of a marriage in Berri. The story begins with the barricading of the bride's house by her friends, and a mock assault on it by the bridegroom and his party. A parley follows, and admission is granted.]

THE hemp-dresser then drew back the wooden bolt which fastened the door inside, at that time still the only

lock known in most of the houses of our hamlets. The bridegroom's troop forced an entrance into the dwelling of the bride; but not without a fight, for the youth who were quartered in the house, even the old hemp-dresser and the old women, grouped themselves round the hearth to guard it. The bearer of the spit, assisted by his companions, must contrive to establish the roast on the hearth. It was a regular battle, although they abstained from blows and there was no anger in the fray. But they pushed and squeezed one another so closely, and there was so much ambition brought into play in the trial of muscular strength, that the consequences might have been more serious than they appeared amidst the laughter and the songs. The poor old hemp-dresser, who struggled like a lion, got pressed against the wall and squeezed by the crowd so that he almost lost his breath. More than one champion was overthrown and accidentally trodden on; more than one hand that clung hold of the spit was scratched. These games are dangerous; and accidents have occurred in them lately so serious as to make our peasants resolve to let this ceremony of the bridal gifts fall into disuse. I fancy we saw it for the last time at Françoise Meillart's wedding, and then even there was only a pretence of fighting.

The fight was hot enough still at Germain's wedding. It was a point of honor on the one side to invade, on the other to defend, Guillette's hearth. The enormous iron spit was twisted as in a vice under the vigorous fists which were struggling for it. A pistol-shot set on fire a little hemp stored in bundles on a hurdle near the ceiling. This incident made a diversion; and while some hastened to extinguish this germ of conflagration, the grave-digger, who had climbed up to the hay-loft unobserved, descended by the chimney, and seized the spit at the moment when



the cowherd, who was defending it, was lifting it above his head to prevent its being snatched from him. Some time before the assault began, the matrons had taken the precaution of putting out the fire, for fear that in the struggle some one might fall in and be burnt. The facetious grave-digger, with the connivance of the cowherd, took possession of the trophy without any difficulty, and threw it across the andirons. The deed was done: no one was now allowed to touch it. He sprang into the middle of the room, and lighted a wisp of straw which was fastened round the spit, as a pretence of cooking the roast; for the goose was cut up already, and strewed the floor with its scattered limbs.

Then there was much laughter and boastful talk. Every one displayed his bruises; and, as it was often a friend's hand that had given the blow, no one thought of complaining or quarrelling. The hemp-dresser, who had been squeezed half flat, was rubbing his sides, saying that he did not mind at all about it, but that he protested against his friend the grave-digger's stratagem, and that, had he not been half killed, the hearth should not have been so easily conquered. The women swept the floor, and order was established. The table was covered with cans of fresh wine. When they had toasted one another, and recovered their breath, the bridegroom was conducted to the middle of the room, and, armed with a little rod, was obliged to submit to a new trial.

During the combat, the bride had been hidden, with three of her companions, by her mother, her godmother, and her aunts, who had seated the four young girls on a bench in a distant corner of the hall and had covered them with a large white sheet. The three companions had been chosen of the same figure as Marie, and their *cornettes* (head-dresses) were of the same height; so that,



as the sheet covered their heads and enveloped them down to their feet, it was impossible to tell one from another.

The bridegroom was only allowed to touch them with the end of his stick, and that merely to point out the one that he took to be his wife. Time was given him to examine them, but only with his eyes; and the women, standing near him, kept vigorous watch to see that there was no cheating. If he guessed wrong, he might not dance all the evening with his bride, but only with the one he had chosen by mistake.

Germain, finding himself in the presence of these phantoms, enveloped by the same shroud, was much afraid of making a mistake; and indeed this had happened to others, for the precautions were always taken with the most conscientious care. His heart was beating. Little Marie tried to breathe hard, and to shake the sheet a little; but her malicious friends did the same, pushing at the covering with their fingers; and there were as many mysterious signs as there were young girls under the veil. The square head-dresses held up this veil so equally that it was impossible to discern the shape of a forehead through its folds.

Germain, after ten minutes' hesitation, closed his eyes, recommended his soul to God, and stretched out the stick at random. It touched the forehead of little Marie, who threw the sheet far from her with a cry of "Victory!" He then received permission to kiss her, and, lifting her up in his strong arms, he carried her to the middle of the room, and they opened the ball, which lasted till two o'clock in the morning.

Then the guests separated, to meet again at eight o'clock. As there were a good many young people from the neighborhood, and there were not beds enough for everybody, every

girl from the village who was invited received into her bed two or three young companions, while the young men went to stretch themselves out pell-mell on the straw in the farmhouse granary. You may well imagine that they did not sleep much, for they only occupied themselves with teasing one another, with exchanging jests, and with telling mad stories. At weddings there should be three *nuits blanches*, which are never regretted.

At the hour fixed for departure, after having eaten bread-and-milk seasoned with a strong dose of pepper, to give them an appetite,—since the nuptial repast promised to be copious,—the whole party assembled in the courtyard of the farm. As our parish had been suppressed, they had to go a distance of half a league to seek the nuptial benediction. It was fine fresh weather; but, as the roads were very bad, every man had provided himself with a horse, and each of the men took on to the horse one of the women, either young or old. Germain set out on the gray mare, which, well groomed, freshly shod, and decorated with ribbons, pranced and sent out fire from her nostrils. He went to the cottage to seek his bride, accompanied by his step-brother Jacques, who, mounted on the old gray mare, took good mother Guillette up with him; while Germain re-entered the farm-yard, leading his dear little wife with a triumphant air.

Then the joyous cavalcade started on its way, escorted by the children on foot, who ran along firing their pistols and making the horses jump. Mother Maurin was mounted on a little cart with Germain's three children and the musicians. They began their march to the sound of the instruments. Little Pierre looked so beautiful that the grandmother was quite proud of him; but the impetuous child did not remain long at her side. At a halt they were obliged to make on account of the badness of the ground,

he stole away, and went to beg his father to seat him in front of him on the gray mare.

"No, no," answered Germain; "that might draw bad jokes down on us. No, it must not be."

"I do not mind a bit what the people of St.-Chartier say," said little Marie. "Do take him, Germain, I beg of you: I shall be even prouder of him than I am of my wedding-gown."

Germain yielded, and the handsome trio rejoined the ranks, thanks to the gray mare's triumphant gallop.

And, in truth, the people of St.-Chartier, although much disposed to scoff, and somewhat sneering about the neighboring parishes united to theirs, never thought of laughing at such a handsome bridegroom, so pretty a bride, and a child that a king's wife might have envied. Little Pierre had a complete costume of mullet-blue cloth, and a red waistcoat so stylish and short that it hardly went below his chin. The village tailor had made it so tight in the arm-holes that he could not bring his two little arms together. And how proud he was! He had a round hat with a black-and-gold ribbon, and a peacock's feather rising audaciously out of a tuft of guinea-fowl feathers. A bunch of flowers bigger than his head covered his shoulder, and the ribbons hung down to his feet. The hemp-dresser, who was also the barber and hair-dresser of the place, had cut his hair in a round, covering his head with a basin and clipping all the hair that projected, —infallible means for guiding the scissors. Thus accoutred, the poor child certainly presented a less poetic appearance than with his long hair floating in the wind and his sheepskin thrown across his shoulders in the John-the-Baptist fashion. But the child was not conscious of this; and every one admired him, saying that he was like a little man. His beauty triumphed over everything; and, in

truth, over what would not the incomparable beauty of childhood triumph?

His little sister Solange wore, for the first time in her life, a regular *cornette*, instead of the print cap that little girls wear till they are two or three years old. And what a *cornette*!—taller and broader than the whole body of the poor little thing! And how beautiful she thought herself! She dared not turn her head, and bore herself stiffly, thinking she would be taken for the bride.

As for little Sylvain, he was still in a frock, and fast asleep on his grandmother's lap: he knew nothing of any wedding.

Germain looked lovingly at his children; and when they reached the Mairie he said to his bride,—

“Well, Marie, I have come here a little happier than on the day when I brought you home to our house from the Chanteloube woods, thinking that you would never love me. I took you in my arms to set you down as I do now; but I thought that we should never again be together on the poor good gray mare, with this child on our knees. Ah, I love you so much; I love our poor little ones so much; I am so happy that you love me, and that my parents love you, and that I love your mother and your friends so much,—nay, the whole world to-day,—that I ought to have three or four hearts to suffice me. Indeed, one is too small to hold so many friendships and so much happiness: it is almost too much to bear.”

There was a crowd assembled at the door of the Mairie and the church to see the pretty bride. Why should we not describe her dress?—it suited her so well, the thin-muslin head-dress embroidered all over, and the lappets trimmed with lace. In those days the peasant-women would not allow a single hair to be seen; and though they hide under their caps magnificent masses, rolled up with

white-thread ribbons to support the head-dress, even to this day it would be considered an indecent and disgraceful action to show the head uncovered to a man. However, they now permit a little band of hair to pass along the forehead, which beautifies them much. But I do regret the classic head-dress of my time: that white lace immediately touching the skin has a character of antique chastity which seemed to me more solemn; and when a face was beautiful in this, it had a beauty whose charm and simple majesty nothing can express.

Little Marie still wore this head-dress; and her forehead was so white and pure that it defied the white linen to darken it. Although she had not closed her eyes the whole night, the morning air, and, above all, the inner happiness of love as pure as the sky, and, besides, a little secret ardor restrained by modesty, had called into her cheeks a radiance as soft as that which the first rays of the April sun give to the peach-blossom.

Her white kerchief modestly crossed over her breast revealed only the delicate outlines of a neck rounded like a turtle-dove's; her myrtle-green wrapper of fine cloth marked her little form, which seemed perfect, but which must still grow and develop, for she was not yet seventeen. She wore a violet silk apron with a bib, which our village girls have done wrong in abandoning, and which lent much elegance and modesty to the figure. Nowadays they display their kerchiefs with more vanity, but there is no longer in their dress that fine flower of antique modesty that made them resemble Holbein's Virgins. They are more coquettish, more gracious. Good tone was then a sort of severe stiffness which rendered their rare smiles more profound and more ideal.

At the offering Germain put, according to custom, the *treizaine*—i.e., thirteen pieces of silver—into the hand of

his bride. He slipped on to her finger a silver ring, of a shape unchanged for centuries, but which the golden wedding-ring has since displaced. On leaving the church, Marie whispered to him,—

“Is it really the ring I wished for, the one I begged of you, Germain?”

“Yes,” replied he, “the one my Catharine had on her finger till her death. It is the same ring for both my marriages.”

“I thank you, Germain,” said the young wife, gravely and with emotion. “I will die with it; and if I die before you, you will keep it for the marriage of your little Solange.”

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## LAYS OF THE TROUBADOURS.

### VARIOUS.

[During the centuries from 1100 to 1300 A.D., the region of Provence, in the south of France, was the seat of a remarkable outburst of love-poetry, which gave the cue to the literature of the whole of Europe to such an extent that these lays of passion and sentiment almost hide from our view the war, outrage, and brutality which were the actual distinguishing features of that period. It was with the Troubadours of Provence that such songs of fictitious love originated, but they quickly spread to the Trouvères of Northern France and to the Minnesingers of Germany, so that everywhere resounded tones of amatory passion which had in them far more of poetic artifice than of real feeling. These poems are not marked by any great literary merit, their principal attraction being in their graceful simplicity and the natural music of the soft-flowing Provençal dialect in which they are couched. We select some examples in which the romantic stories of the poets' lives give an abiding interest to their songs.

Geoffroi Rudel, Prince of Blaye, the author of our first selection,



was a favorite friend of Geoffrey Plantagenet, the elder brother of Richard Cœur-de-Lion, and fell desperately in love with a certain countess of Tripoli, whom he had never seen, but the reports of whose beauty and beneficence inspired his warm heart with the passion of love. Determined to visit her, he sailed for Tripoli, but took sick on the voyage, and reached the harbor in a dying state. The lady, learning that a celebrated poet was dying for love of her on a vessel in the harbor, hastened on board, took his hand, and earnestly entreated him to live for her sake. It was too late; he could only express his love and gratitude, and he expired in her arms. The countess, overcome with sorrow, vowed herself to a life of penance for the loss she had occasioned to the world, raised a magnificent monument to the memory of her deceased lover, and for ever after carried in her bosom, inscribed in letters of gold, his last song in her honor.]

AROUND, above, on every spray,  
Enough instructors do I see  
To guide my unaccustomed lay  
And make my numbers worthy thee :  
Each field and wood and flower and tree,  
Each bird whose notes with pleasure thrill,  
As, warbling wild at liberty,  
The air with melody they fill.  
How sweet to listen to each strain !  
But, without love, how cold, how vain !

The shepherds love the flocks they tend,  
Their rosy children sporting near ;  
For them is joy that knows no end,  
And, oh, to me such life were dear !

To live for her I love so well,  
To seek her praise, her smile to win,—  
But still my heart with sighs must swell,  
My heart has still a void within !

Far off those towers and castles frown  
Where she resides in regal state,  
And I, at weary distance thrown,  
Can find no solace in my fate.

Why should I live, since hope alone  
Is all to my experience known?

[Guillaume de Cabestaing, a twelfth-century troubadour, tuned his harp to the praise of the Dame Sermonde, the wife of a seigneur of noted ferocity, Raimond de Château-Roussillon. This brutal lord grew jealous of the troubadour, imprisoned his wife in a tower, and treated her with savage cruelty. Not content with this, he attacked and killed the troubadour, cut off his head, and tore out his heart. The latter he had cooked and served up to his wife,—an incident that seems to have been of somewhat common occurrence in the Middle Ages. After she had eaten of it, he asked her if she knew what meat that was. “No, but I have found it very good.” “No doubt,” he exclaimed, showing her Cabestaing’s head. Horror-struck, Sermonde cried out, “Yes, barbarian, I have found it delicious, and it is the last thing I shall ever eat.” Exasperated by this reply, Raimond drew his sword to attack her: she fled, threw herself from a balcony, and was killed by the fall.]

No, never, since the fatal time  
When the world fell for woman’s crime,  
Has Heaven in tender mercy sent—  
All preordaining, all foreseeing—  
A breath of purity that lent  
Existence to so fair a being!  
Whatever earth can boast of rare,  
Of precious, and of good,—  
Gaze on her form, ’tis mingled there,  
With added grace endued.

Why, why is she so much above  
All others whom I might behold,—  
Whom I, unblamed, might dare to love,  
To whom my sorrows might be told?

Oh, when I see her, passing fair,  
I feel how vain is all my care :  
I feel she all transcends my praise,  
I feel she must contemn my lays :  
I feel, alas ! no claim have I  
To gain that bright divinity !  
Were she less lovely, less divine,  
Less passion and despair were mine.

[The poet from whom we make our next selection, Bertrand de Born, had the honor, if honor it were, of being placed in Dante's "Inferno," where he was doomed to wander as a headless trunk, carrying his bemoaning head in his hand. He was an ardent friend of Henry Plantagenet, and inspired him and his brother Richard to rebellion against their father, Henry II. of England. He was afterwards besieged in one of his castles by the king, taken prisoner, and condemned to execution. But on his reminding the king of the friendship which the youth, now dead, had entertained for him, Henry burst into tears, restored Bertrand to liberty, and gave him back his castle and lands "in the name of his dead son."]

Lady, since thou hast driven me forth,  
Since thou, unkind, hast banished me  
(Though cause of such neglect be none),  
Where shall I turn from thee ?  
Ne'er can I see  
Such joy as I have seen before,  
If, as I fear, I find no more  
Another fair ;—from thee removed,  
I'll sigh to think I e'er was loved.

And since my eager search were vain,  
One lovely as thyself to find,—  
A heart so matchlessly endowed,  
Or manners so refined,  
So gay, so kind,

So courteous, gentle, debonair,—  
I'll rove, and catch from every fair  
Some winning grace, and form a whole,  
To glad—till thou return—my soul.

The roses of thy glowing cheek,  
Fair Sembelis, I'll steal from thee;  
That lovely smiling look I'll take;  
Yet rich thou still shalt be,  
In whom we see  
All that can deck a lady bright:  
And your enchanting converse light,  
Fair Elis, will I borrow too,  
That she in wit may shine like you.

And from the noble Chales I  
Will beg that neck of ivory white,  
And her fair hands of loveliest form  
I'll take; and, speeding light  
My onward flight,  
Earnest, at Roca Choart's gate,  
Fair Agnes I will supplicate  
To grant her locks, more bright than those  
Which Tristan loved on Yseult's brows.

And, Audiartz, though on me thou frown,  
All that thou hast of courtesy  
I'll have,—thy look, thy gentle mien,  
And all the unchanged constancy  
That dwells with thee.  
And, Miels de Ben, on thee I'll wait  
For thy light shape, so delicate,  
That in thy fairy form of grace  
My lady's image I may trace.

The beauty of those snow-white teeth  
From thee, famed Faidit, I'll extort,  
The welcome, affable and kind,  
To all the numbers that resort  
Unto her court.  
And Bels Mirails shall crown the whole,  
With all her sparkling flow of soul,—  
Those mental charms that round her play,  
Forever wise, yet ever gay.

[A poem in a different strain, and in which the philosophy of common sense replaces love as the theme of the poet, is the production of the Monk of Montaudon, a poet of much reputation, but whose real name is unknown.]

I love the court by wit and worth adorned,  
A man whose errors are abjured and mourned,  
My gentle mistress by a streamlet clear,  
Pleasure, a handsome present, and good cheer.  
I love fat salmon, richly dressed, at noon;  
I love a faithful friend both late and soon.

I hate small gifts, a man that's poor and proud,  
The young who talk incessantly and loud;  
I hate in low-bred company to be,  
I hate a knight that has not courtesy.  
I hate a lord with arms to war unknown,  
I hate a priest or monk with beard o'ergrown;  
A doting husband, or a tradesman's son  
Who apes a noble, and would pass for one.  
I hate much water and too little wine;  
A prosperous villain, and a false divine;  
A niggard lout who sets the dice aside;  
A flirting girl all frippery and pride;  
A cloth too narrow, and a board too wide;

Him who exalts his handmaid to his wife,  
And her who makes her groom her lord for life ;  
The man who kills his horse with wanton speed,  
And him who fails his friend in time of need.

[To the above we append two poems from the "Troubadours and Trouvères" of Harriet W. Preston, an American translator of excellent skill. The first is from Arnaut de Marvill, a twelfth-century troubadour ; the other an *Aubado*, or morning song, of early date but unknown authorship. In the opinion of the translator, it is "the most perfect flower of Provençal poetry."]

## LOVE-SONG.

Softly sighs the April air,  
Ere the coming of the May ;  
Of the tranquil night aware,  
Murmur nightingale and jay ;  
Then, when dewy dawn doth rise,  
Every bird in his own tongue  
Wakes his mate with happy cries ;  
All their joy abroad is flung.

Gladness, lo ! is everywhere  
When the first leaf sees the day ;  
And shall I alone despair,  
Turning from sweet love away ?  
Something to my heart replies,  
Thou too wast for rapture strung ;  
Wherefore else the dreams that rise  
Round thee when the year is young ?

One, than Helen yet more fair,  
Loveliest blossom of the May,  
Rose tints hath and sunny hair,  
And a gracious mien and gay ;



Heart that scorneth all disguise,  
Lips where pearls of truth are hung:  
God, who gives all sovereignties,  
Knows her like was never sung.

Though she lead through long despair,  
I would never say her nay,  
If one kiss—reward how rare!—  
Each new trial might repay.  
Swift returns I'd then devise,  
Many labors, but not long.  
Following so fair a prize  
I could nevermore go wrong.

## MORNING SONG.

Under the hawthorns of an orchard lawn,  
She laid her head her lover's breast upon,  
Silent, until the guard should cry the dawn.  
Ah God! ah God! why comes the day so soon?

I would the night might never have passed by!  
So wouldst thou not have left me, at the cry  
Of yonder sentry to the whitening sky.  
Ah God! ah God! why comes the day so soon?

One kiss more, sweetheart, ere the melodies  
Of early birds from all the fields arise!  
One more, without a thought of jealous eyes!  
Ah God! ah God! why comes the day so soon?

And yet one more under the garden wall;  
For now the birds begin their festival,  
And the day wakens at the sentry's call.  
Ah God! ah God! why comes the day so soon?

'Tis o'er! He's gone. Oh, mine in life and death!  
But the sweet breath that backward wandereth,  
I quaff it, as it were my darling's breath.  
Ah God! ah God! why comes the day so soon?

Fair was the lady, and her fame was wide,  
And many knights for her dear favor sighed;  
But leal the heart out of whose depths she cried,  
Ah God! ah God! why comes the day so soon?

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### THE FIRST MAN.

GEORGES LOUIS, COMTE DE BUFFON.

[Georges Louis Leclerc, Comte de Buffon, a French naturalist of great celebrity, was born in 1707, at Montbard, in Burgundy. He acquired an ardent love of nature while travelling with the Duke of Kingston, an English nobleman, through France, Switzerland, and Italy, and on his return devoted himself to the study of science. After some preliminary publications, he was elected a member of the Academy of Sciences, and appointed superintendent of the king's gardens, where he began that series of investigations to which he owes his fame. Ten years of study were followed by the publication of three volumes of his "Natural History," which were succeeded in time by twelve others, and by his "History of Birds," "History of Minerals," and "Epochs of Nature." He wrote also a "Dissertation on Style." He died at Paris in 1788.

Buffon's works are of the utmost value from the philosophical spirit which animates them, and as opening the way for the great labors of Cuvier and his contemporaries. Among his important demonstrations were that of the unity of the human species, and the law of the geographical distribution of animals. The poetical character of his descriptions gives his writings a place in general literature, and had much to do with the rapidity with which he rose into fame, and the great influence of his works in promoting the study of natural history. We give one of his most imaginative dissertations.]

I WILL imagine, then, a man, such as one would believe the first man to have been, at the moment of his creation: that is to say, a man whose body and organs are perfectly formed, but who wakes up quite new to himself and to everything around him. What would be his first movements, his first sensations, his first impressions? If this man were to give us an account of his first thoughts, what would he have to tell us? What would the story be? I must make him speak himself, in order that the facts may be more apparent. This philosophical account, which will be short, will not be a useless digression.

"I remember that moment, so full both of joy and pain, when I felt, for the first time, my singular existence. I did not know *what* I was, *where* I was, or *whence* I came. I opened my eyes, when an increase of feeling, the light, the canopy of heaven, the green earth, the crystal waters, all engaged my attention, animated me, and gave me an indescribable feeling of pleasure. I thought at first that all these objects were in me, and formed part of myself.

"I was strengthened in this new idea, when I turned my eyes towards the sun; its light hurt me. I involuntarily closed my eyes, and I experienced a passing sorrow. In that moment of darkness I thought I had lost almost all my being. Troubled, seized with astonishment, I was thinking about this great change, when all at once I heard sounds: the song of the birds, the murmur of the winds, formed a concert, the sweet impression of which touched my heart. I listened for a long time, and soon persuaded myself that this harmony was part of myself.

"Attentive, occupied altogether with this new kind of existence, I had already forgotten the light, that part of my being which I had first discovered, when I opened my eyes again. What joy to find myself in possession of so many brilliant objects! My pleasure surpassed all that

I had felt at first, and suspended, for a time, the charming effect of sound.

"I fixed my eyes on a thousand different objects; I soon discovered that I could lose objects and find them again, and that I had the power of destroying and reproducing at my will this beautiful part of myself; and although it seemed to me immense in size on account of the numerous effects of light and the variety of color, I thought I could distinguish that all was contained in a portion of my being.

"I began to see without emotion and to hear without pain, when a light wind, whose freshness I felt, wafted to me sweet smells, which made my heart rejoice, and gave me a feeling of love for myself.

"Agitated by all these sensations, stimulated by the pleasures of such a delightful and great existence, I raised myself all at once, and felt myself carried onward by an unknown power. I only took one step; the novelty of my situation rendered me motionless, my surprise was extreme. I thought that my existence was departing; the movement I had made confused everything; I thought everything was in disorder.

"I raised my hand to my head, I touched my forehead and my eyes, I examined my body; my hand appeared to me then the principal organ of my existence; what I felt in this limb was so distinct and complete, my enjoyment of it seemed so perfect compared to the pleasure which light and sound had given me, that I gave myself up entirely to the solid part of my existence, and felt that my ideas assumed depth and reality.

"Every part of myself that I touched seemed to give feeling for feeling, and every touch produced a double idea.

"I was not long in discovering that this sense of feeling was spread through all the parts of my being; I soon

recognized the limits of my existence, which had at first seemed immense in extent.

“I had cast my eyes on my body; I considered it of an enormous size,—so great, that all the objects which met my eyes seemed in comparison nothing but points of light.

“I examined myself for a long time. I looked at myself with pleasure. I watched my hand, and observed its movements. I had the strangest ideas about it. I thought that the movement of my hand was only a kind of flying existence, a succession of similar things; I put it close to my eyes, it then seemed larger than all the rest of my body, and hid from my sight an infinite number of objects.

“I began to suspect that there was some illusion in this sensation which came through my eyes. I had seen distinctly that my hand was only a small part of my body, and I could not understand how it could be increased to such a degree as to appear of an immeasurable size; I resolved then only to trust my touch, which had not yet deceived me, and to be on my guard against all other ways of feeling and being. This precaution was useful to me. I began to move again, and walked with my head erect and raised toward the sky. I knocked myself slightly against a palm-tree; seized with fright, I touched this strange body, for so I thought it, because it did not return feeling for feeling; I turned away with a kind of horror, and perceived for the first time that there was something outside me.

“More agitated by this discovery than I had been by all the others, I had some trouble to reassure myself, and, after having meditated over this event, I concluded that I should judge of external objects as I had judged of the parts of my body, and that I could only be sure of their existence by touching them. Thereupon I tried to touch

everything I saw. I wanted to touch the sun. I stretched out my arms to enclose the horizon, and I felt nothing but the empty air.

“At each experiment that I tried, I passed from one surprise to another, for everything seemed equally near me, and it was only after numberless attempts that I learned to use my eyes to guide my hand; and as it gave me quite different ideas from the impressions produced by my sight, my senses being no longer in unison, my conclusions only became more imperfect, and the whole of my being was still nothing but a confused existence.

“Deeply occupied with myself, with what I was, with what I might be, the contradictions which I had discovered humbled me; the more I reflected, the more doubts presented themselves; tired of uncertainties, wearied with the emotions of my mind, my knees bent under me, and I found myself in a posture of repose. This state of tranquillity gave fresh power to my senses. I was seated under the shadow of a beautiful tree: bunches of bright red fruit hung within reach of my hand; I touched them gently, and they dropped from the branch as the fig falls when it is ripe.

“I had seized upon one of these fruits. I thought I had obtained a victory, and I gloried in being able to hold in my hand another whole being; its weight, although small, appeared to me an animated resistance, which I was pleased to have vanquished.

“I had looked at this fruit; I had considered its shape and color; a delicious smell made me draw it nearer; it was close to my lips; I drew in long draughts of perfume, and quaffed the pleasure of the sense of smell. I was filled with this embalmed air; my mouth opened to exhale it, it opened again to draw it in. I felt that I possessed an



internal sense of smell, finer, more delicate still than the first; lastly, I tasted it.

“What a flavor, what a new sensation! Until then I had only had pleasure; taste gave me a sense of luxury. The intimate nature of the enjoyment produced the idea of possession; I thought that the substance of this fruit had become mine, and that I had the power of transforming creatures.

“Flattered by this idea of power, stimulated by the pleasure I had felt, I gathered a second and third fruit, and I did not weary of using my hand to satisfy my taste. But an agreeable languor by degrees took possession of all my senses, made my limbs feel heavy, and suspended the activity of my mind. I judged of its inaction by the feebleness of my thoughts; my dull senses rounded every object, and presented to me nothing but weak and badly-defined representations. At that moment my eyes, which had become useless, closed, and my head, no longer supported by the muscles, sank down to find rest upon the grass.

“All was effaced, everything disappeared, the course of my thoughts was interrupted; I lost the sense of my existence. The sleep was deep, but I do not know if it lasted long, having still no idea of time, and not being able to measure it; my awakening was only a second birth, and I felt only that I had ceased to be.

“The annihilation which I had just experienced gave me some feeling of fear, and made me feel that I should not always exist.

“I had another anxiety; I did not know if I had not left behind in my sleep some part of myself. I tried my senses. I sought to recognize myself. But while I examined my body to make sure that the whole of my existence remained, what was my surprise to see at my

side a form like mine! I took her for another myself; far from having lost anything while I had ceased to be, I thought I had been doubled.

"I touched this new being; what a shock! It was not myself, but it was more than myself, better than myself. I thought that my existence was going to change places, and pass altogether into this second half of myself.

"I felt her come to life under my hand; I saw her deriving thought from my eyes; hers made a new source of life flow in my veins; I would have willingly given her all my being. This lively desire completed my existence; I felt a sixth sense born.

"At that moment, the orb of day extinguished its light at the end of its course; I hardly perceived that I had lost the sense of sight. I lived too intensely to fear ceasing to be, and it was nothing that the darkness around me reminded me of my first sleep."

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## THE MINES OF SWEDEN.

JEAN FRANÇOIS REGNARD.

[The author of the following interesting description of life in the Swedish mines was born at Paris in 1655, and owes his principal celebrity in literature to his comic poetry, in which field he is ranked next to Molière. There are, however, but few of his plays which entitle him to such a rank, the best of these being "The Gambler," in which probably he was guided by his own experience, as he was himself an inveterate gamester. His comedies are marked by an abundant humor. He travelled considerably, was for two years a prisoner to Algerine pirates, and in 1681 and 1682 journeyed through Sweden and Lapland. He died in 1709.]

THE mine of Kopparberg is the most curious place in Sweden, and furnishes all the wealth of the country. Although there are many mines, this one has always been the most highly valued; and they do not remember when it was opened: it is four days' journey from Stockholm. The smoke which ascends from all sides points out where the town is, long before it is reached; and this makes it seem more like the workshop of Vulcan than the dwelling of men. On all sides one sees nothing but ovens, fires, coal, sulphur, and miners, who complete to perfection this horrible picture. But let us descend into the abyss, in order the better to conceive the horror of it. They led us first to a room, where we changed our clothes, and took, each of us, a spiked stick, to support ourselves in the most dangerous places. From thence we entered the mine by a mouth of frightful length and depth, which prevented one from seeing the people who worked at the bottom, some of whom were carrying up the stones, others undermining the earth, some blasting the rock by fire prepared for that purpose: in short, all had their different employments. We descended into this abyss by a number of steps which led to it, and we then began to understand that we had as yet done nothing, and that it was only a preparation for greater labors. In fact, our guides then lit their pine-wood torches, the light of which hardly pierced the thick darkness which reigned in these subterranean places, and only gave light enough to enable one to distinguish the frightful objects which presented themselves to one's sight. The smell of sulphur stifles you, the smoke blinds you, the heat kills you; add to that the noise of the hammers which resounds through these caverns, the sight of these spectres, as naked as one's hand and as black as demons, and you will confess, with me, that there is nothing which gives a stronger idea of

hell than this living picture, painted in the blackest and most sombre colors that one can imagine.

We descended more than two leagues underground by these frightful roads, sometimes on shaking ladders, sometimes on light planks, and always in continual apprehension. We saw on our way a number of pumps and curious machines for drawing up water, but we could not examine them because of the extreme fatigue which we felt; we only saw a number of unfortunate beings who worked these pumps. We went right to the bottom with a great deal of trouble; but when we wished to reascend, *superasque evadere ad auras*, it was with incomparable trouble that we reached the first height, where we were obliged to throw ourselves on the ground in order to regain our breath, which the sulphur had stifled. We arrived, with the help of some men who held us up by our arms, at the mouth of the mine. There we began to breathe with as much pleasure as a soul escaped from purgatory; and we began to regain our strength in some degree, when a pitiable object presented itself before us. They were carrying up a poor unhappy creature who had just been crushed by a stone falling on him. This happens every day; and the smallest stones, falling from an extraordinary height, produce the same effect as the largest. There are always seven or eight hundred men who work in this abyss; they receive eightpence a day; and there are nearly as many overseers, who carry an axe in their hands in sign of authority. I do not know whether we ought to have more compassion for the fate of these unfortunates, or for the blindness of men who, to maintain their ease and to satiate their avarice, tear the bowels of the earth, confound the elements, and upset all nature.

In reality, can there be anything more inhuman than to

expose so many people to such extreme peril? Pliny says that the Romans, who wanted men more than gold, would not permit the mines which they had discovered in Italy to be opened, in order that the lives of the people might not be exposed to danger; and the unfortunate beings who had deserved death could not be more severely punished than by being allowed to live, and forced every day to dig their own tombs. In this mine there is found native sulphur, blue and green vitriol, and octahedrons; the latter are stones naturally cut into a pyramidical form on both sides.

From Kopparberg we came to a silver-mine, which is to be seen at Sahlberg, a little town two days' journey from Stockholm, the aspect of which is one of the pleasantest in these parts. We went the next day to the mine, which is a quarter of a mile distant from it. This mine has three large mouths, from which one cannot see the bottom. The half of a cask, fastened to a rope, serves instead of a staircase to descend into this depth; it ascends and descends by a rather curious machine, which the water turns on both sides. The greatness of the danger is easily to be conceived, when one finds one's self thus descending, having only one foot in the cask, and knowing that one's life depends on the strength or weakness of the rope. An attendant, as black as a demon, holding in his hand a torch of pitch and resin, descends with you, and dolefully sings a song, the mournful tune of which seems exactly made for this infernal descent. When we were about the middle, we were seized with a great chill, which, added to the torrents which fell on us from all sides, roused us from the heavy drowsiness in which we seemed to be while descending into these subterraneous regions. At last we arrived, after half an hour's journey, at the bottom of this first gulf: there our fears began to

subside; we no longer saw anything frightful; on the contrary, everything shone in these deep regions. We descended still very deep under ground, on extremely long ladders, to reach a room which is in the centre of the cavern, supported by several pillars of the precious metal with which everything is overlaid. Four spacious galleries join there, and the light of the fires which burn on all sides, and which are reflected on the silver of the archways, and on a clear stream which flows at the side, does not serve so much to give light to the workmen as to render this dwelling as magnificent as that of Plutus, which is said to be in the centre of the earth, where the god of riches has displayed all his treasures. One sees constantly in these galleries men of all nations, who seek with so much trouble for that which gives pleasure to other men. Some drag the carts, others roll the stones, and others divide rock from rock. It is a town under another town; there are houses, inns, stables, and horses there, and what is still more charming is a mill which turns constantly at the bottom of this gulf, and which serves to throw up the water which is in the mine. The same machine carries one up again to go and see the different processes by which the silver is made.

The first stones which are drawn up from the mine they call *stuf*; they dry them in an oven, which burns slowly, and which separates the antimony, arsenic, and sulphur from the stone, lead, and silver, which stick together. This first process is followed by another, and these dried stones are thrown into holes, to be there ground and reduced to dust by means of a number of great hammers worked by the water: this mud is diluted by a stream flowing incessantly over a great varnished cloth, which, carrying away everything earthy and coarse, retains the lead and the silver at the bottom, from whence they are



drawn out to be thrown for the third time into the furnaces, which separate the silver from the lead, which rises in a scum.

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## MAN'S POSITION IN THE UNIVERSE.

BLAISE PASCAL.

[Blaise Pascal, a French mathematician and philosopher of the highest eminence, was born in 1623, at Clermont-Ferrand, in Auvergne. He early showed a remarkable inclination to geometry, and, despite the opposition of his father, made such progress as to astonish Descartes by the profundity of a mathematical treatise written at the age of sixteen. He wrote a number of works on this science, but his enduring fame was gained in quite another field, that of philosophical literature. In 1656 appeared his celebrated "*Provincjal Letters*," which were directed against the Jesuits, and did more to destroy the influence of this order in Europe than all other causes combined. From a literary point of view this work is of the highest rank. Voltaire says that "*Molière's* best comedies do not excel these Letters in wit, nor the compositions of Bossuet excel them in simplicity." Their style and diction are of the most admirable excellence, and no other work in French literature has done so much to perfect and polish the language. Not a single word in them has become obsolete. Pascal meditated an extensive work on the principles of religion and the evidences of Christianity. This he did not live to complete, but the "*Thoughts of Pascal*," published in 1670, comprise a series of detached sentences which were probably intended to form portions of it. These "*Thoughts*" are ranked by many above the "*Provincjal Letters*" as monuments of Pascal's genius. In the words of Hallam, "*they burn with an intense light; condensed in expression, sublime, energetic, rapid, they hurry away the reader, till he is scarce able or willing to distinguish the sophisms from the truth they contain.*" No writer has surpassed Pascal in wit, purity of style, and energy and simplicity of manner. The selection we offer places in a strong light man's insignificance as compared with the vastness of the universe.]

LET man contemplate entire nature in her height and full majesty; let him remove his view from the low objects which surround him; let him regard that shining luminary placed as an eternal lamp to give light to the universe; let him consider the earth as a point, in comparison with the vast circuit described by that star; let him learn with wonder that this vast circuit itself is but a very minute point when compared with that embraced by the stars that roll in the firmament. But if our view stops there, let the imagination pass beyond: it will sooner be wearied with conceiving than nature with supplying food for contemplation. All this visible world is but an imperceptible point in the ample bosom of nature. No idea approaches it. In vain we extend our conceptions beyond imaginable spaces; we bring forth but atoms, in comparison with the reality of things. It is an infinite sphere, of which the centre is everywhere, the circumference nowhere. In fine, it is the greatest discernible character of the omnipotence of God, that our imagination loses itself in this thought.

Let man, having returned to himself, consider what he is, compared to what is; let him regard himself as a wanderer into the remote province of nature; and let him, from this narrow prison wherein he finds himself dwelling (I mean the universe), learn to estimate the earth, kingdoms, cities, and himself, at a proper value.

What is man in the midst of the infinite? But to show him another prodigy equally astonishing, let him seek in what he knows things the most minute; let a mite exhibit to him, in the exceeding smallness of his body, parts incomparably smaller, limbs with joints, veins in these limbs, blood in these veins, humors in this blood, globules in these humors, gases in these globules; let him, still dividing these last objects, exhaust his powers of concep-

tion, and let the ultimate object at which he can arrive now be the subject of our discourse; he will think, perhaps, that this is the minutest atom of nature. I will show him therein a new abyss. I will picture to him not only the visible universe, but the conceivable immensity of nature, in the compass of this abbreviation of an atom. Let him view these in an infinity of worlds, each of which has its firmament, its planets, its earth, in the same proportion as the visible world; and on this earth animals, and in fine mites, in which he will find again what the first have given; and still finding in the others the same things, without end, and without repose, let him lose himself in these wonders, as astonishing in their littleness as the others in their magnitude; for who will not marvel that our body, which just before was not perceptible in the universe, itself imperceptible in the bosom of the all, is now a colossus, a world, or rather an all, in comparison with the nothingness at which it is impossible to arrive?

Whoever shall thus consider himself will be frightened at himself, and, observing himself suspended in the mass of matter allotted to him by nature, between these two abysses of infinity and nothingness, will tremble at the sight of these wonders; and I believe that, his curiosity being changed into admiration, he will be more disposed to contemplate them in silence than to investigate them with presumption.

For, in fine, what is man in the midst of nature? A nothing in comparison with the infinite, an all in comparison with nothingness: a mean between nothing and all. Infinitely far from comprehending the extremes, the end of things and their principle are for him inevitably concealed in an impenetrable secret; equally incapable of seeing the nothingness whence he is derived, and the infinity in which he is swallowed up.

What can he do, then, but perceive some appearance of the midst of things, in eternal despair of knowing either their principle or their end? All things have sprung from nothingness, and are carried onward to the infinite. Who shall follow this astonishing procession of things? The Author of these wonders comprehends them; no other can.

Through want of having contemplated these infinities, men are rashly borne to the investigation of nature, as if they had some proportion with it.

It is a strange thing that they have wished to comprehend the principles of things, and from thence even to reach a knowledge of all, by a presumption as infinite as their object. For it is unquestionable that such a design cannot be formed without a presumption or capacity infinite like nature.

When we are instructed, we comprehend that nature having engraved her image and that of her Author upon all things, they almost all participate in her double infinity. Thus we see that all the sciences are infinite in the extent of their researches; for who doubts that geometry, for example, has an infinity of infinities of propositions to exhibit? They are also infinite in the multitude and delicacy of their principles; for who does not see that those which are proposed as the ultimate are not self-sustaining, and that they rest upon others which, having still others for a support, never admit an ultimate?

But we do with ultimates that appear to reason as we do in regard to material things, wherein we call that an indivisible point beyond which our senses perceive nothing more, although it is by its nature infinitely divisible.

Of these two infinities of science, that of magnitude is much more obvious, and therefore it has happened to few persons to pretend to all knowledge of all things. "I am about to speak of all things," said Democritus.

But the infinity in littleness is much less discernible. The philosophers have much sooner pretended to arrive at it; and here it is where they have all stumbled. It is what has given place to these very common titles, "Principles of things," "Principles of philosophy," and the like, as ostentatious in reality, although not in appearance, as this other which galls the eye.

We naturally believe ourselves much more capable of reading the centre of things than of embracing their circumference. The visible extent of the world obviously surpasses us; but, as we surpass little things, we believe ourselves capable of possessing them; and yet it requires no less capacity to reach nothingness than to reach the all. It requires infinite capacity for either; and it seems to me that whoever should have comprehended the ultimate principles of things might also arrive at a knowledge of the infinite. One depends upon the other, and the one leads to the other.

The extremes touch and unite by reason of their remoteness from each other, and are found in God, and in God only.

Let us know, then, our range: we are something and not all. What we have of being deprives us of the knowledge of first principles, which spring from nothingness, and the little that we have of being conceals from us the view of the infinite.

Our intellect holds in the order of things intelligible the same rank as our body in the extent of nature.

Limited in every way, this state which holds the mean between two extremes is found in all our powers.

Our senses perceive nothing extreme. Too much noise deafens us; too much light dazzles us; too much distance or too much proximity impedes vision; too much length or too much brevity of discourse obscures it; too much

truth astonishes us. I know those who cannot comprehend that when four are taken from nothing, nothing remains. First principles have too much evidence for us. Too much pleasure incommodes. Too much harmony in music displeases; too many benefits irritate; we wish to have wherewith to repay the debt.

We feel neither extreme heat nor extreme cold. Excessive qualities are inimical to us, and not discernible; we no longer feel them, we suffer them. Too much youth and too much age obstruct the mind; too much or too little instruction. In fine, extreme things are for us as if they were not: they escape us, or we them.

Such is our true state. This is what renders us incapable of certain knowledge and absolute ignorance. We drift on a vast ocean, always uncertain and floating, driven from one extreme towards the other. Some term, whereat we think to fix ourselves and become settled, wavers and quits us; and if we follow it, it escapes our grasp, slips from us, and flies with an eternal flight.

Nothing stops for us. This is the state natural to us, and yet the most contrary to our inclination: we burn with desire to find a firm seat and an ultimate constant basis, in order to build upon it a tower that shall reach to the infinite; but our whole foundation cracks, and the earth opens to the abyss.

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## THE BRONZE STATUE OF NAPOLEON.

AUGUSTE BARBIER.

[Henri Auguste Barbier, born in Paris in 1805, first appeared in literature in 1830 with a poem entitled "*La Curée*," which was soon followed by "*L'Émeute*," "*La Popularité*," and "*The Idol*,"





NAPOLEON ON THE EVE OF ABDICATION.



political satires which attracted great attention and at once gave him high station as a patriot and poet. He afterwards published several volumes of poems. He died in 1881. His poems are noted for boldness of thought and manly vigor of expression rather than for the softness and tenderness to which so many bards owe their fame. The poem we append well illustrates the existing sentiment concerning Napoleon.]

COME, stoker, come, more coal, more fuel, heap  
Iron and copper at our need,—  
Come, your broad shovel and your long arms steep,  
Old Vulcan, in the forge you feed!  
To your wide furnace be full portion thrown,—  
To bid her sluggish teeth to grind,  
Tear, and devour the weight which she doth own,  
A fire-palace she must find.  
'Tis well,—'tis here! the flame, wide, wild, intense,  
Unsparing, and blood-colored, flung  
From the vault down, where the assaults commence  
With lingot up to lingot clung,  
And bounds and howlings of delirium born,—  
Lead, copper, iron, mingled well,  
All twisting, lengthening, and embraced, and torn,  
And tortured, like the damned in hell.  
The work is done! the spent flame burns no more,  
The furnace-fires smoke and die,  
The iron flood boils over. Ope the door,  
And let the haughty one pass by!  
Roar, mighty river, rush upon your course,  
A bound,—and, from your dwelling past,  
Dash forward, like a torrent from its source,  
A flame from the volcano cast!  
To gulp your lava-waves earth's jaws extend,  
Your fury in one mass fling forth,—  
In your steel mould, O Bronze, a slave descend,  
An emperor return to earth!

Again NAPOLEON,—'tis his form appears!  
Hard soldier in unending quarrel,  
Who cost so much of insult, blood, and tears,  
For only a few boughs of laurel!

For mourning France it was a day of grief  
When, down from its high station flung,  
His mighty statue, like some shameful thief,  
In coils of a vile rope was hung;  
When we beheld at the grand column's base,  
And o'er a shrieking cable bowed,  
The stranger's strength that mighty bronze displace  
To hurrahs of a foreign crowd;  
When, forced by thousand arms, headforemost thrown,  
The proud mass cast in monarch mould  
Made sudden fall, and on the hard, cold stone  
Its iron carcass sternly rolled.  
The Hun, the stupid Hun, with soiled, rank skin,  
Ignoble fury in his glance,  
The emperor's form the kennel's filth within  
Drew after him, in face of France!  
On those within whose bosoms hearts hold reign,  
That hour like remorse must weigh  
On each French brow: 'tis the eternal stain  
Which only death can wash away!  
I saw, where palace-walls gave shade and ease,  
The wagons of the foreign force;  
I saw them strip the bark which clothed our trees,  
To cast it to their hungry horse.  
I saw the Northman, with his savage lip,  
Bruising our flesh till black with gore,  
Our bread devour,—on our nostrils sip  
The air which was our own before!

In the abasement and the pain,—the weight  
Of outrages no words make known,—  
I charged one only being with my hate :  
*Be thou accursed, Napoleon !*  
O lank-haired Corsican, your France was fair,  
In the full sun of Messidor !  
She was a tameless and a rebel mare,  
Nor steel bit nor gold rein she bore ;  
Wild steed with rustic flank, yet, while she trod,  
Reeking with blood of royalty,  
But proud with strong foot striking the old sod,  
At last, and for the first time, free,  
Never a hand, her virgin form passed o'er,  
Left blemish nor affront essayed,  
And never her broad sides the saddle bore,  
Nor harness by the stranger made.  
A noble vagrant, with coat smooth and bright,  
And nostril red, and action proud,  
As high she reared, she did the world affright  
With neighings which rang long and loud.  
You came ; her mighty loins, her paces scanned,  
Pliant and eager for the track ;  
Hot Centaur, twisting in her mane your hand,  
You sprang all booted to her back.  
Then, as she loved the war's exciting sound,  
The smell of powder and the drum,  
You gave her Earth for exercising ground,  
Bade battles as her pastimes come !  
Then, no repose for her,—no nights, no sleep !  
The air and toil for evermore,  
And human forms like unto sand crushed deep,  
And blood which rose her chest before !  
Through fifteen years her hard hoofs' rapid course  
So ground the generations,

And she passed smoking in her speed and force  
Over the breast of nations,  
Till,—tired in ne'er-earned goal to place vain trust,  
To tread a path ne'er left behind,  
To knead the universe and like a dust  
To uplift scattered human kind,—  
Feebly and worn, and gasping as she trode,  
Stumbling each step of her career,  
She craved for rest the Corsican who rode.  
But, torturer, you would not hear:  
You pressed her harder with your nervous thigh,  
You tightened more the goading bit,  
Choked in her foaming mouth her frantic cry,  
And brake her teeth in fury-fit.  
She rose,—but the strife came. From farther fall  
Saved not the curb she could not know,—  
She went down, pillowed on the cannon-ball,  
And thou wert broken by the blow!

Now born again, from depths where thou wert hurled,  
A radiant eagle dost thou rise;  
Winging thy flight again to rule the world,  
Thine image reascends the skies.  
No longer now the robber of a crown,—  
The insolent usurper,—he,  
With cushions of a throne, unpitying, down  
Who pressed the throat of Liberty,—  
Old slave of the Alliance, sad and lone,  
Who died upon a sombre rock,  
And France's image until death dragged on  
For chain, beneath the stranger's stroke,—  
NAPOLEON stands, unsullied by a stain!  
Thanks to the flatterer's tuneful race,



The lying poets who ring praises vain,  
Has Cæsar 'mong the gods found place!  
His image to the city walls gives light;  
His name has made the city's hum,—  
Still sounded ceaselessly, as through the fight  
It echoed farther than the drum.  
From the high suburbs, where the people crowd,  
Doth Paris, an old pilgrim now,  
Each day descend to greet the pillar proud  
And humble there his monarch brow;—  
The arms encumbered with a mortal wreath,  
With flowers for that bronze's pall  
(No mothers look on, as they pass beneath,—  
It grew beneath their tears so tall!)—  
In working-vest, in drunkenness of soul,  
Unto the fife's and trumpet's tone,  
Doth joyous Paris dance the Carmagnole  
Around the great Napoleon.

Thus, Gentle Monarchs, pass unnoted on!  
Mild Pastors of Mankind, away!  
Sages, depart, as common brows have gone,  
Devoid of the immortal ray!  
For vainly you make light the people's chain,  
And vainly, like a calm flock, come  
On your own footsteps, without sweat or pain,  
The people, treading towards their tomb.  
Soon as your star doth to its setting glide,  
And its last lustre shall be given  
By your quenched name, upon the popular tide  
Scarce a faint furrow shall be riven.  
Pass, pass ye on! For you no statue high!  
Your names shall vanish from the horde:

Their memory is for those who lead to die  
Beneath the cannon and the sword ;  
Their love, for him who on the humid field  
By thousands lays to rot their bones,—  
For him who bids them pyramids to build,  
And bear upon their backs the stones !

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### AN AWKWARD SITUATION.

OCTAVE FEUILLET.

[The popular French novelist to whom we owe our present selection was born in 1812, at Saint-Lô, in Manche. He is the author of "The Romance of a Poor Young Man," "The Story of Sibylle," "Monsieur de Camors," "Julie de Tréceur," and other novels, many of which he has dramatized. He was elected to the French Academy in 1862. Our extract embraces a highly dramatic scene from "The Romance of a Poor Young Man," the most widely known of Feuille's novels. A young man of noble birth, who inherits a title and poverty from his spendthrift father, accepts a position in Brittany as steward of an estate, his rank being concealed. Here he falls in love with the daughter of his employer, and passes through a succession of disturbing scenes, the most striking of which is that which we give. Of course all ends happily, in the marriage of the two lovers.]

THE village of Elven that we traversed, slackening our pace a little, gave a striking representation of a town of the Middle Ages. The form of the low, dark houses has not changed for five or six centuries. One thinks himself dreaming, when he sees through the large gaps, arched, and without sashes, which take the place of windows in the houses, these groups of women with wild eyes, spinning from distaffs in the shade, and conversing in low

voices in an unknown language. It seemed as if all these gray spectres had quitted their monumental slabs to enact some scene of another age, of which we were to be the sole living witnesses. The little life that was visible in the single street of the village bore the same character of antiquity and faithful representation of a vanished world.

A little distance beyond Elven we took a cross-road, which led us up a barren hill: we saw from its summit, although at some distance from us, the feudal ruin overlooking a wooded height in front of us. The heath where we were descended sharply toward marshy meadows surrounded with thick young woods. We descended the slope and were soon in the woods. There we took a narrow road, the rough, unbroken pavement of which resounded loudly under our horses' feet. I had ceased for some time to see the tower of Elven, the locality of which I could not even conjecture, when it rose out of the foliage a few steps before us with the suddenness of an apparition. This tower is not decayed; it has preserved its original height, which exceeds a hundred feet, and the regular layers of granite which compose this magnificent octagonal structure give it the aspect of a formidable block, cut yesterday by the purest chisel. Nothing more imposing, more proud and sombre, can be imagined than this old donjon, impassible to the effects of time, and alone in these thick woods. The trees have grown close to its walls, and their tops reach to the openings for the lower windows. This growth of vegetation conceals the base of the edifice, and increases its appearance of fantastic mystery. In this solitude, surrounded by forests, and with this mass of extraordinary architecture in front of us, it was impossible not to think of enchanted castles, where beautiful princesses sleep a hundred years.

"Up to this time," said Mlle. Marguerite, to whom I

tried to communicate this idea, "I have seen no more than what we now see; but if you wish to wake the princess, we can enter. As far as I know, there may be in the neighborhood a shepherd or shepherdess who is furnished with a key. Let us fasten our horses and seek for them, —you for the shepherd, and I for the shepherdess."

The horses were accordingly fastened in a little enclosure near the ruin, and we separated for a moment to search around the castle. But we had the vexation to meet neither shepherd nor shepherdess. Our desire to see the interior naturally increased with all the force of attraction which forbidden fruit has for us, and we crossed a bridge thrown over the moat, at a venture. To our great satisfaction, the massive door of the donjon was not shut; we needed only to push it open in order to enter a corner, dark and encumbered with rubbish, which was probably the place for the body-guard in former times; from thence we passed into a vast circular hall, the chimney-piece of which still showed on its coat of arms the bezants of the Crusade; a large open window, traversed by the symbolic cross, plainly cut in the stone, lighted distinctly the lower part of this room, while the eye failed to pierce the uncertain shadows of the lofty broken roof. At the sound of our steps an invisible flock of birds flew out from the darkness, shaking down upon us the dust of centuries.

On mounting up the granite steps, ranged one above the other round the hall, into the embrasure of the window, we could overlook the deep moat and the ruined parts of the fortress; but we had noticed on our entrance a flight of steps cut in the thick wall, and we felt a childish impatience to push our discoveries further. We therefore undertook to ascend this rude staircase; I led the way, and Mlle. Marguerite followed bravely, holding up her

long skirts as well as she could. From the top of the flat roof the view was vast and delicious. The soft tints of twilight were creeping over the ocean of half-golden autumn foliage, the dark marshes, and the green mossy ground near us, and the distant ranges of hills mingling with and crossing each other. As we gazed down upon this melancholy landscape, infinite in extent, we felt the peace of solitude, the silence of evening, the sadness of the past, descend into our hearts.

This charm was increased, for me at least, by the presence of a beloved being: all who have loved will comprehend this. This hour even of mutual contemplation and emotion, of pure and profound enjoyment, was, without doubt, the last that would be given me to pass near her and with her, and I clung to it with a sad earnestness. For Marguerite, I know not what passed within her; she was seated on the ledge of the parapet, gazing silently at the distance. I heard only the sound of her quickened breath.

I do not know how long we remained thus. When the mists spread over the low meadows and the far-off hills became indistinct in the increasing darkness, Marguerite rose. "Let us go," said she, in a low voice, as if the curtain had fallen on some regretted pageant; "it is finished!" Then she began to descend the staircase, and I followed her.

When we attempted to leave the castle, to our great surprise, we found the door closed. Apparently the young keeper, ignorant of our presence, had turned the key while we were on the roof. Our first impression was that of gayety. It was actually an enchanted castle! I made vigorous efforts to break the enchantment; but the enormous bolt of the old lock was solidly fastened in the granite, and I was compelled to give up the attempt to

unfasten it. I then attacked the door itself: the massive hinges and the oak panels, banded with iron, resisted all my strength. Two or three pieces of rough stone that I found amongst the rubbish and that I threw against this insuperable obstacle to our egress had no other result than to shake the roof, fragments of which fell at my feet. Mlle. Marguerite would not allow me to pursue an enterprise so evidently hopeless, and which was not without danger. I then ran to the window, and shouted for help, but nobody replied. During the next ten minutes I repeated these cries constantly, but with the same lack of success. We then employed the remaining daylight in exploring minutely the interior of the castle, but we could discover no place of egress except the door, as solid as the wall to us, and the great window, thirty feet above the bottom of the moat.

Night had now fallen over the country, and darkness invaded the old castle. Some rays of moonlight penetrated the window, and fell upon the stone steps beneath it. Mlle. Marguerite, who had gradually lost all appearance of sprightliness, ceased to reply to the conjectures, reasonable or otherwise, with which I endeavored to dispel her anxiety. She sat in the shadow of the window, silent and immovable, but I was in the full light of the moon on the step nearest the window, at intervals sending forth a cry of distress; but in truth the more uncertain the success of my efforts became, the more an irresistible feeling of joyfulness seized upon me. I saw suddenly realized the endless and almost impossible dream of lovers; I was alone in a desert with the woman whom I loved! For long hours there was only she and I in the world, only her life and mine! I thought of all the marks of sweet protection, of tender respect, that I should have the right and the duty to lavish upon her; I pictured her fears calmed, her



confidence, her sleep; I said to myself that this fortunate night, if it did not give me the love of this dear girl, would at least assure to me her most lasting esteem.

As I abandoned myself with all the egotism of passion to my secret ecstasy, some reflection of which was perhaps painted on my face, I was suddenly roused by these words, addressed to me in a tone of affected tranquillity: "Monsieur le Marquis de Champcey, have there been many cowards in your family before you?"

I rose, but fell back again upon my stone seat, turning a stupefied look in the direction where I saw the vague outline of the young girl. One idea alone occurred to me, a terrible idea, that fear and anxiety had affected her brain,—that she was becoming crazy.

"Marguerite!" I cried, without knowing even that I spoke. This word completed her irritation, doubtless.

"My God! How odious he is! What a coward! Yes, I repeat it, what a coward!"

The truth began to dawn upon me. I descended one of the steps. "Well, what is the matter?" said I, coldly.

"It is you," she cried, with vehemence, "you who have bribed this man—or this child—to imprison us in this tower. To-morrow I shall be lost—dishonored in public opinion—and I can belong only to you: such is your calculation, is it not? But this plan, I assure you, will not succeed better than the others. You know me very imperfectly if you think I shall not prefer dishonor, a convent, death—all to the disgrace of uniting my hand, my life, to yours. And when this infamous ruse had succeeded, when I had had the weakness—as certainly I shall not have—to give you my person, and, what is of more importance to you, my fortune—in return for this beautiful stroke of policy. What kind of a man are you? to wish for wealth, and a wife, acquired at such a price as this?"

Ah, thank me still, monsieur, for not yielding to your wishes; they are imprudent, believe me, for if ever shame and public derision shall drive me into your arms I should have so much contempt for you that I should break your heart! Yes, were it as hard, as cold as stone, I would draw tears of blood from it."

"Mademoiselle," said I, with all the calmness I could assume, "I beg you to recover yourself, your reason. I assure you, upon my honor, that you insult me. Will you please to reflect? Your suspicions have no probable foundation. I could not have possibly arranged the base treachery of which you accuse me; and how have I given you the right to believe me capable of it?"

"All that I know of you gives me this right," cried she, cutting the air with her riding-whip. "I will tell you for once what has been in my soul for a long time. You came to our house under a borrowed name and character. We were happy, we were tranquil, my mother and I. You have brought us trouble, disorder, anxiety, to which we were before strangers. In order to attain your end, to repair the loss of your fortune, you have usurped our confidence.—you have been reckless of our repose,—you have played with our purest, truest, most sacred feelings. You have broken our hearts, without pity. That is what you have done, or wished to do,—it matters little which. I am very weary of it all, I assure you. And when, at this hour, you come and pledge me your honor as a gentleman, I have the right not to believe it; and I do not believe it!"

I was beside myself. I seized both her hands in a transport of vehemence, which controlled her. "Marguerite, my poor child, listen! I love you, it is true, and never did love more ardent, more disinterested, more holy, enter into the heart of a man. But you also, you love me; you

love me, unfortunate! and you kill me! You speak of a bruised and broken heart. Ah! what have you done with mine? But it is yours; I leave it with you. As to my honor, I will keep it: it is untouched. And soon I will force you to acknowledge it. And upon this honor I swear to you that, if I die, you will weep for me; that, if I live, never, adored as you are,—were you on your knees before me,—never will I marry you, till you are as poor as I, or I as rich as you! And now pray; ask God for miracles; it is time!"

I pushed her away from the embrasure of the window, and sprung upon the upper step; I had conceived a desperate plan, and I executed it with the precipitation of actual madness. As I have before said, the tops of the beeches and oaks growing in the moat reached the level of the window. With the aid of my bent riding-whip, I drew toward me the extremity of the nearest branches; I seized them on a venture, and leaped into space; I heard above my head my name, "Maximilian!" uttered suddenly, with a distracted cry. The branches to which I was clinging bent with their whole length toward the abyss; then there was a crashing sound; the tree broke under my weight, and I fell heavily to the ground.

The muddy nature of the earth lessened the violence of the shock; for, though I was wounded, I was not killed. One of my arms had struck against the sloping masonry of the tower, and I suffered such sharp pain in it that I fainted. I was roused by Marguerite's frightened voice: "Maximilian! Maximilian! For pity's sake! In the name of the good God, speak to me! Forgive me!"

I rose. I saw her in the opening of the window, in the full moonlight, with her head bare, her hair dishevelled, her hand grasping the arm of the cross, and her eyes earnestly fixed upon the ground below.

"Fear nothing," said I to her. "I am not hurt. Only be patient for an hour or two. Give me time to go to the château: it is the surest. Be certain that I will keep your secret,—that I will save your honor as I have saved mine."

I got out of the moat with difficulty, and went to mount my horse. I suspended my left arm, which was wholly useless and very painful, with my handkerchief. Thanks to the light of the moon, I easily found my way back, and an hour later I reached the château. I was told Dr. Desmarests was in the saloon. I went in at once, and found there some dozen persons, whose countenances wore an expression of anxiety and alarm.

"Doctor," said I, gayly, on entering, "my horse took fright at his own shadow, and threw me on the road, and I am afraid my left arm is sprained. Will you see?"

"How?—sprained!" said M. Desmarests, after unfastening the handkerchief. "Your arm is broken, my poor boy."

Madame Laroque gave a little cry, and approached me. "This is, then, a night of misfortune," said she.

I feigned surprise. "What else has happened?" I cried.

"Mon Dieu! I fear some accident has happened to my daughter. She went out on horseback at three o'clock, and it is now eight, and she has not yet returned."

"Mademoiselle Marguerite? Why, I saw her——"

"How? Where? At what time? Forgive me, monsieur; it is the egotism of a mother."

"I saw her about five o'clock, on the road. We met. She told me she thought of riding as far as the tower of Elven."

"The tower of Elven! She must be lost in the woods. We ought to go there promptly. Let orders be given."

M. de Bévellan at once ordered horses to be brought out.

I affected a wish to join the cavalcade, but Madame Laroque and the doctor positively prohibited it, and I allowed myself to be easily persuaded to seek my bed, of which, in truth, I felt great need.

Dr. Desmarests, after having applied a first dressing to my injured arm, took a seat in the carriage with Madame Laroque, who went to the village of Elven, to wait there the result of the diligent search that M. de Bévallan would direct in the neighborhood of the tower.

It was nearly ten o'clock when Alain came to announce to me that Mlle. Marguerite was found. He recounted the history of her imprisonment, without omitting any details, save, be it understood, those which the young girl and I would alone know. The account of the adventure was soon confirmed by the doctor, then by Madame Laroque herself, and I had the satisfaction to see that no suspicion of the exact truth entered the mind of any one.

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## THE GREEK THEATRE AND DRAMA.

CHARLES ROLLIN.

[Charles Rollin, born at Paris in 1661, and successively professor of rhetoric at the Collège du Plessis and of eloquence at the Collège de France, was the author of several works of high value. In 1726 he published "*Traité de la Manière d'étudier et d'enseigner les Belles-Lettres*," and subsequently a "*History of Rome*," and an "*Ancient History*," which became very popular. Voltaire gives Rollin the credit of being one of the first French authors who developed a good prose style. He died in 1741. From the "*Ancient History*" we select an interesting description of the characteristics of the Greek drama and of the construction and management of the Greek theatre.]

No people ever expressed so much ardor and eagerness for the entertainment of the theatre as the Greeks, and especially the Athenians. The reason is obvious: no people ever demonstrated such extent of genius, nor carried so far the love of eloquence and poesy, taste for the sciences, justness of sentiment, correctness of ear, and delicacy in all the refinements of language. A poor woman who sold herbs at Athens discovered Theophrastus to be a stranger by a single word which he affectedly made use of in expressing himself. The common people got the tragedies of Euripides by heart. The genius of every nation expresses itself in the people's manner of passing their time, and in their pleasures. The great employment and delight of the Athenians were to amuse themselves with works of wit, and to judge of the dramatic pieces that were acted by public authority several times a year, especially at the feasts of Bacchus, when the tragic and comic poets disputed for the prize. The former used to present four of their pieces at a time, except Sophocles, who did not think fit to continue so laborious an exercise, and confined himself to one performance when he disputed the prize.

The state appointed judges to determine upon the merit of the tragic or comic pieces before they were represented in the festivals. They were acted before them in the presence of the people, but undoubtedly with no great preparation. The judges gave their suffrages, and that performance which had the most voices was declared victorious, received the crown as such, and was represented with all possible pomp at the expense of the republic. This did not, however, exclude such pieces as were only in the second or third class. The best had not always the preference; for what times have been exempt from party, caprice, ignorance, and prejudice? . . . It is easy to con-



ceive the warmth and emulation which these disputes and public rewards excited among the poets, and how much they contributed to the perfection to which Greece carried scenic performances.

The dramatic poem introduces the persons themselves, speaking and acting upon the stage: in the epic, on the contrary, the poet only relates the different adventures of his characters. It is natural to be delighted with fine descriptions of events in which illustrious persons and whole nations are interested; and hence the epic poem had its origin. But we are quite differently affected with hearing those persons themselves, with being confidants of their most secret sentiments, and auditors and spectators of their resolutions, enterprises, and the happy or unhappy events attending them. To read and to see an action are quite different things. We are infinitely more moved with what is acted than with what we merely read. Our eyes, as well as our minds, are addressed at the same time. The spectator, agreeably deceived by an imitation so nearly approaching life, mistakes the picture for the original, and thinks the object real. This gave birth to dramatic poetry, which includes tragedy and comedy.

To these may be added the satyric poem, which derives its name from the satyrs, rural gods, who were always the chief characters in it, and not from the *satire*, a kind of abusive poetry, which has no resemblance to this, and is of a much later date. The satyric poem was neither tragedy nor comedy, but something between both, partaking of the character of each. The poets who disputed the prize generally added one of these pieces to their tragedies, to allay the gravity and solemnity of the one with the mirth and pleasantry of the other. There is but one example of this ancient poem come down to us, which is the "Cyclops" of Euripides.

Tragedy and comedy both had their origin among the Greeks, who looked upon them as fruits of their own growth, of which they could never have enough. Athens was remarkable for an extraordinary appetite of this kind.

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Æschylus was the first founder of a fixed and durable theatre, adorned with suitable decorations. It was at first as well as the amphitheatres, composed of wooden planks, the seats of which rose one above another; but, these breaking down, by having too great a weight upon them, the Athenians, excessively enamoured with dramatic representation, were induced by that accident to erect those superb structures which were imitated afterwards with so much splendor by the Roman magnificence.

The theatre of the ancients was divided into three principal parts, each of which had its peculiar appellation. The division for the actors was called in general the scene, or stage; that for the spectators was particularly termed the theatre, which must have been of vast extent, as at Athens it was capable of containing above thirty thousand persons; and the orchestra, which among the Greeks was the place assigned for the pantomimes and dancers, though at Rome it was appropriated to the senators and vestal virgins.

The theatre was of a semicircular form on one side, and square on the other. The space contained within the semicircle was allotted to the spectators, and had seats placed one above another to the top of the building. The square part, in front of it, was appropriated to the actors; and in the interval between both was the orchestra.

The great theatres had three rows of porticos, raised one upon another, which formed the body of the edifice, and at the same time three different stories for the seats. From the highest of these porticos the women saw the

representation, covered from the weather. The rest of the theatre was uncovered, and all the business of the stage was performed in the open air.

Each of these stories consisted of nine rows of seats, including the landing-place, which divided them from each other and served as a passage from side to side. But as this landing-place and passage took up the space of two benches, there were only seven to sit upon, and consequently in each story there were seven rows of seats. They were from fifteen to eighteen inches in height, and twice as much in breadth; so that the spectators had room to sit with their legs extended, and without being incommoded by those of the people above them, no foot-boards being provided for them. . . .

As the actors could not be heard to the extremity of the theatre, the Greeks contrived a means to supply that defect and to augment the force of the voice and make it more distinct and articulate. For that purpose they invented a kind of large vessels of copper, which were disposed under the seats of the theatre in such a manner as made all sounds strike upon the ear with more force and distinctness.

The orchestra being situated, as I have observed, between the two other parts of the theatre, of which one was circular and the other square, it participated of the form of each, and occupied the space between both.

[It was divided into three parts, the largest being appropriated to the pantomimes and dancers; the second, in the form of an altar, to the chorus; and the third to the instrumental music. The stage, or scene, also was divided into three parts: the front portion for the decorations; behind it the stage for the actors, which was made to represent a street, the country, etc., by aid of the decorations; and in the rear the dressing-rooms, and store-rooms for the decorations and the machines, of which the ancients had abundance in their theatres.]

As only the porticos and the building of the scene were roofed, it was necessary to draw sails, fastened with cords to masts, over the rest of the theatre, to screen the audience from the heat of the sun. But, as this contrivance did not prevent the heat occasioned by the perspiration and breath of so numerous an assembly, the ancients took care to allay it by a kind of rain, conveying the water for that use above the porticos, which, falling again in form of dew through an infinity of small pores, concealed in the statues with which the theatre abounded, did not only diffuse a grateful coolness all around, but the most fragrant exhalations along with it; for this dew was always perfumed. Whenever the representations were interrupted by storms, the spectators retired into the porticos behind the seats of the theatre.

The passion of the Athenians for representations of this kind is inconceivable. Their eyes, their ears, their imagination, their understanding, all shared in the satisfaction. Nothing gave them so sensible a pleasure in dramatic performances, either tragic or comic, as the strokes which were aimed at the affairs of the public, whether pure chance occasioned the application, or the address of the poets, who knew how to reconcile the most remote subjects with the transactions of the republic. They entered by that means into the interests of the people, took occasion to soothe their passions, authorize their pretensions, justify and sometimes condemn their conduct, entertain them with agreeable hopes, instruct them in their duty in certain nice conjunctures; the effect of which was that they not only acquired the applauses of the spectators, but credit and influence in the public affairs and councils: hence the theatre became so grateful, and so much the concern of the people. It was in this manner, according to some authors, that Euripides artfully adapted his tragedy of

Palamedes with the sentence passed against Socrates, and explained by an illustrious example of antiquity the innocence of a philosopher oppressed by a vile malignity supported against him by power and faction.

Accident was often the occasion of sudden and unforeseen applications which, from their appositeness, were very agreeable to the people. Upon this verse of *Æschylus* in praise of *Amphiaraus*,—

“’Tis his desire  
Not to appear, but to be great and good,”—

the whole audience rose up, and unanimously applied it to *Aristides*. The same thing happened to *Philopœmon* at the *Nemæan* games. At the instant he entered the theatre, these verses were singing upon the stage:

“He comes, to whom we owe  
Our liberty, the noblest good below.”

All the Greeks cast their eyes upon *Philopœmon*, and, with clapping of hands and exclamations of joy, expressed their veneration for the hero.

In the same manner, at *Rome* during the banishment of *Cicero*, when some verses of *Accius*, which reproached the Greeks with their ingratitude in suffering the banishment of *Telamon*, were repeated by *Æsop*, the best actor of his time, they drew tears from the eyes of the whole assembly.

Upon another, though very different, occasion, the Roman people applied to *Pompey the Great* some verses to this effect:

“’Tis our unhappiness has made thee great;”

and then, addressing the people,—

"The time shall come when you shall late deplore  
So great a power confided to such hands."

The spectators obliged the actor to repeat these verses several times.

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## THE STORY OF THE BASTILLE.

JULES MICHELET.

[Jules Michelet, an eminent French historian, was born in Paris in 1798, became keeper of the historical archives of France in 1830, and succeeded Guizot as professor of history at the Sorbonne about 1832. In 1851, refusing to take the oath of allegiance to Louis Napoleon after the *coup d'état*, he resigned his position in the office of the Archives. He died at Hyères in 1874. His historical works comprise "Roman History; the Republic;" a "History of France," in fourteen volumes; a "History of the French Revolution," in seven volumes; and an unfinished "History of the Nineteenth Century." Among his other productions are several highly imaginative works, "The Bird," "The Insect," "Love," "Woman," "The Sea," "The Sorceress," and "The Mountain," also "Martyred Poland," "The Bible of Humanity," "Our Sons," etc. His histories present a profusion of poetical images, with a brilliant style and ingenious generalizations. The firework-like coruscation of his style is well shown in the following sketch of the Bastille, from the "History of the French Revolution."]

THE illustrious Quesnay, physician to Louis XV., and to Madame de Pompadour, who lived in the house of the latter at Versailles, saw the king rush in one day suddenly, and felt alarmed. Madame du Hausset, the witty *femme-de-chambre* who has left such curious memoirs, inquired of him why he felt so uneasy. "Madame," said he, "whenever I see the king, I say to myself, 'There is a



man who can cut my head off.' "Oh," said she, "the king is *too good*!"

The lady's maid thus summed up, in one word, the guarantees of the monarchy.

The king was too good to cut a man's head off; that was no longer agreeable to custom. But he could, with one word, send him to the Bastille, and there *forget* him.

It remains to be decided which is best,—to perish by one blow, or to suffer a lingering death for thirty or forty years.

There were some twenty Bastilles in France, of which six only (in 1775) contained three hundred prisoners. At Paris in 1779 there were about thirty prisons where persons might be incarcerated without any sentence. An infinite number of convents were subsidiary to these Bastilles.

All these state prisons, towards the close of the reign of Louis XIV., were, like everything else, controlled by the Jesuits. They were, in their hands, instruments of torture for the Protestants and the Jansenists,—dens for conversion. A secrecy more profound than that of the *leads* and the *wells* of Venice, the oblivion of the tomb, enshrouded everything. The Jesuits were the confessors of the Bastille, and of many other prisons; the prisoners who died were buried under false names in the church of the Jesuits. Every means of terror was in their hands, especially those dungeons whence the prisoners occasionally came out with their ears or their noses gnawed away by the rats. Not only of terror, but of flattery also,—both so potent with female prisoners. The almoner, to render grace more efficacious, employed even *culinary* arguments, starving, feeding, pampering the fair captive according as she yielded or resisted. . . .

The lieutenant of police went, from time to time, to breakfast at the Bastille. That was welcomed as a visit,—

a magisterial supervision. That magistrate was ignorant of everything; and yet it was he alone who gave an account to the minister. One family, one dynasty, Château-neuf, his son La Vrillière, and his grandson Saint-Florentin (who died in 1777), possessed for a century the department of the state prisons and the *lettres-de-cachet*. For this dynasty to subsist it was necessary to have prisoners; when the Protestants were liberated their places were filled up with the Jansenists; next they took men of letters, philosophers, the Voltaires, Frérêts, Diderots. The minister used to give generously blank *lettres-de-cachet* to the intendants, the bishops, and people in the administration. Saint-Florentin, alone, gave away as many as fifty thousand. Never had man's dearest treasure, liberty, been more lavishly squandered. These letters were the objects of a profitable traffic; they were sold to fathers who wanted to get rid of their sons, and given to pretty women who were inconvenienced by their husbands. This last cause of imprisonment was one of the most common.

And all through good nature. The king was too good to refuse a *lettre-de-cachet* to a great lord. The intendant was too good-natured not to grant one at a lady's request. The government clerks, the mistresses of the clerks, and the friends of these mistresses, through good nature, civility, or mere politeness, obtained, gave, or lent those terrible orders by which a man was buried alive. Buried; for such was the carelessness and levity of these amiable clerks—almost all nobles, fashionable men, all occupied with their pleasures—that they never had the time, when once a poor fellow was shut up, to think of his position.

Thus the *government of grace*, with all its advantages,—descending from the king to the lowest clerk in the administration,—disposed, according to caprice or fancy, of liberty, of life. . . .

The Bastille, the *lettre-de cachet*, is the king's excommunication.

Are the excommunicated to die? No. It would require a decision of the king, a resolution painful to take, which would grieve the king himself. It would be a judgment between him and his conscience. Let us save him the task of judging, of killing. There is a middle term between life and death, a lifeless, buried life. Let us organize a word expressly for oblivion. Let us set falsehood at the gates within and without, in order that life and death be ever uncertain. The living corpse no longer knew anything about his family. "But my wife?" "Thy wife is dead—I make a mistake,—re-married." "Are any of my friends alive? Do they ever remember me?" "Thy friends, poor fool? Why, they were the persons who betrayed thee." Thus the soul of the miserable prisoner, a prey to their ferocious merriment, is fed on derision, calumny, and lies.

Forgotten! Oh, terrible word! That a soul should perish among souls! Had not he whom God created for life the right to live at least in the mind? What mortal shall dare inflict, even on the most guilty, this worst of deaths,—to be eternally forgotten? . . .

Whilst I have been writing these lines, a mountain, a Bastille, has been crushing my breast. Alas! why stay so long talking of dilapidated prisons, and wretches whom death has delivered? The world is covered with prisons, from Spielberg to Siberia, from Spandau to Mont St.-Michel. The world is a prison!

Vast silence of the globe, stifled groans and sobs from the ever-silent earth, I hear you but too plainly. The captive mind, dumb among inferior animals, and musing in the barbarous worlds of Africa and Asia, thinks, and suffers, in our Europe.

Where does it speak, if not in France, in spite of chains? It is ever here that the mute genius of the earth finds a voice,—an organ. The world thinks, France speaks.

And it is precisely on that account that the Bastille of France, the Bastille of Paris (I would rather say the prison of thought), was, of all other Bastilles, execrable, infamous, and accursed. From the last century Paris was already the voice of the globe. The earth spoke by the voice of three men,—Voltaire, Jean-Jacques, and Montesquieu. That the interpreters of the world should behold unworthy threats perpetually suspended over them, that the narrow issue through which the agony of mankind could breathe its sighs should ever be shut up, was beyond human endurance.

Our fathers shivered that Bastille to pieces, tore away its stones with their bleeding hands, and flung them afar. Afterwards they seized them again, and, having hewn them into a different form, in order that they might be trampled under foot by the people forever, built with them the Bridge of Revolution!

All other prisons had become more merciful; but this one had become more cruel. From reign to reign they diminished what the jailers would laughingly term the liberties of the Bastille. The windows were walled up one after another, and other bars were added. During the reign of Louis XVI. the use of the garden and the walk on the towers were prohibited.

About this period two circumstances occurred which added to the general indignation,—Linguet's memoirs, which made people acquainted with the ignoble and ferocious interior; and, what was more decisive, the unwritten, unprinted case of Latude: whispered mysteriously, and transmitted from mouth to mouth, its effect was only rendered more terrible. . . .

Having once kept this man a prisoner without judgment, for some trifling fault, Madame de Pompadour and M. de Sartines are obliged to hold their captive forever, and seal over him with an eternal stone the hell of silence.

But that cannot be. The stone is ever restless, and a low, terrible voice—a sulphurous blast—is ever arising. In '81 Sartines feels its dread effect; in '84 the king himself is hurt by it; in '89 the people know all, see all, even the ladder by which the prisoner escaped. In '93 they guillotine the family of Sartines.

For the confusion of tyrants, it so happened that they had in that prisoner confined a daring, terrible man, whom nothing could subdue, whose voice shook the very walls, whose spirit and audacity were invincible,—a body of iron, indestructible, which was to wear out all their prisons, the Bastille, Vincennes, Charenton, and lastly the horrors of Bicêtre, wherein any other would have perished.

What makes the accusation heavy, overwhelming, and without appeal, is that this man, good or bad, after escaping twice, twice surrendered himself by his own acts. Once, from his hiding-place, he wrote to Madame de Pompadour, and she caused him to be seized again! The second time, he goes to Versailles, wishes to speak to the king, reaches his antechamber, and she orders him again to be seized. What! is not even the king's apartment a sacred asylum?

I am unfortunately obliged to say that in the feeble, effeminate, declining society of that period there were a great many philanthropists—ministers, magistrates, and great lords—to mourn over the adventure; but not one stirred. Malesherbes wept, and so did Gourgues, and Lamoignon, and Rohan; they all wept bitterly.

He was lying upon his dunghill at Bicêtre, *literally* de-

voured by vermin, lodged underground, and often howling with hunger. He had addressed one more memorial to some philanthropist or other, by means of a drunken turnkey. The latter luckily lost it, and a woman picked it up. She read it, and shuddered: *she* did not weep, but acted instantly.

Madame Legros was a poor mercer who lived by her work,—by sewing in her shop; her husband was a private teacher of Latin. She did not fear to embark in that terrible undertaking. She saw with her firm good sense what others did not, or would not, see,—that the wretched man was not mad, but the victim of a frightful necessity, by which the government was obliged to conceal and perpetuate the infamy of its old transgressions. She saw it, and was neither discouraged nor afraid. No heroism was ever more complete: she had the courage to undertake, the energy to persevere, and the obstinacy to sacrifice every day and every hour; the courage to despise the threats, the sagacity and saintly plots of every kind in order to elude and foil the calumny, of the tyrants.

For three consecutive years she persevered in her endeavors with an unheard-of obstinacy, employing in the pursuit of justice and equity that singular eagerness peculiar to the huntsman or the gamester, and to which we seldom resort but for the gratification of our evil passions.

All kinds of misfortunes beset her; but she will not give up the cause. Her father dies; then her mother; she loses her little business, is blamed by her relations, nay, subjected to villanous suspicion. They tax her with being the mistress of that prisoner in whom she is so much interested. The mistress of that spectre, that corpse, devoured by filth and vermin!

The temptation of temptations are these complaints,



these unjust suspicions about him for whom she is dying and sacrificing herself!

Oh, it is a grand sight to see that poor woman, so ill dressed, begging from door to door, courting the valets to gain admittance into the mansions, pleading her cause before *grande*es, and demanding their assistance!

The police are furious and indignant. Madame Legros may be kidnapped, shut up, lost forever; everybody gives her warning. The lieutenant of police sends for her and threatens her; he finds her firm and unalterable; it is she who makes him tremble.

Happily, they manage to get her the protection of Madame Duchesne, a *femme-de-chambre* to the princesses. She sets out for Versailles, on foot, in the depth of winter; she was in the seventh month of her pregnancy. The protectress was absent; she runs after her, sprains her foot, but still runs on. Madame Duchesne sheds many tears, but, alas! what can she do? One *femme-de-chambre* against two or three ministers,—it is a difficult game! She was holding the memorial, when an *abbé* of the court, who happened to be present, tore it out of her hands, telling her that it was all about a miserable madman, and that she must not interfere.

Nothing more was wanted to freeze the heart of Marie Antoinette, who had been made acquainted with the matter. If she had tears in her eyes, and they joked her, all was over.

There was hardly a better man in France than the king. At length they applied to him. Cardinal de Rohan (a debauchee, but charitable after all) spoke three times to Louis XVI., who thrice refused to interfere. Louis XVI. was too good not to believe M. de Sartines. He was no longer in power, but that was no reason for dishonoring him and handing him over to his enemies. Setting Sar-

tines out of the question, we must say that Louis XVI. was fond of the Bastille, and would not wrong it or injure its reputation.

The king was very humane. He had suppressed the deep dungeons of the Châtelet, done away with Vincennes, and created La Force to receive prisoners for debt, to separate them from criminals.

But the Bastille! the Bastille! That was an old servant not to be lightly ill treated by the ancient monarchy. It was a mystery of terror,—what Tacitus calls "*instrumentum regni*."

When the Count D'Artois and the queen, wishing to have "Figaro" played, read it to him, he merely observed, as an unanswerable objection, "Then must the Bastille be suppressed?"

When the Revolution of Paris took place, in July, '89, the king, indifferent enough, seemed to be reconciled to the matter. But when he was informed that the Parisian municipality had ordered the demolition of the Bastille, he seemed as if he had been shot to the heart: "Oh," said he, "this is awful!"

He was unable, in 1781, to listen to a request that compromised the Bastille. He rejected also the one which Rohan presented to him in favor of Latude. But noble ladies insisted. He then made a conscientious study of the business, read all the papers; they were few, save those of the police and people interested in keeping the victim in prison until death. At length he decided that he was a dangerous man, and that he could *never* restore him to liberty.

Never! Any other person would have stopped there. Well, then, what is not done by the king shall be done in spite of him. Madame Legros persists. She is well received by the Condé family, ever discontented and grum-

bling; welcomed by the young Duke of Orleans and his kind-hearted spouse, the daughter of the good Penthievre; and hailed by the philosophers, by the Marquis de Condorcet, perpetual secretary of the Academy of Sciences, by Dupaty, by Villette, Voltaire's quasi son-in-law, etc.

The public voice murmurs louder and louder, like a flood, or the waves of the rising tide. Necker had dismissed Sartines; his friend and successor, Lenoir, had also fallen in his turn. Perseverance will presently be crowned. Latude is obstinately bent on living, and Madame Legros is obstinately bent on delivering Latude.

The queen's man, Breteuil, succeeds in '83: he wished to immortalize her. He permits the Academy to award the prize of virtue to Madame Legros,—to crown her,—on the singular condition that the crown should not be required.

At length, in 1784, they force from Louis XVI. the deliverance of Latude. And a few weeks after comes a strange and whimsical ordinance enjoining the intendants never more to incarcerate anybody, at the request of families, without a *well-grounded reason*, and to indicate the *duration of confinement*, etc. That is to say, they unveiled the depth of the monstrous abyss of arbitrariness into which France had been plunged. She already knew much; but the government confessed still more.

From the priest to the king, from the Inquisition to the Bastille, the road is straight, but long. Holy, holy Revolution, how slowly dost thou come!—I, who have been waiting for thee a thousand years in the furrows of the Middle Ages,—what! must I wait still longer?—Oh, how slowly time passes! Oh, how I have counted the hours!—Wilt thou never arrive?

Men believed no longer in its near approach. All had foreseen the Revolution in the middle of the century.

Nobody, at the end, believed in it. Far from Mont Blanc, you see it; when at its foot, you see it no more.

"Alas! it is all over," said Mably, in 1784; "we have fallen too low; morals have become too depraved. Never, oh, never now will the Revolution appear!"

O ye of little faith, do ye not see that so long as it remained among you, philosophers, orators, sophists, it could do nothing? God be praised, now it is everywhere, among the people and in women! Here is one who, by her persevering, unconquerable will, bursts open the prisons of state; she has taken the Bastille beforehand. The day when liberty—reason, emerges from arguments, and descends into nature, into the heart (and the heart of hearts is woman), all is over. Everything artificial is destroyed. O Rousseau, now we understand thee: thou wast truly right in saying, "Return to nature!"

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## FROM THE TRAGEDY OF "THE CID."

PIERRE CORNEILLE.

[Corneille, the founder of the classic French drama, and sharing with Racine the honor of being the greatest of French tragic authors, was born at Rouen in 1606. His first dramatic effort was a comedy called "Melite," which appeared in 1625 and was received with such favor as to determine his life's profession. His "Medea" appeared in 1635, and was followed in 1636 by "The Cid," a work which astonished and enraptured the public, and which far surpassed anything that France had yet produced in the dramatic art. There succeeded a number of noble tragedies, though the later works of Corneille show failing powers in their author, and of his thirty-three dramas only eight hold possession of the stage. He died in 1684. "It is generally admitted

that in impressive declamation, in dignity, in sublime thoughts, in condensed and noble style, he has not been equalled by any succeeding dramatist." No writer did so much towards the development of the national genius of France, and his admiring countrymen still designate him as "the great Corneille." We append an extract from Colley Cibber's translation of "The Cid."]

## GORMAZ.

Don Sanchez, stay,—I think thou art my friend.  
 Thy noble father oft has served me in  
 The cause of honor, and his cause was mine :  
 What thou hast said speaks thee Balthazar's son,—  
 I need not praise thee more. If I deserve  
 Thy love, refuse not what my heart's concerned  
 To ask : speak freely of the king, of me,  
 Of old Alvarez, of our late alliance,  
 And what has followed since ; then sum the whole,  
 And tell me truly where the account's unequal.

## SANCHEZ.

My lord, you honor with too great a trust  
 The judgment of my inexperienced years ;  
 Yet, for the time I have observed on men,  
 I've always found the generous, open heart  
 Betrayed, and made the prey of minds below it.  
 Oh, 'tis the curse of manly virtue, that  
 Cowards, with cunning, are too strong for heroes !  
 And, since you press me to unfold my thoughts,  
 I grieve to see your spirit so defeated,—  
 Your just resentments, by vile arts of court,  
 Beguiled, and melted to resign their terror,—  
 Your honest hate, that had for ages stood  
 Unmoved, and firmer from your foe's defiance,  
 Now sapped and undermined by his submission.

Alvarez knew you were impregnable  
To force, and changed the soldier for the statesman ;  
While you were yet his foe professed,  
He durst not take these honors o'er your head ;  
Had you still held him at his distance due,  
He would have trembled to have sought this office.  
When once the king inclined to make his peace,  
I saw too well the secret on the anvil,  
And soon foretold the favor that succeeded.  
Alas ! this project has been long concerted,  
Resolved in private 'twixt the king and him,  
Laid out and managed here by secret agents,—  
While he, good man, knew nothing of the honor,  
But from his sweet repose was dragged to accept it !  
Oh, it inflames my blood to think this fear  
Should get the start of your unguarded spirit,  
And proudly vaunt it in the plumes he stole  
From you !

## GORMAZ.

O Sanchez, thou hast fired a thought  
That was before but dawning in my mind !  
Oh, now afresh it strikes my memory  
With what dissembled warmth the artful king  
First charged his temper with the gloom he wore,  
When I supplied his late command of general !  
Then with what fawning flattery to me  
Alvarez—fear disguised his trembling hate,  
And soothed my yielding temper to believe him.

## SANCHEZ.

Not flattery, my lord ; though I must grant  
'Twas praise well timed, and therefore skilful.



GORMAZ.

Now, on my soul, from him 'twas loathsome daubing!  
 I take thy friendship, Sanchez, to my heart;  
 And were not my Ximena rashly promised——

SANCHEZ.

Ximena's charms might grace a monarch's bed;  
 Nor dares my humble heart admit the hope,—  
 Or, if it durst, some fitter time should show it.  
 Results more pressing now demand your thought:  
 First ease the pain of your depending doubt,  
 Divide this fawning courtier from the friend.

GORMAZ.

Which way shall I receive or thank thy love?

SANCHEZ.

My lord, you overrate me now. But see,  
 Alvarez comes! Now probe his hollow heart,  
 Now while your thoughts are warm with his deceit,  
 And mark how calmly he'll evade the charge.  
 My lord, I'm gone. [Exit.

GORMAZ.

I am thy friend forever.

[Alvarez enters.

ALVAREZ.

My lord, the king is walking forth to see  
 The prince, his son, begin his horsemanship:  
 If you're inclined to see him, I'll attend you.

GORMAZ.

Since duty calls me not, I've no delight  
 To be an idle gaper on another's business.  
 You may, indeed, find pleasure in the office  
 Which you've so artfully contrived to fit.

ALVAREZ.

Contrived, my lord? I'm sorry such a thought  
Can reach the man whom I so late embraced.

GORMAZ.

Men are not always what they seem. This honor,  
Which in another's wrong you've bartered for,  
Was at the price of those embraces bought.

ALVAREZ.

Ha! bought? For shame! suppress this poor suspicion!  
For if you think, you can't but be convinced  
The naked honor of Alvarez scorns  
Such base disguise. Yet pause a moment:  
Since our great master, with such kind concern,  
Himself has interposed to heal our feuds,  
Let us not, thankless, rob him of the glory  
And undeserve the grace by new, false fears.

GORMAZ.

Kings are, alas! but men, and formed like us,  
Subject alike to be by men deceived:  
The blushing court from this rash choice will see  
How blindly he o'erlooks superior merit.  
Could no man fill the place but worn Alvarez?

ALVAREZ.

Worn more with wounds and victories than age.  
Who stands before him in great actions past?—  
But I'm to blame to urge that merit now,  
Which will but shock what reasoning may convince.

GORMAZ.

The fawning slave! O Sanchez, how I thank thee!  
[*Aside.*

ALVAREZ.

You have a virtuous daughter, I a son,  
Whose softer hearts our mutual hands have raised  
Even to the summit of expected joy ;  
If no regard to me, yet let at least  
Your pity of their passions rein your temper.

GORMAZ.

O needless care ! to nobler objects now  
That son, be sure, in vanity, pretends :  
While his high father's wisdom is preferred  
To guide and govern our great monarch's son,  
His proud, aspiring heart forgets Ximena.  
Think not of him, but your superior care :  
Instruct the royal youth to rule with awe  
His future subjects, trembling at his frown ;  
Teach him to bind the loyal heart in love,  
The bold and factious in the chains of fear :  
Join to these virtues, too, your warlike deeds ;  
Inflame him with the vast fatigues you've borne,  
But now are past, to show him by example,  
And give him in the closet safe renown ;  
Read him what scorching suns he must endure,  
What bitter nights must wake, or sleep in arms,  
To countermark the foe, to give the alarm,  
And to his own great conduct owe the day ;  
Mark him on charts the order of the battle,  
And make him from your manuscripts a hero.

ALVAREZ.

Ill-tempered man ! thus to provoke the heart  
Whose tortured patience is thy only friend !

GORMAZ.

Thou only to thyself canst be a friend :  
I tell thee, false Alvarez, thou hast wronged me,  
Hast basely robbed me of my merit's right,  
And intercepted our young prince's fame.  
His youth with me had found the active proof,  
The living practice, of experienced war ;  
This sword had taught him glory in the field,  
At once his great example and his guard ;  
His unfledged wings from me had learned to soar,  
And strike at nations trembling at my name :  
This I had done ; but thou, with servile arts,  
Hast, fawning, crept into our master's breast,  
Elbowed superior merit from his ear,  
And, like a courtier, stole his son from glory.

ALVAREZ.

Hear me, proud man ! for now I burn to speak,  
Since neither truth can sway nor temper touch thee ;  
Thus I retort with scorn thy slanderous rage :  
Thou, thou the tutor of a kingdom's heir ?  
Thou guide the passions of o'erboiling youth,  
That canst not in thy age yet rule thy own ?  
For shame ! retire, and purge thy imperious heart,  
Reduce thy arrogant, self-judging pride,  
Correct the meanness of thy grovelling soul,  
Chase damned suspicion from thy manly thoughts,  
And learn to treat with honor thy superior.

GORMAZ.

Superior, ha ! darest thou provoke me, traitor ?

ALVAREZ.

Unhand me, ruffian, lest thy hold prove fatal !

GORMAZ.

Take that, audacious dotard !

*[Strikes him.]*

ALVAREZ.

O my blood,  
Flow forward to my arm, to chain this tiger !  
If thou art brave, now bear thee like a man,  
And quit my honor of this vile disgrace !

*[They fight. Alvarez is disarmed.]*

O feeble life, I have too long endured thee !

GORMAZ.

Thy sword is mine ; take back the inglorious trophy,  
Which would disgrace thy victor's thigh to wear.  
Now forward to thy charge, read to the prince  
This martial lecture of my famed exploits,  
And from this wholesome chastisement learn thou  
To tempt the patience of offended honor !

*[Exit.]*

ALVAREZ.

Oh, rage ! Oh, wild despair ! O helpless age,  
Wert thou but lent me to survive my honor ?  
Am I with martial toils worn gray, and see  
At last one hour's blight lay waste my laurels ?  
Is this famed arm to me alone defenceless ?  
Has it so often propped this empire's glory,  
Fenced, like a rampart, the Castilian throne,  
To me alone disgraceful, to its master useless ?  
Oh, sharp remembrance of departed glory !  
Oh, fatal dignity, too dearly purchased !  
Now, haughty Gormaz, now guide thou my prince ;  
Insulted honor is unfit to approach him.  
And thou, once-glorious weapon, fare thee well,

Old servant, worthy of an abler master!  
Leave now forever his abandoned side,  
And, to revenge him, grace some nobler arm!—  
My son!

[*Carlos enters*]

O Carlos! canst thou bear dishonor?

CARLOS.

What villain dares occasion, sir, the question?  
Give me his name: the proof shall answer him.

ALVAREZ.

Oh, just reproach! Oh, prompt, resentful fire!  
My blood rekindles at thy manly flame,  
And glads my laboring heart with youth's return.  
Up, up, my son,—I cannot speak my shame,—  
Revenge, revenge me!

CARLOS.

Oh, my rage!—Of what?

ALVAREZ.

Of an indignity so vile, my heart  
Redoubles all its torture to repeat it.  
A blow, a blow, my boy!

CARLOS.

Distraction! fury!

ALVAREZ.

In vain, alas! this feeble arm assailed  
With mortal vengeance the aggressor's heart;  
He dallied with my age, o'erborne, insulted;  
Therefore to thy young arm, for sure revenge,



My soul's distress commits my sword and cause :  
 Pursue him, Carlos, to the world's last bounds,  
 And from his heart tear back our bleeding honor ;  
 Nay, to inflame thee more, thou'lt find his brow  
 Covered with laurels, and far-famed his prowess :  
 Oh, I have seen him, dreadful in the field,  
 Cut through whole squadrons his destructive way  
 And snatch the gore-dyed standard from the foe !

CARLOS.

Oh, rack not with his fame my tortured heart,  
 That burns to know him and eclipse his glory !

ALVAREZ.

Though I foresee 'twill strike thy soul to hear it,  
 Yet, since our gasping honor calls for thy  
 Relief,—O Carlos!—'tis Ximena's father.

CARLOS.

Ha !

ALVAREZ.

Pause not for a reply. I know thy love,  
 I know the tender obligations of thy heart,  
 And even lend a sigh to thy distress.  
 I grant Ximena dearer than thy life ;  
 But wounded honor must surmount them both.  
 I need not urge thee more ; thou know'st my wrong ;  
 'Tis in thy heart,—and in thy hand the vengeance :  
 Blood only is the balm for grief like mine,  
 Which till obtained, I will in darkness mourn,  
 Nor lift my eyes to light, till thy return.  
 But haste, o'ertake this blaster of my name,  
 Fly swift to vengeance, and bring back my fame. [Exit.

## CARLOS.

Relentless heaven! is all thy thunder gone?  
Not one bolt left to finish my despair?  
Lie still, my heart, and close this deadly wound!  
Stir not to thought, for motion is thy ruin!—  
But see, the frightened poor Ximena comes,  
And with her tremblings strikes thee cold as death!  
My helpless father too, o'erwhelmed with shame,  
Begs his dismissal to his grave with honor.  
Ximena weeps; heart-pierced, Alvarez groans:  
Rage lifts my sword, and love arrests my arm.  
Oh, double torture of distracting woe!  
Is there no mean betwixt these sharp extremes?  
Must honor perish, if I spare my love?  
Oh, ignominious pity! shameful softness!  
Must I, to right Alvarez, kill Ximena?  
Oh, cruel vengeance! Oh, heart-wounding honor!  
Shall I forsake her in her soul's extremes,  
Depress the virtue of her filial tears,  
And bury in a tomb our nuptial joy?  
Shall that just honor, that subdued her heart,  
Now build its fame, relentless, on her sorrows?  
Instruct me, heaven, that gav'st me this distress,  
To choose, and bear me worthy of my being!  
O Love, forgive me, if my hurried soul  
Should act with error in this storm of fortune!  
For heaven can tell what pangs I feel to save thee!—  
But, hark! the shrieks of drowning honor call!  
'Tis sinking, gasping, while I stand in pause;  
Plunge in, my heart, and save it from the billows!  
It will be so,—the blow's too sharp a pain,  
And vengeance has at least this just excuse,  
That even Ximena blushes while I bear it:

Her generous heart, that was by honor won,  
 Must, when that honor's stained, abjure my love.  
 Oh, peace of mind, farewell! Revenge, I come,  
 And raise thy altar on a mournful tomb! [Exit.

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## ON THE INCONVENIENCE OF GREATNESS.

MICHEL EYQUEM DE MONTAIGNE.

[At the château de Montaigne, in Périgord, in 1533, was born this celebrated writer, one of the most famous essayists in all the history of literature. His "Essays" were produced in 1580, and have since then enjoyed an unceasing popularity. He died in 1592. These essays, to quote from Emerson, "are an entertaining soliloquy on every random topic that comes into his head,—treating everything without ceremony, yet with masculine sense. There have been men with deeper insight, but, one would say, never a man with such abundance of thoughts; he is never dull, never insincere, and has the genius to make the reader care for all that he cares for." Hallam says, "No prose-writer of the sixteenth century has been so generally read, or probably given so much delight. Whatever may be our estimate of Montaigne as a philosopher, there will be but one opinion of the felicity and brightness of his genius."]

SINCE we cannot attain unto it, let us revenge ourselves by railing at it; and yet it is not absolutely railing against anything to proclaim its defects, because they are in all things to be found, how beautiful or how much to be coveted soever. It has in general this manifest advantage, that it can grow less when it pleases, and has very near the absolute choice of both the one and the other condition. For a man does not fall from all heights; there are several from which one may descend without falling down. It does indeed appear to me that we value it at

too high a rate, and also overvalue the resolution of those whom we have either seen or heard have contemned it, or displaced themselves of their own accord. Its essence is not evidently so commodious that a man may not without a miracle refuse it; I find it a very hard thing to undergo misfortunes; but to be content with a moderate measure of fortune, and to avoid greatness, I think a very easy matter. . . .

I have as much to wish for as another, and allow my wishes as much liberty and indiscretion; but yet it never befell me to wish for either empire or royalty, for the eminency of those high and commanding fortunes. I do not aim that way; I love myself too well. When I think to grow greater, 'tis but very moderately, and by a compelled and timorous advancement, such as is proper for me, in resolution, in prudence, in health, in beauty, and even in riches too.

But this supreme reputation and this mighty authority oppress my imagination; and, quite contrary to some others, I should, peradventure, rather choose to be the second or third in Périgord than the first in Paris. I would neither dispute as a miserable unknown with a nobleman's porter, nor make crowds open in adoration as I pass. I am trained up to a moderate condition, as well by my choice as fortune; and have made it appear in the whole conduct of my life and enterprises that I have rather avoided than otherwise the climbing above the degree of fortune wherein God has placed me by my birth; all my natural constitution is equally just and easy. My soul is so sneaking and mean that I measure not good fortune by the height, but by the facility. But if my heart be not great enough, it is open enough to make amends at any one's request freely to lay open its weakness. . . .

The most painful and difficult employment in the world, in my opinion, is worthily to discharge the office of a king. I excuse more of their mistakes than men commonly do, in consideration of the intolerable weight of this function, which does astonish me. It is hard to keep measure in so immeasurable a power. Yet so it is, that it is, to those who are not the best-natured men, a singular incitement to virtue to be seated in a place where you cannot do the least good that shall not be put upon record; and where the least benefit redounds to so many men; and where your talent of administration, like that of preachers, does principally address itself to the people, no very exact judge, easy to deceive, and easily content. There are few things wherein we can give a sincere judgment, by reason that there are few wherein we have not in some sort a particular interest.

Superiority and inferiority, dominion and subjection, are bound to a natural envy and contest, and must necessarily perpetually intrench upon one another. I neither believe the one nor the other touching the rights of the adverse party; let reason, therefore, which is inflexible and without passion, determine. It is not a month ago that I read over two Scotch authors contending upon this subject; of which he who stands for the people makes kings to be in a worse condition than a carter; and he who writes for monarchy places him some degrees above God Almighty in power and sovereignty.

Now, the inconvenience of greatness, that I have made choice of to consider in this place, upon some occasions that have lately put it into my head, is this: there is not peradventure anything more pleasant in the commerce of men than the trials we make against one another, out of emulation of honor or valor, whether in the exercises of the body or in those of the mind; wherein the sovereign

greatness can have no true part. And in earnest I have often thought that out of force of respect men have used princes disdainfully and injuriously in that particular. For the thing I was infinitely offended at in my childhood, that they who exercised with me forbore to do their best because they found me unworthy of their utmost endeavor, is what we see happen to them every day, every one finding himself unworthy to contend with them. If we discover that they have the least passion to have the better, there is no one who will not make it his business to give it them, and who will not rather betray his own glory than offend theirs, and will therein employ so much force only as is necessary to advance their honor. What share have they, then, in the engagement wherein every one is on their side? Methinks I see those paladins of ancient times presenting themselves to jousts with enchanted arms and bodies.

Crisson, running against Alexander, purposely missed his blow, and made a fault in his career; Alexander chid him for it, but he ought to have had him whipped. Upon this consideration, Carneades said that the sons of princes learned nothing right but to ride the great horse; by reason that in all their exercises every one bends and yields to them; but a horse, that is neither a flatterer nor a courtier, throws the son of a king with no more remorse than he would do that of a porter. Homer was compelled to consent that Venus, so sweet and delicate as she was, should be wounded at the battle of Troy, thereby to ascribe courage and boldness to her,—qualities that cannot possibly be in those who are exempt from danger. The gods are made to be angry, to fear, to run away, to be jealous, to grieve, and to be transported with passions, to honor them with the virtues that amongst us are built upon these imperfections. Who does not participate in the hazard and



difficulty can pretend no interest in the honor and pleasure that are the consequents of hazardous actions. It is a pity that a man should be so potent that all things must give way to him. Fortune therein sets you too remote from society, and places you in too great a solitude. The easiness and mean facility of making all things bow under you is an enemy to all sorts of pleasure. This is to slide, not to go; this is to sleep, and not to live. Conceive man accompanied with omnipotency, you throw him into an abyss: he must beg disturbance and opposition as an alms. His being and his good is indigence. Their good qualities are dead and lost; for they are not to be perceived but by comparison, and we put them out of it; they have little knowledge of the true praise, having their ears deafened with so continued and uniform an approbation. Have they to do with the meanest of all their subjects? They have no means to take any advantage of him. If he say, "It is because he is my king," he thinks he has said enough to express that he therefore suffered himself to be overcome. This quality stifles and consumes the other true and essential qualities. They are involved in the royalty, and leave them nothing to recommend themselves withal but actions that directly concern themselves, and that merely respect the function of their place. It is so much to be a king, that he only is so by being so; the strange lustre that environs him conceals him and shrouds him from us; our sight is there repelled and dissipated, being stopped and filled with this prevailing light.

The senate awarded the prize of eloquence to Tiberius; he refused it, supposing that, though it had been just, he could derive no advantage from a judgment so partial, and that was so little free to judge. As we give them all advantages of honor, so do we soothe and authorize all their vices and defects, not only by approbation, but by

imitation also. Every one of Alexander's followers carried their heads on one side, as he did; and the flatterers of Dionysius ran against one another in his presence, stumbled at and overturned whatever was underfoot, to show that they were as purblind as he. Natural imperfections have sometimes also served to recommend a man to favor. I have seen deafness affected; and because the master hated his wife, Plutarch has seen his courtiers repudiate theirs, whom they loved; and, what is yet more, uncleanness and all manner of dissoluteness have been in fashion; as also disloyalty, blasphemies, cruelty, heresy, superstition, irreligion, effeminacy, and worse, if worse there be.—and by an example yet more dangerous than that of Mithridates' flatterers, who, by how much their master pretended to the honor of a good physician, came to him to have incisions and cauteries made in their limbs; for those others suffered the soul, a more delicate and noble thing, to be cauterized.

But to end where I began; the emperor Adrian disputing with the philosopher Favorinus about the interpretation of some word, Favorinus soon yielded him the victory, for which his friends rebuking him, "You talk simply," said he: "would you not have him wiser than I, who commands thirty legions?" Augustus wrote verses against Asinius Pollio, and I, said Pollio, say nothing, for it is not prudence to write in contest with him who has power to proscribe; and he had reason; for Dionysius, because he could not equal Philoxenus in poesy and Plato in discourse, condemned one to the quarries, and sent the other to be sold for a slave into the island of Ægina.

## THE PASSAGE OF THE RED SEA.

HENRY MURGER.

[The Bohemian life of the French artist has been most acceptably put upon record by Henry Murger, himself a Parisian Bohemian of the first water. This writer, born at Paris in 1822, and the author of a number of tales and dramas, is best known in literature by his "Scenes in Bohemian Life," in which he has picturesquely depicted the gay, careless, and reckless life of the artistic scapegraces of the Quartier Latin. This work is in spirit autobiographical: it paints the daily life of the author himself, the laughter, the tears, the want, the plenty, the heedless joviality, and the wild squandering of a made-up existence, in which *to-day* and its needs and pleasures are the whole of life. Much of this work is too full of Parisian slang and un-English ideas to bear translation, but we give the Zimmern sisters' version of one characteristic scene.]

MARCEL had been working for the last five or six years at that famous picture, which he stated was to represent the Passage of the Red Sea; and for the last five or six years this masterpiece of color had been obstinately rejected by the jury. Indeed, what with going backwards and forwards between the artist's studio and the museum, the museum and the artist's studio, the picture knew its way so well that, had it been put on casters, it could easily have made its way alone to the Louvre. Marcel, who had ten times altered and retouched this canvas from top to bottom, attributed to personal enmity on the part of the members of the jury the ostracism which annually turned it away from the Salon Carré; and in abandoned moments he had composed, in honor of the Cerberus of the Academy, a little dictionary of abusive terms, adorned with ferociously bitter illustrations.

For a long time Marcel was not discouraged by the cruel rebuffs which greeted him at every exhibition. He rested comfortably in the opinion that his picture was, in smaller dimensions, the proper pendant to the "Marriage at Cana," that gigantic masterpiece whose eminent beauty even the dust of three centuries has not effaced. Therefore every year, at the time of the Salon, he sent his picture to be examined by the jury. Only, to lead the committee astray, and to make them fail in the determination they seemed to have of rejecting the "Passage of the Red Sea," he, without altering anything in the general composition, would modify some detail and change the title of the picture.

Thus, it once appeared before the jury under the title of "Passage of the Rubicon;" but Pharaoh, badly disguised by Cæsar's cloak, was recognized and rejected with all the honor due to him.

Next year Marcel spread over the foreground of his canvas a stratum of white to represent snow, planted a fir-tree in a corner, and, dressing up an Egyptian as a grenadier of the Imperial Guard, christened his picture "Passage of the Beresina." The jury, who had that day scrubbed their spectacles on the palm-leaf-embroidered cuffs of their academicians' robes, were not taken in by this new artifice. They perfectly recognized the obstinate canvas, especially by help of a great devil of a parti-colored horse who was rearing at sight of one of the Red Sea waves. This horse's coat served for all Marcel's experiments in color; and in familiar conversation he spoke of it as a synoptical table of low tones, because it reproduced, with all their play of light and shade, all the most varied combinations of color. Yet once again, regardless of this fact, the jury could not find black balls enough to refuse the "Passage of the Beresina."

"How can they refuse it without all the vermilion of my Red Sea mounting into their faces and covering them with shame?" muttered Marcel, as he contemplated his picture. "When one remembers that there is a hundred crowns' worth of color in it, and a million of genius, to say nothing of all my fair youth, which has become as bald as my felt hat! A serious work like this, which opens out a new horizon to military science! But they have not had the last of it: to my last breath I will send them my picture. I wish it to be graven in their memory."

"Ah, they are determined not to have me!" said Marcel. "Ah, the government pays them, lodges them, and gives them their cross, only for the sole object of refusing once a year, on the 1st of March, my canvas a yard in height on a stretcher. I see their idea plainly, I see it quite plainly: they want me to destroy my brushes. Perhaps they hope that by refusing my 'Red Sea' they will make me throw myself into it out of despair. But they quite misunderstand my human heart, if they expect me to yield to so gross an artifice. I will not even await the time of the opening of the Salon. From this day forth, my work shall be the Damocles picture suspended over their existence. Henceforth I mean once a week to send it to each of them, to their own homes, to the bosom of their families, to the very heart of private life. It shall disturb their domestic joys, it shall make them think their wine sour, their meat burnt, and their wives unkind. They will very soon become mad, and they will have to wear strait-waistcoats when they are to go to the Academy on committee-days. This idea smiles on me."

A few days later, when Marcel had already forgotten his terrible designs of vengeance against his persecutors, he received a visit from Father Médicis. This was the

name given among the brotherhood to a Jew called Solomon, who at that time was well known by the whole of artistic and literary Bohemia, since he was in constant relations with them. Father Médicis traded in all sorts of bric-à-brac. He sold complete sets of furniture at prices varying from twelve francs to one thousand crowns. He bought everything, and knew how to sell it again at a profit. His business was concerned with everything, absolutely everything that exists. Médicis even dealt in the ideal. Médicis purchased ideas to make use of himself or to sell again. Known by all the literary men and artists, intimate with the palette and familiar with the writing-desk, he was the Asmodeus of the arts. He would sell you cigars for a sketch of a *feuilleton* article, slippers for a sonnet, fresh sea-fish for paradoxes; he would chat by the hour together with writers whose business it was to send to the papers the scandals of society; he could procure you a seat in the gallery of the Parliament, and invitations to private parties; he could get your plays accepted at the theatre.

A few extracts from the chaos of his account-books will give a better idea than the most detailed statements of the universality of his business:

"Sold to M. L., antiquary, the compasses used by Archimedes during the siege of Syracuse, 75 fr.

"Bought of M. V., journalist, the complete works, uncut, of M. —, Member of the Academy, 10 fr.

"Sold to the above, a review of the complete works of M. —, Member of the Academy, 30 fr.

"Bought of M. B., one lot of social articles and the last three spelling-mistakes made by the Prefect of the Seine, 6 fr., plus two pairs of Neapolitan slippers.

"Sold to Mdle. O., a set of fair hair, 120 fr.

"Procured for Madame —, modiste, the custom of



Mdlle. R. (Received for this 3 yards of velvet and 6 ells of lace.)

"Sold to M. Ferdinand, two love-letters, 12 fr.

"Bought of M. —, 75 kilog. of his work entitled *Submarine Revolutions*, 15 fr."

Coming among the Bohemians with that intelligent air for which he was so much distinguished, the Jew had guessed that he arrived at a propitious moment. In fact, the four friends were at that instant assembled in council, and, under the presidency of a ferocious appetite, were discussing the serious question of bread and meat. It was a Sunday, and the end of the month. Fatal day, and sinister date!

The entrance of Médicis was therefore greeted by a joyous chorus; for it was well known that the Jew was too sparing of his time to spend it on visits of politeness, so that his presence always promised some business to be settled.

"Good-evening, gentlemen," said the Jew. "How are you?"

"Colline," said Rudolphe, who was lying on his bed, and lazy with the pleasures of the horizontal line, "exercise the duties of hospitality: offer our guest a chair. A guest is sacred. I greet you in Abraham," added the poet.

Colline took hold of an arm-chair possessing the elasticity of bronze, and moved it towards the Jew, saying, in hospitable tones,—

"Suppose for a moment that you are Cinna, and take this seat."

Médicis slipped into the arm-chair, and was just about to complain of its hardness, when he remembered that he himself had once exchanged it with Colline for a profession of faith, sold to a deputy who had not the gift of improvisation. As he sat down, the Jew's pockets resounded with

a silvery noise; and this melodious symphony threw the four Bohemians into a pleasant muse.

"This is my business," began Médicis. "A rich amateur, who is arranging a gallery destined to make the tour of Europe, has commissioned me to procure for him a series of remarkable works. I come to offer to admit you to this museum. In a word, I come to buy your 'Passage of the Red Sea.' "

"For ready money?" asked Marcel.

"For ready money," answered the Jew, playing on the orchestra of his pockets.

"Go on, Médicis," said Marcel, showing his picture. "I will leave you the honor of yourself fixing the price of this work, which is priceless."

The Jew placed on the table fifty crowns in beautiful new money.

"Go on," said Marcel: "this is only the vanguard."

"M. Marcel," said Médicis, "you well know that my first word is always my last. I will add nothing. Reflect: fifty crowns,—that makes one hundred and fifty francs. That is a sum, that."

"An insignificant sum," replied the artist. "In the dress of my Pharaoh alone there is fifty crowns' worth of cobalt."

"This is my last word," replied Médicis. "I do not add one penny more; but I offer dinner to every one, as many different wines as you please; and at dessert I pay in gold."

A week after this festival, Marcel learnt in which gallery his picture had been placed. Passing through the Faubourg St.-Honoré, he stepped into the midst of a group who seemed to be watching with curiosity the hanging of a sign-board over a shop-door. This sign-board was no other than Marcel's picture. Only the "Passage of the Red Sea" had undergone one more modification, and bore a new title. A steamboat had been introduced into it,



FRANÇOIS AUGUSTE DE CHATEAUBRIAND.



and it was called "At the Harbor of Marseilles." A flattering ovation had commenced among the curious when the picture was revealed. And so Marcel returned home delighted with his triumph, murmuring to himself, "Vox populi, vox Dei."

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## A NIGHT IN THE FOREST.

FRANÇOIS AUGUSTE DE CHATEAUBRIAND.

[The Viscount de Chateaubriand, the most celebrated of French authors of the Napoleonic period, was born at St.-Malo in 1768. In 1786 he joined the army, but at the outbreak of the Revolution repaired to America, where he remained for a year, traversing the primeval forest from Niagara to Florida. Returning to Europe in 1792, he joined the royalist army, and was severely wounded at Thionville and left for dead in a ditch. The subsequent eight years he spent in exile and poverty in England. In 1798 he began his celebrated work "The Genius of Christianity," and, returning to France in 1800, published his romance of "Atala," a picture of aboriginal life in America, which excited the admiration of all Europe. This was followed by the publication of "The Genius of Christianity," and "René," a romance, which added greatly to his fame, these brilliant productions constituting an epoch in French literature. No such sensation had been produced since the days of Voltaire. Chateaubriand afterwards travelled through Greece and Palestine, which journey he made the basis of a prose epic, entitled "The Martyrs, or the Triumph of the Christian Religion," while he described his travels in his "Itinerary from Paris to Jerusalem." He wrote several other works, and died in 1848, after holding some important political positions in France. From his "Historical Essay on Revolutions" we select the following picturesque description of life in the American forests, in which the ardent imagination of the author is well displayed.]

It is a natural instinct of the unhappy to seek to recall visions of happiness by the remembrance of their past

pleasures. When I feel tired of my life, when I feel my heart dried up by intercourse with other men, I involuntarily turn my head away and heave a sigh of regret over the past. It is in the midst of the immense forests of America that I have tasted to the full these enchanting meditations, these secret and ineffable delights of a mind rejoicing in itself. People boast of loving liberty, and hardly any one has a true idea of it. When, in my journeys among the Indian tribes of Canada, I left European dwellings, and found myself, for the first time, alone in the midst of an ocean of forests, having, so to speak, all nature prostrate at my feet, a strange change took place within me. In the kind of delirium which seized me, I followed no road; I went from tree to tree, now to the right, now to the left, saying to myself, "Here there are no more roads to follow, no more towns, no more narrow houses, no more presidents, republics, or kings,—above all, no more laws, and no more men." Men! Yes, some good savages, who cared nothing for me, nor I for them; who, like me, wandered freely wherever their fancy led them, eating when they felt inclined, sleeping when and where they pleased. And, in order to see if I were really established in my original rights, I gave myself up to a thousand acts of eccentricity, which enraged the tall Dutchman who was my guide, and who, in his heart, thought I was mad.

Escaped from the tyrannous yoke of society, I understood then the charms of that independence of nature which far surpasses all the pleasures of which civilized man can form any idea. I understood why not one savage has become a European, and why many Europeans have become savages; why the sublime "*Discourse on the Inequality of Rank*" is so little understood by the most part of our philosophers. It is incredible how small and diminished



the nations and their most boasted institutions appeared in my eyes; it seemed to me as if I saw the kingdoms of the earth through an inverted spy-glass, or rather that, being myself grown and elevated, I looked down on the rest of my degenerate race with the eye of a giant.

You who wish to write about men, go into the deserts, become for a moment the child of nature, and then—and then only—take up the pen.

Among the innumerable enjoyments of this journey, one, especially, made a vivid impression on my mind.

I was going then to see the famous cataract of Niagara, and I had taken my way through the Indian tribes who inhabit the deserts to the west of the American plantations. My guides were—the sun, a pocket-compass, and the Dutchman of whom I have spoken: the latter understood perfectly five dialects of the Huron language. Our train consisted of two horses, which we let loose in the forests at night, after fastening a bell to their necks. I was at first a little afraid of losing them, but my guide reassured me by pointing out that, by a wonderful instinct, these good animals never wandered out of sight of our fire.

One evening, when, as we calculated that we were only about eight or nine leagues from the cataract, we were preparing to dismount before sunset, in order to build our hut and light our watch-fire after the Indian fashion, we perceived in the wood the fires of some savages who were encamped a little lower down on the shores of the same stream as we were. We went to them. The Dutchman having by my orders asked their permission for us to pass the night with them, which was granted immediately, we set to work with our hosts. After having cut down some branches, planted some stakes, torn off some bark to cover our palace, and performed some other public offices, each of us attended to his own affairs. I brought my saddle, which

served me well for a pillow all through my travels; the guide rubbed down the horses; and as to his night accommodation, since he was not so particular as I am, he generally made use of the dry trunk of a tree. Work being done, we seated ourselves in a circle, with our legs crossed like tailors, around the immense fire, to roast our heads of maize, and to prepare supper. I had still a flask of brandy, which served to enliven our savages not a little. They found out that they had some bear hams, and we began a royal feast.

The family consisted of two women, with infants at their breasts, and three warriors; two of them might be from forty to forty-five years of age, although they appeared much older, and the third was a young man.

The conversation soon became general; that is to say, on my side it consisted of broken words and many gestures,—an expressive language, which these nations understand remarkably well, and that I had learned among them. The young man alone preserved an obstinate silence; he kept his eyes constantly fixed on me. In spite of the black, red, and blue stripes, cut ears, and the pearl hanging from his nose, with which he was disfigured, it was easy to see the nobility and sensibility which animated his countenance. How well I knew he was inclined not to love me! It seemed to me as if he were reading in his heart the history of all the wrongs which Europeans have inflicted on his native country. The two children, quite naked, were asleep at our feet before the fire; the women took them quietly into their arms and put them to bed among the skins, with a mother's tenderness so delightful to witness in these so-called savages: the conversation died away by degrees, and each fell asleep in the place where he was.

I alone could not close my eyes, hearing on all sides the

deep breathing of my hosts. I raised my head, and, supporting myself on my elbow, watched by the red light of the expiring fire the Indians stretched around me and plunged in sleep. I confess that I could hardly refrain from tears. Brave youth, how your peaceful sleep affects me! You, who seemed so sensible of the woes of your native land, you were too great, too high-minded, to mistrust the foreigner! Europeans, what a lesson for you! These same savages whom we have pursued with fire and sword, to whom our avarice would not leave a spadeful of earth to cover their corpses in all this world, formerly their vast patrimony,—these same savages receiving their enemy into their hospitable hut, sharing with him their miserable meal, and, their couch undisturbed by remorse, sleeping close to him the calm sleep of the innocent. These virtues are as much above the virtues of conventional life as the soul of the man in his natural state is above that of the man in society.

It was moonlight. Feverish with thinking, I got up and seated myself at a little distance on a root which ran along the edge of the streamlet: it was one of those American nights which the pencil of man can never represent, and the remembrance of which I have a hundred times recalled with delight.

The moon was at the highest point of the heavens; here and there at wide, clear intervals twinkled a thousand stars. Sometimes the moon rested on a group of clouds which looked like the summit of high mountains crowned with snow: little by little these clouds grew longer, and rolled out into transparent and waving zones of white satin, or transformed themselves into light flakes of froth, into innumerable wandering flocks in the blue plains of the firmament. Another time the arch of heaven seemed changed into a shore on which one could discover hori-

zontal rows, parallel lines such as are made by the regular ebb and flow of the sea; a gust of wind tore this veil again, and everywhere appeared in the sky great banks of dazzlingly white down, so soft to the eye that one seemed to feel their softness and elasticity. The scene on the earth was not less delightful: the silvery and velvety light of the moon floated silently over the top of the forests, and at intervals went down among the trees, casting rays of light even through the deepest shadows. The narrow brook which flowed at my feet, burying itself from time to time among the thickets of oak-, willow-, and sugar-trees, and reappearing a little farther off in the glades, all sparkling with the constellations of the night, seemed like a ribbon of azure silk spotted with diamond stars and striped with black bands. On the other side of the river, in a wide, natural meadow, the moonlight rested quietly on the pastures, where it was spread out like a sheet. Some birch-trees scattered here and there over the savannas, sometimes blending, according to the caprice of the winds, with the background, seemed to surround themselves with a pale gauze,—sometimes rising up again from their chalky foundations, hidden in the darkness, formed as it were islands of floating shadows on an immovable sea of light. Near, all was silence and repose, except the falling of the leaves, the rough passing of a sudden wind, the rare and interrupted whooping of the gray owl; but in the distance at intervals one heard the solemn rolling of the cataract of Niagara, which in the calm of the night echoed from desert to desert and died away in solitary forests.

The grandeur, the astonishing melancholy, of this picture cannot be expressed in human language: the most beautiful nights in Europe can give no idea of it. In the midst of our cultivated fields, the imagination vainly seeks

to expand itself; everywhere it meets with the dwellings of man; but in these desert countries the soul delights in penetrating and losing itself in these eternal forests; it loves to wander by the light of the moon on the borders of immense lakes, to hover over the roaring gulf of terrible cataracts, to fall with the mass of waters, and, so to speak, mix and blend itself with a sublime and savage nature. These enjoyments are too keen; such is our weakness that exquisite pleasures become griefs, as if nature feared that we should forget that we are men. Absorbed in my existence, or rather drawn quite out of myself, having neither feeling nor distinct thought, but an indescribable I know not what, which was like that happiness which they say we shall enjoy in the other life, I was all at once recalled to this. I felt unwell, and perceived that I must not linger. I returned to our encampment, where, lying down by the savages, I soon fell into a deep sleep. The next day, when I awoke, I found the party already prepared for departure. My guide had saddled the horses, the warriors were armed, and the women were busy collecting the baggage, consisting of skins, maize, and smoked bear. I got up, and, taking from my portmanteau a little powder and some balls, some tobacco, and a box of coarse rouge, I distributed these presents among our hosts, who seemed well satisfied with my generosity. We then separated, not without marks of affectionate regret, touching our foreheads and chests, after the custom of these uncivilized men, which seemed to me worth much more than our ceremonies. We all of us parted with full hearts, even the young Indian, who received cordially the hand which I held out to him. Our friends took the road to the north, guiding themselves by the mosses, and we to the west, by my compass. The warriors set out in front, giving the order to march; the



women walked behind, loaded with the baggage and the children, who, hanging in the furs on their mothers' shoulders, turned round, smiling, to watch us. I followed their gentle, motherly walk for a long time with my eyes, until the whole troop had slowly disappeared among the trees of the forest.

Kind savages, who have showed me hospitality, whom I shall doubtless never see again, I may be allowed to pay you here a tribute of gratitude. May you long enjoy your precious independence, in your beautiful solitudes, where my wishes for your happiness do not cease to follow you! Inseparable friends! in what corner of your immense deserts do you dwell now? Are you always together, always happy? Do you talk sometimes of the stranger of the forest? Do you picture to yourselves the place where he lives? Do you form wishes for his happiness on the banks of your solitary rivers? Generous family! his lot is much changed since the night that he passed with you; but at least it is a consolation for him if, while he lives across the sea, persecuted by men of his country, his name, at the other side of the world, in the depths of some unknown solitude, is still pronounced with emotion by some poor Indians.

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## SONGS OF THE PEOPLE.

PIERRE JEAN DE BÉRANGER.

[Béranger, the most original and popular of the lyrical poets of France, was born at Paris in 1780, of parents in a very humble condition of life. He began to write poetry at the age of sixteen, and, having gained the patronage of Lucien Bonaparte, was enabled to



bring out a volume of songs. They were received with great favor, but their bold and patriotic tone offended the government, and, as Béranger continued his political satire, he was arrested, fined, and imprisoned in 1828. He died in 1857. His poems are distinguished for their national spirit, gayety, and wit, and for a marked felicity of expression which it is difficult to preserve in a translation. We append some sprightly examples of his style.]

## THE LITTLE BROWN MAN.

A little man we've here,  
All in a suit of brown,  
Upon town;  
He's as brisk as bottled beer,  
And, without a shilling rent,  
Lives content :  
“For d'ye see,” says he, “my plan ?  
D'ye see,” says he, “my plan ?  
My plan, d'ye see, 's to—laugh at that !”  
Sing merrily, sing merrily, the little brown man !

When every mad grisette  
He has toasted, till his score  
Holds no more,  
Then, head and ears in debt,  
When the duns and bums abound  
All around,  
“D'ye see,” says he, “my plan ?  
D'ye see,” says he, “my plan ?  
My plan, d'ye see, 's to—laugh at that !”  
Sing merrily, sing merrily, the little brown man !

When the rain comes through his attic,  
And he lies all day abed  
Without bread,

When the winter winds rheumatic  
Make him blow his nails for dire  
Want of fire,  
“D’ye see,” says he, “my plan ?  
D’ye see,” says he, “my plan ?  
My plan, d’ye see, ’s to—laugh at that !”  
Sing merrily, sing merrily, the little brown man !

His wife, a dashing figure,  
Makes shift to pay her clothes  
By her beaux ;  
The gallanter they rig her,  
The more the people sneer  
At her dear :  
“Then d’ye see,” says he, “my plan ?  
D’ye see,” says he, “my plan ?  
My plan, d’ye see, ’s to—laugh at that !”  
Sing merrily, sing merrily, the little brown man !

When at last laid fairly level,  
And the priest (he getting worse)  
’Gan discourse  
Of death and of the Devil,  
Our little sinner sighed,  
And replied,  
“Please your reverence, my plan,—  
Please your reverence, my plan,—  
My plan, d’ye see, ’s to—laugh at that !”  
Sing merrily, sing merrily, the little brown man !

THE GARRET.

Oh, it was here that Love his gifts bestowed  
On youth’s wild age !  
Gladly once more I seek my youth’s abode,  
In pilgrimage :

Here my young mistress with her poet dared  
Reckless to dwell ;  
She was sixteen, I twenty, and we shared  
This attic cell.

Yes, 'twas a garret ! be it known to all,  
Here was Love's shrine :  
There read, in charcoal traced along the wall,  
The unfinished line.  
Here was the board where kindred hearts would blend :  
The Jew can tell  
How oft I pawned my watch to feast a friend  
In attic cell !

Oh, my Lisette's fair form could I recall  
With fairy wand !  
There she would blind the window with her shawl,—  
Bashful, yet fond :  
What though from whom she got her dress I've since  
Learned but too well,  
Still in those days I envied not a prince,  
In attic cell !

Here the glad tidings on our banquet burst,  
'Mid the bright bowls :  
Yes, it was here Marengo's triumph first  
Kindled our souls !  
Bronze cannon roared : France with redoubled might  
Felt her heart swell !  
Proudly we drank our Consul's health that night  
In attic cell !

Dreams of my youthful days ! I'd freely give,  
Ere my life's close,  
All the dull days I'm destined yet to live,  
For one of those !

Where shall I now find raptures that were felt,  
Joys that befell,  
And hopes that dawned at twenty, when I dwelt  
In attic cell?

## THE SHOOTING STARS.

"Shepherd, say'st thou that a star  
Rules our days, and gems the skies?"  
"Yes, my child, but in her veil  
Night conceals it from our eyes."  
"Shepherd, they say that to thy sight  
The secret of yon heaven is clear:  
What is, then, that star so bright  
Which flies, and flies to disappear?"

"My child, a man has passed away;  
His star has shed its parting ray:  
He amid a joyous throng  
Pledged the wine-cup and the song;  
Happy, he has closed his eyes  
By the wine to him so dear."  
"Yet another star that flies,—  
That flies, and flies to disappear!"

"My child, how pure and beautiful!  
A gentle girl hath fled to heaven;  
Happy, and in love most true  
To the tenderest lover given:  
Flowerets crown her maiden brow,  
Hymen's altar is her bier."  
"Yet another star that flies,—  
That flies, and flies to disappear!"

“ Child, the rapid star behold  
Of a great lord newly born ;  
Lined with purple and with gold  
The empty cradle whence he's gone :  
E'en now the tide of flatteries  
Had almost reached his infant ear.”  
“ Yet another star that flies,—  
That flies, and flies to disappear !”

“ My child, what lightning-flash is that ?  
A favorite has sought repose,  
Who thought himself supremely great  
When his laughter mocked our woes :  
They his image now despise  
Who once worshipped him in fear.”  
“ Yet another star that flies,—  
That flies, and flies to disappear !”

“ My son, what sorrow must be ours !  
A generous patron's eyes are dim :  
Indigence from others gleams,  
But she harvested on him ;  
This very eve, with tears and sighs,  
The wretched to his roof draw near.”  
“ Yet another star that flies,—  
That flies, and flies to disappear !”

“ A mighty monarch's star is dark !  
Boy, preserve thy purity,  
Nor let men thy star remark  
For its size or brilliancy :  
Wert thou bright but to their eyes,  
They would say, when death is near,  
‘ It is but a star that flies,—  
That flies, and flies to disappear !’ ”

## NAPOLEON.

Amid the lowly straw-built shed,  
Long will the peasant seek his glory ;  
And, when some fifty years have fled,  
The thatch will hear no other story.  
Around some old and hoary dame  
The village crowd will oft exclaim,  
“ Mother, now, till midnight chimes,  
Tell us tales of other times.  
He wronged us ! say it if they will,  
The people love his memory still :  
Mother, now the day is dim,  
Mother, tell us now of him ! ”

“ My children, in our village here  
I saw him once by kings attended ;  
That time has passed this many a year,  
For scarce my maiden days were ended.  
On foot he climbed the hill, and nigh  
To where I watched him passing by :  
Small his hat upon that day,  
And he wore a coat of gray ;  
And when he saw me shake with dread,  
‘ Good-day to you, my dear ! ’ he said.”  
“ Oh, and, mother, is it true ?  
Mother, did he speak to you ? ”

“ From this a year had passed away,  
Again in Paris’ streets I found him :  
To Notre-Dame he rode that day,  
With all his gallant court around him.  
All eyes admired the show the while,  
No face that did not wear a smile :



‘See how brightly shine the skies!  
‘Tis for him!’ the people cries:  
And then his face was soft with joy,  
For God had blessed him with a boy.”  
“Mother, oh, how glad to see  
Days that must so happy be!”

“But when o’er our province ran  
The bloody armies of the strangers,  
Alone he seemed, that famous man,  
To fight against a thousand dangers.  
One evening, just like this one here,  
I heard a knock that made me fear:  
Entered, when I oped the door,  
He, and guards perhaps a score,  
And, seated where I sit, he said,  
‘To what a war have I been led!’ ”  
“Mother, and was that the chair?  
Mother, was he seated *there*?”

“‘Dame, I am hungry,’ then he cried:  
I set our bread and wine before him;  
There at the fire his clothes he dried,  
And slept while watched his followers o’er him.  
When with a start he rose from sleep,  
He saw me in my terror weep,  
And he said, ‘Nay, our France is strong;  
Soon I will avenge her wrong.’  
It is the dearest thing of mine,—  
The glass in which he drank his wine.”  
“And through change of good and ill,  
Mother, you have kept it still.”

## ROBIN HOOD.

AUGUSTIN THIERRY.

[Jacques Nicolas Augustin Thierry, elder brother of Amédée Simon Thierry, the historian of the Gauls and of Attila, was born at Blois in 1795. In 1825 appeared his best-known work, the "History of the Conquest of England by the Normans," which met with brilliant success. Later in life he lost his sight, but he continued his historical researches, and published several excellent works. He died in 1856.

Thierry holds a high position among French historians, and stands at the head of the modern French school of history. From Hazlitt's translation of the work above named we select an extract which is of interest not only in itself, but also as giving us the slender historical foundation for Scott's famous romance of "Ivanhoe," the modern prose epic of chivalry. Richard I., after being released from the German prison into which he had been thrown on his return from the Crusades, reached England, where he quickly put an end to the machinations of his brother John. With the capture of Nottingham, on the skirt of Sherwood forest, all resistance ended.]

AFTER his victory [over the garrison of Nottingham], King Richard, by way of recreation, made a pleasure-journey into the greatest forest of England, which stretched from Nottingham to the centre of Yorkshire, over a space of several hundred miles: the Saxons called it Sire-Wode, a name changed, in the lapse of centuries, into that of Sherwood. "Never before in his life had he seen these forests," says a contemporary narrator, "and they pleased him greatly." On quitting a long captivity the mind is ever vividly sensible to the charms of picturesque scenery; and, moreover, with this natural attraction was probably combined another, appealing still more powerfully, perhaps, to the adventurous spirit of Richard

Cœur-de-Lion. Sherwood was at that time a forest formidable to the Normans: it was the dwelling of the last remains of the bands of armed Saxons, who, still abnegating the Conquest, persisted in withdrawing from the law of the foreigner. Everywhere hunted, pursued, tracked like wild beasts, it was here only that, favored by the locality, they had been able to maintain themselves in any number, under a sort of military organization, which gave them a more respectable character than that of mere highwaymen.

At about the time that the hero of the Anglo-Norman baronage visited Sherwood forest, there lived in that forest a man who was the hero of the serfs, of the poor, and of the low,—in a word, of the Anglo-Saxon race. “At this time,” says an ancient chronicler, “there arose among the disinherited the most famous robber, Robert Hode, with his accomplices, whom the stolid vulgar celebrate in games and sports at their junketings, and whose history, sung by the minstrels, delights them more than any other.” In these few words are comprised all our historical data as to the existence of the last Englishman who followed the example of Hereward; to find any traces of his life and character, it is to the old romances and popular ballads that we must of necessity resort. If we cannot place faith in all the singular and often contradictory incidents related in these poems, they are, at least, incontestable evidence of the ardent friendship of the English nation for the outlaw chief whom they celebrate, and for his companions, who, instead of laboring for masters, “ranged the forest merry and free,” as the old burthens express it. . . .

Whether or no Robin Hood was born, as the ballad relates,—

“Amang the leaves sae green,”—

it was certainly in the woods that he passed his life, at the head of several hundred archers, formidable to the earls, viscounts, bishops, and rich abbots of England, but beloved by the farmers, laborers, widows, and poor people. These "merry men" granted peace and protection to all who were feeble and oppressed, shared with those who had nothing the spoils of those who fattened on other men's harvests, and, according to the old tradition, did good to the honest and industrious. Robin Hood was the boldest and most skilful archer of the band, and after him was cited Little John, his lieutenant and brother-in-arms, inseparable from him in danger and in pastime, and equally so in the old English ballads and sayings. Tradition also names several others of his companions,—Mutch, the miller's son, old Scathlocke, and a monk, called Friar Tuck, who fought in frock and cowl and whose only weapon was a heavy quarter-staff. They were all of a joyous humor, not seeking to enrich themselves, but simply to live on their booty, and distributing all they did not actually need themselves among the families dispossessed in the great pillage of the Conquest. Though enemies of the rich and powerful, they did not slay those who fell into their hands, shedding blood only in their own defence. Their attacks fell chiefly on the agents of royal authority and on the governors of towns or provinces, whom the Normans called viscounts, and the English sheriffs.

"But bend your bows, and strok your strings,  
Set the gallow-tree about,  
And Christ's curse on his head, said Robin,  
That spares the sheriff and the sargeant."

The sheriff of Nottingham was the person against whom Robin Hood had the oftenest to contend, and who hunted him most closely, on horseback and on foot, setting a price on his head, and exciting his companions and friends to

betray him. But none betrayed him, while many aided him to escape the dangers in which his daring often involved him.

"I would rather die," said an old woman to him one day,—*"I would rather die than not do all I might to save thee; for who fed and clothed me and mine, but thou and Little John?"*

The astonishing adventures of this bandit chief of the twelfth century, his victories over the men of Norman race, his stratagems and his escapes, were long the only national history that a man of the people in England transmitted to his sons, having himself received it from his ancestors. Popular imagination adorned the person of Robin Hood with all the qualities and all the virtues of the Middle Ages. He is described as alike devout in church and brave in combat; and it is said of him that once within a church for the purpose of hearing the service, whatever danger presented itself, he would not depart until the close. This scrupulous devotion exposed him more than once to the danger of being taken by the sheriff and his men; but he always found means of effectual resistance, and, instead of being taken by the sheriff himself, it would seem from the old story, somewhat liable, indeed, to a suspicion of exaggeration, that he himself took prisoner the sheriff. Upon this theme the English minstrels of the fourteenth century composed a long ballad, of which some verses merit quotation, if only as examples of the fresh and animated coloring given by a people to its poetry at a time when a really popular literature exists.

"In somer, when the shawes be sheyn,  
And leves be large and long,  
Hit is full mery in fayre forest  
To here the foulys song;

“To se the dere draw to the le,  
And leve their hillis hee,  
And shadow hem in the levis grene,  
Under the grenewode tre.

“Hit befel on Whitsontyde,  
Erly on a May mornying,  
The son up feyre can spring that day,  
And the birdis mery can sing. . . .

“The on thyng greves me, seyð Robyn,  
And does my hert mych woo,  
That I may not no solem day  
To mas ne matyns go.

“Hit is a fourtnet and more, seyð Robyn,  
Sin I my Savyor see;  
To-day will I to Nottyngham, seyð Robyn,  
With the myght of mylde Mary.”

Robin Hood was not only renowned for his devotion to saints and to saints' days; he himself had, like the saints, his festival day, in which, religiously observed by the inhabitants of the villages and small towns of England, nothing was permitted but games and amusements. In the fifteenth century this custom was still observed, and the sons of the Saxons and Normans took part in these popular diversions in common, without reflecting that they were a monument of the old hostility of their ancestors. On that day the churches were deserted equally with the workshops; no saint, no preacher, was more influential than Robin Hood; and this continued even after the Reformation had given a new impulse to religious zeal in England. . . .

Throughout the seventeenth century, old ballads of Robin Hood, printed in Gothic letters (a style of printing singularly liked by the lower classes of English), circu-



lated in the country districts, by the medium of hawking peddlers, who sung them in a sort of recitative. Several complete collections of them were made for the use of town readers, one of which bore the pretty title of "Robin Hood's Garland." These books, now become rare, interest only the erudite; and the history of the heroes of Sherwood, divested of its poetical decorations, is now scarce found but among children's tales.

None of the ballads that have been preserved relate the death of Robin Hood: the common tradition is that he perished in a nunnery, whither, one day, being ill, he had repaired for medical aid. He had to be bled, and the nun who performed this operation, having recognized Robin Hood, intentionally drew so much blood from him that he died. This story, which can neither be affirmed nor denied, is quite consistent with the manners of the twelfth century: many women then, in the rich nunneries, studied medicine, and compounded remedies which they administered gratuitously to the poor. Further, in England since the Conquest the superiors of the nunneries and most of the nuns were of Norman extraction, as is proved by their statutes drawn up in old French,—a circumstance that may perhaps explain how the chief of the Saxon bandits, who had been outlawed by royal ordinance, found enemies in the convent where he had sought assistance. After his death, the troop of which he was the chief and the soul disbanded; and his faithful companion, Little John, despairing of being able to hold his own in England, and urged by a desire to prosecute his old war upon the Normans, went to Ireland, where he took part in the revolts of the natives. Thus was dissolved the last troop of English brigands that, having a political character, merit a place in history.

## THE INVASION OF HOLLAND BY LOUIS XIV.

FRANÇOIS MARIE AROUET DE VOLTAIRE.

[Voltaire, the most remarkable name in French literature, was born at Chatenay, near Seeaux, in 1694, the son of François Arouet, a notary, the source of his title of Voltaire being somewhat doubtful. His history was a strangely diversified one. His keen satire, and the boldness with which he attacked the religious and political institutions of his age, kept him in continual trouble. Early in his literary life a satirical pamphlet reflecting on the death of Louis XIV. caused him to be thrown into the Bastille, where he wrote his tragedy of "Œdipus" and a considerable part of his epic poem the "Henriade." "Œdipus" met with a brilliant success. Some years later, after a second confinement in the Bastille, he was banished from Paris, and spent several years in England, returning to France in 1729. He now wrote his two tragedies of "Brutus" and "Zaïre," and completed his valuable "History of Charles XII." These works, and some succeeding plays, added immensely to his reputation, and in 1750 he went to Berlin to visit Frederick the Great, who entertained for him an ardent admiration. Here he remained three years, but ended by quarrelling with his patron and leaving his court, under conditions in which Frederick managed to disgrace himself in the eyes of Europe. In 1755 he settled at Ferney, near Geneva, Switzerland, where the remaining twenty years of his life were passed. Here some of his greatest works were written, including his "Essay on the Manners of Nations," a valuable contribution to the philosophy of history; "Candide," "Zadig," and "L'Ingénu," works of prose fiction; "La Pucelle," his finest though most objectionable poem; several tragedies and comedies, and other works in every field of literature. In 1778 he made a final visit to Paris, where he was received with extraordinary enthusiasm. Exhausted by the great excitement of his reception, so ill suited to his advanced age, he died on May 30 of the same year.]

Voltaire stands at the head of European literature in his time, and, in the opinion of Goethe, he was "the greatest literary man of all time, the most astonishing creation of the Author of Nature." Cer-

tainly greater versatility was never displayed, nor equal genius in so many fields of thought. As a poet and dramatist some critics place him at the head of the art in France, though others claim that he lacks the important element of feeling. As a critic he takes high rank, his histories are acknowledged masterpieces, and his prose fictions are full of originality and power. In satire no other French writer can vie with him, while his emotional susceptibility aided greatly to give him his extraordinary influence over the mind of Europe. His writings, with those of Rousseau, were among the most potent causes of the great Revolution which was soon to follow his death.

The selection we here give is from his "Age of Louis XIV.," descriptive of that basely unwarranted invasion of Holland which filled Europe with enemies of the glory-loving French king. The story is told with some degree of that satire for which Voltaire is so famous. The translation is by R. Griffith.]

ALL that the efforts of ambition and human foresight could devise for the destruction of a nation was put in practice by Louis XIV. The history of mankind scarcely furnishes us with an instance of such formidable preparations being made for so small an expedition. Of all the different conquerors who have invaded any part of the world, not one ever began the career of conquest with so many regular troops and so much money as Louis employed in subduing the petty state of the United Provinces. No less than fifty millions, which were worth ninety-seven millions of our present currency, were expended in these pompous preparations. Thirty men-of-war, of fifty guns each, joined the English fleet, consisting of a hundred sail. The king, accompanied by his brother, marched at the head of a hundred and twelve thousand men towards Maestricht and Charleroi, on the frontiers of Spanish Flanders and Holland. The Bishop of Munster and the Elector of Cologne had about twenty thousand more. The Prince of Condé and Marshal Turenne were the generals of the king's army, and the Duke of

Luxembourg commanded under them. Vauban had the direction of the sieges. Louvois was present in all places, with his usual vigilance.

Never was there so magnificent an army, and at the same time so well disciplined; but the king's household troops, which were newly reformed, made a most glorious appearance. They consisted of four companies of *gardes du corps*, or body-guards, each composed of three hundred gentlemen, among whom there were a considerable number of young cadets, who served without pay, but were equally subject to military discipline with the rest; two hundred gendarmes of the guard; two hundred light horse; five hundred mousquetaires,—all chosen gentlemen, remarkable for their youth and handsome appearance; twelve companies of gendarmerie, since augmented to the number of sixteen; even the Hundred Swiss regiment accompanied the king on this occasion, and the royal regiment of French and Swiss guards mounted before the house or the tent he occupied. These troops, the greater part covered with gold and silver, were at once the object of terror and admiration to a people who were strangers to all kinds of magnificence; and the exact discipline which was kept up in his army made it appear in a different light to any that had yet been seen.

There were at that time no inspectors of the horse and foot, as there have been since; but these offices were then performed by two men who were singular in their way. Martinet [whose name has become a synonyme for strict discipline] put the infantry upon the footing of the discipline in which we now see it; and the Chevalier de Fourilles did the same with the cavalry. Martinet had, a year before, introduced the use of the bayonet in some regiments; before him, it had never been made use of in a constant and uniform manner. This last effort of what

perhaps is the most terrible of the whole military art was already known, but had been little practised, because spears were still much in use. This same officer likewise invented copper boats for bridges, which might easily be transported in wagons or on the backs of mules. The king, secure of success and glory from all these advantages, carried along with him a historian to write his conquests. This was Pelisson, a person more capable of writing well than of avoiding flattery.

What advanced the ruin of Holland still more was that the Marquis de Louvois had secretly employed the Count de Bentham to purchase from themselves a great part of the ammunition designed for their own destruction, and by this means had defurnished their magazines. It is not in the least surprising that their merchants should have sold these military stores before a declaration of war, when they sell them every day to their enemies during the most desperate contests. It is known to every one that a merchant of that country formerly replied to Prince Maurice, who reprehended him for such a traffic, "My lord, if I could by sea carry on an advantageous trade with hell, I would run the hazard of scorching my sails there." . . .

Against Condé, Turenne, Luxembourg, Vauban, an army of one hundred and thirty thousand men, a powerful train of artillery, and immense sums of money to bribe the fidelity of those who commanded garrison towns, what had the republic of Holland to oppose? A young prince of a weakly constitution, who had never seen a battle or a siege, and about twenty-five thousand bad soldiers, which were all the strength of the country. William, Prince of Orange, who was about twenty-two years old, had lately been elected Captain-General of the land-forces, by the voice of the nation. John de Witt, the Great Pensionary, was obliged to consent to it. This prince, under the

Dutch phlegm, nourished an ardent ambition of glory, which ever afterwards manifested itself in his conduct, without ever betraying itself in his discourse. He was of a cold and severe disposition, but of an active and penetrating genius. His courage, which never desponded, supported his feeble and languid body under fatigues which seemed above his strength. He was valiant without ostentation, ambitious, though an enemy to pomp, and endowed by nature with a phlegmatic obstinacy formed for combating adversity. He delighted in war and politics, and was equally a stranger to the joys of society or the pleasures attendant upon greatness. In a word, he was in almost every respect the reverse of Louis XIV.

He was unable at first to make head against the torrent which overflowed his country. His forces were inconsiderable, and even his authority was greatly limited by the States. The whole power of France was ready to fall upon Holland, which had no resources.

[Louis advanced, sweeping all before him, until he reached the Rhine. All the strongholds in that quarter surrendered, the Prince of Orange being too weak in forces to take the field, or even fully to garrison the lines of defence which he constructed.]

Nothing now remained but to discover, if possible, in what part the French intended to throw over a bridge, in order to oppose their passage. In fact, it was the king's intention to pass the river on a bridge of those little copper boats contrived by Martinet. At that time the Prince of Condé had received information from some of the country-people that the dryness of the season had formed a ford on a branch of the Rhine, near an old castle which served as an office for the toll-gatherers and was called *Toll Huis*, or the Toll-house. The king ordered this ford to be sounded by the Count de Guiche. According to



Pelisson, who was an eye-witness to the whole, and which was since confirmed to me by the inhabitants, there was not above twenty paces to swim over, in the midst of this arm of the river. This was, in fact, nothing, for a number of horses abreast entirely broke the current of the water, which was of itself very weak. The landing on the opposite side was very easy, as it was defended by only four or five hundred horsemen and two weak regiments of foot, without any cannon. The French artillery played upon those in flank, while the household troops, and some of the best of the cavalry, crossed the river without any hazard, to the number of fifteen thousand men.

The Prince of Condé crossed at the same time, in one of the copper boats. Some few Dutch officers, who at first made a show of advancing into the water in order to oppose their landing, betook themselves to flight the instant the French troops drew near the shore, unable to stand before the multitude which came pouring upon them. The foot immediately laid down their arms and called for quarter. This passage was effected with the loss only of Count Nugent and a few horsemen who were drowned by missing the ford; and there would not have been a single life lost that day, had it not been for the imprudence of the young Duke of Longueville, who, being, as it is said, overheated with wine, fired his pistol at some of the enemy's people, who had laid down their arms and were begging their lives, crying out, "Give the scoundrels no quarter!" and, drawing his trigger, shot an officer dead. Upon this the Dutch infantry, in a fit of despair, instantly flew to their arms and made a general discharge, by which the Duke of Longueville himself was killed. A captain of their horse, named Ossembrouk, who had not fled with the rest, rode up to the Prince of Condé, who was just got on shore and going to mount his horse, and aimed his pistol

at his head. The prince turned the weapon aside with his hand, and received only a wound in the wrist, which was the only one he ever received in all his campaigns. The French immediately fell sword in hand upon this small body, which began to fly on all sides. In the mean time the king crossed the river with the rest of the army on a bridge of boats.

Such was the passage of the Rhine,—an action which made a great noise, was singular in its kind, and was celebrated at that time as one of those great events which ought to remain in the memory of mankind. The air of greatness with which the king performed all his actions, the rapid succession of his victories, the glory of his reign, the adulation of his courtiers, and, lastly, the fondness which the common people, especially those of Paris, have in general for everything that appears extraordinary, joined to that ignorance of military operations which prevails among those who pass a life of idleness in great cities, made this passage of the Rhine be looked upon as a prodigy, which is still spoken of with admiration. It was the common opinion that the whole army had swum across the river in the presence of the enemy intrenched on the opposite side, and in defiance of the fire from an impregnable fortress called the *Toll Huis*. It is a certain truth that the enemy themselves were taken by surprise in this affair, and that if they had had a body of good troops on the other side of the river the attempt would have been extremely dangerous.

[The French immediately overran the country, took a number of towns, among them the important city of Utrecht, and reached the vicinity of Amsterdam. The whole country seemed to be at their mercy.]

Naarden, which is in the neighborhood of Amsterdam, was already taken. Four horsemen, who were on a

marauding party, advanced to the very gates of Muyden, which is not above a mile from Amsterdam, and where the sluices are fixed by which the country may be laid under water. The magistrates, struck with a panic at the sight of these four soldiers, came out and offered them the keys of the town; but at length, perceiving that no other troops came up, they took back the keys and shut the gates again. [The citadel of Muyden was preserved by a female servant, who raised the drawbridge and so prevented the French stragglers from taking possession of it.] A moment's diligence more would have put Amsterdam into the king's hands. The capital once taken, not only the republic itself must have fallen, but there no longer would have been such a republic as Holland, and even the country itself would have been annihilated.

Some of the richest families, and those who were most zealous lovers of liberty, were preparing to fly to the extremity of the globe and embark for Batavia. There was actually a list made out of the shipping fit for undertaking this voyage, and a calculation of the numbers they would carry; when it was found that fifty thousand families might be thus transported into their new country. Holland then would have existed only in the farther end of the East Indies; its provinces in Europe, which purchase their corn with the riches they import from Asia, and which subsist wholly upon their commerce, and their liberty, if I may use that expression, would have been almost in an instant depopulated and ruined. Amsterdam, the mart and warehouse of Europe, where three hundred thousand persons are daily employed in cultivating arts and trade, would have become one vast marsh. All the lands round about require an immense expense and thousands of men to raise their dikes: those would, in all probability, have been stripped at once of their

inhabitants and riches, and at length buried in the sea, leaving to Louis XIV. only the deplorable glory of having destroyed the most singular and most beautiful monument of human industry in the world.

[But Holland was not destined to become the victim of such an enemy. A peace was offered on terms which would have been no better than slavery. This the Prince of Orange bitterly opposed. The mob massacred the De Witts, his opponents, and the country rallied to his support, placing at his disposal the treasures which had lain undisturbed in the vaults of the Bank of Amsterdam for sixty years.]

So much integrity, and so powerful a resource, was at that time the more admirable, as Charles II. of England, not satisfied with the money he had received from France, and wanting a farther supply to carry on his war against the Dutch and answer the expenses of his pleasures, had lately become bankrupt. If it was shameful in this monarch thus to violate public faith, it was the more glorious in the magistrates of Amsterdam to preserve it, at a time when they might have had a plausible excuse for a failure.

To this republican virtue they added that courageous spirit which has recourse to the utmost extremities in irremediable evils. They ordered the dikes which keep out the sea to be thrown down. The country-seats, which are in prodigious numbers about Amsterdam, the villages, and the neighboring cities of Leyden and Delft, were in an instant laid under water. The peasant beheld his flocks drowned in the pastures, without once murmuring. Amsterdam stood like a vast fortress in the midst of the waves, encircled by ships of war, which had water enough to ride all round the city. The people suffered great want; they were in particular distressed for fresh water, which sold for six sous the pint; but these extremities seemed less grievous than slavery. It is worthy of observation

that Holland, thus distressed by land, and no longer a state, still retained its power at sea, which was this nation's true element.

When Louis XIV. was crossing the Rhine, and reducing three provinces, the Dutch admiral De Ruyter, with a hundred sail of men-of-war and about fifty fire-ships, sailed for the English coast, in quest of the combined fleets of the two sovereigns; who, notwithstanding they had united their forces by sea, were not able to fit out a naval armament superior to that of the Dutch. The English and Dutch fought like people accustomed to dispute the empire of the sea with each other. This battle, which was fought near Solebay, lasted a whole day. Ruyter, who made the signal for beginning the engagement, attacked the English admiral's ship, in which was the Duke of York, the king's brother. De Ruyter gained all the glory of this single combat; the Duke of York was obliged to go on board another ship, and never faced the Dutch admiral afterwards. The French squadron, consisting of thirty ships, had little share in the action; and so decisive was the fortune of this day that it put the coast of Holland out of danger.

After this battle De Ruyter, notwithstanding the fears and opposition of his countrymen, convoyed the fleet from the East Indies safe into the Texel, thus defending and enriching his country on one side while she was falling to ruin on the other. The Dutch even kept up their commerce, and no colors but theirs were to be seen in the Indian seas. One day the French consul telling the King of Persia that his master, Louis XIV., had conquered almost all Holland, "How can that be," replied the monarch, "when there are now in the port of Ormus twenty Dutch ships for one French?"

The Prince of Orange, however, had the ambition of being a good citizen. He made an offer to the state of

the revenues of his posts, and of all his private fortune, towards the support of the common cause. He overflowed all the passes by which the French could penetrate into the rest of the country. By his prompt and secret negotiations he roused the Emperor, the Empire, the Spanish council, and the government of Flanders, from their lethargy: he even disposed the English court to listen to peace. In a word, Louis had entered Holland only in May, and by the month of July all Europe was in confederacy against him.

Monterey, governor of Flanders, sent a few regiments privately to the assistance of the United Provinces. The Emperor Leopold's council likewise despatched Monteculi, at the head of twenty thousand men; and the Elector of Brandenburg took the field with twenty-five thousand troops, whom he kept in his own pay.

The king now quitted his army, as there were no more conquests to be made in a country that was overflowed. It was even become difficult to keep the provinces which had been conquered. Louis was desirous of gaining glory; but, not being willing to purchase it at the expense of indefatigable labor, he lost it again. Contented with having taken such a number of places in the space of two months, and leaving Turenne and Luxembourg to finish the war, he returned to St. Germain about the middle of the summer, to enjoy his triumphs. But while his subjects were everywhere erecting monuments of his conquests, the Powers of Europe were at work to snatch them out of his hands.

[Thus ended an inglorious attempt to gain glory by an unprovoked assault upon a seemingly defenceless people. Louis soon found himself with all Europe to fight against, and was forced, during the succeeding year, to abandon the provinces which he had conquered with such ease and rapidity. He had roused no common enemy in the Prince of Orange.]



Louis was reduced to the necessity of abandoning the three Dutch provinces as speedily as he had conquered them. . . . In such a hurry were they to evacuate the country which they had possessed themselves of with so much rapidity, that twenty-eight thousand Dutch prisoners were redeemed at a crown a head. The triumphal arch of St. Denis's gate, and the other monuments of the conquest, were scarcely finished, when the conquest itself was surrendered.

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## THE IDEA OF JEAN TÊTEROL.

VICTOR CHERBULIEZ.

[The author of our present selection is a native of Geneva, where he was born in 1832, of French descent. He first became known in the world of literature by his "Horse of Phidias," a humorous archaeological essay suggested by a visit to Greece. His earliest attempt in fiction was his "Count Kostia," written in 1862, which was quickly followed by the popular "Roman d'une Honnête Femme." Of his other novels we may name "Meta Holdenis," "Samuel Brohl et Cie," "Paule Méré," and "Le Prince Vitale."

Cherbuliez is a writer of great skill and ingenuity, lacking in emotional warmth, but possessed of delicate perceptive powers, and an adept in character-drawing. His style is of the most vivacious French type, while, though lacking in poetic sentiment and passion, he possesses fine powers of psychological analysis, and excellent ability in the management of a narrative. The selection we give is from "L'Idée de Jean Téterol," perhaps his most perfect work. An introductory explanation is necessary. The Baron of Saligneux had for undergardener a boy named Jean Téterol, with whom he got into a dispute about the proper method of pruning pear-trees, and ended the argument by kicking the boy against the tree. Jean, burning for revenge, ran away, with an idea in his young head of teaching the proud nobleman a severe lesson. He grows rich, returns, finds the baron's son in

possession, acquires part of his lands, annoys him in every way possible, buys up his debts, and finally forces him to consent to a marriage between Téterol's son and the baron's daughter. The young people are unaware of this bargain made by their fathers, and Lionel Téterol is in no humor to consent to the marriage, for he has managed already to fall in love. Yet his father obstinately insists on it, and demands his son's consent. At the point of our selection Lionel is making his first visit to the estate. We give the *dénouement* of the story, as translated by Helen and Alice Zimmern.]

AFTER breakfast Lionel took the same walk alone that he had taken the previous evening with his father. On the way he thought neither of harvests, nor irrigation, nor rotation of crops; he only thought of his own affair. In a few hours his redoubtable father would return from Bourg, and then the struggle would begin afresh. He fancied he could see him before him, his brow knitted into the deep straight furrow that anger had cut there, his eyes sparkling, his hands clasped, saying, in an icy voice,—

“Well, sir, have you reflected?”

And yet the further he went the firmer became his resolution, and the stronger grew his invincible antipathy for Mdlle. Saligneux. He imagined her now as a silly girl, endowed by the nuns with their pretty manners; now as a great rough gawky girl, with a yellow complexion, large teeth, and pointed shoulders, moving awkwardly, as stiff as though she had swallowed one of the weatherecks of the paternal manor. In short, whatever her looks or her manners might be, he did not want her, because he was proud, because he was jealous of his liberty, because he would not agree to have his heart disposed of without his permission, because he had determined not to marry, or, at any rate, no woman whom he did not love.

Reflecting as he went, he reached the grove of oaks whither his father had taken him. He crossed it, and de-

ascended the grassy slope which terminated in the brook. He stopped near an old chestnut-tree, about fifty paces from the spot where the water-lilies grew. He looked at his watch.

"I have still three hours to myself," said he. "This is not the moment to beat a retreat."

He stretched himself out full length on the grass, which was tall and bushy. Above him he saw the twisted branches of the chestnut-tree, its broad lacy leaves, among which the ripening fruit showed their brown spots, like the eyes of an unknown fair one. He soon half closed his own, and, by an effort of will, he succeeded in forgetting his situation, his father, Mdlle. de Saligneux. He thought of nothing but a paper on English judges that the editor of a legal review had asked him to write. He was planning it out in his head, drawing up his headings, and saying to himself, even whilst thus occupied,—

"A man who thinks and works is never altogether unhappy."

Suddenly a voice made him start. The voice was singing, or rather reciting, accompanying with a sort of melopœia these lines of a well-known song:

"Je n'ai ni bois ni terre,  
Ni chevaux ni laquais;  
Petit propriétaire,  
Mes fonds sont deux crochets."

Lionel raised himself on his elbows and looked. A young girl was seated on the banks of the Limourde, near a clump of hazel-bushes. Her head was bent, her chin rested in her hand, so that the brim of her broad straw hat entirely hid her face. The next moment she raised her head, and Lionel thought he was dreaming; his heart beat violently, he almost gave a scream. Oh, sur-

prise! Oh, mysterious dispensation of that all-powerful divinity whom Frederick the Great used to call his Sacred Majesty Chance! That young girl singing, that young girl seated on the banks of the Limourde, was the Amazon of the Avenue des Poteaux, was the Cécile of the Théâtre Français, was the unknown! Lionel took care not to show himself; a rising in the ground hid him. As soon as he had somewhat recovered from his surprise, he gently pushed aside with both hands the grass which was before him, and placed himself so as to see without being seen.

Silent and immovable he remained there, his heart beating with emotion, holding back his breath like a child who is afraid of putting a butterfly to flight. He knew that fair unknowns have wings, that they sometimes fly away and are never seen again.

Upon an urgent appeal from her father, Mdle. de Saligneux had left the Marquis de Virevieille. She had that very morning come from Paris, where Madame de Juines had been to fetch her. After breakfast she had made the round of her domain, to make sure that it had sustained no fresh loss. She adored her Saligneux, even clipped, cut, and lessened; but, having seen it diminish year by year, she never returned to it without wondering whether there would be any of it remaining. She had just reassured herself that the remainder was intact. Nevertheless, thinking of its former greatness, she could not resist a sigh. She was not, however, the sort of girl to abandon herself to melancholy, and to cheer herself she began to sing. As she sang, having an enterprising mind, she conceived the idea of obtaining and putting in her hair one of those beautiful water-lilies that she perceived at a little distance from her on the other side of the brook. She knew that these water-lilies belonged to the enemy, but this consideration only excited her fancy. Yet she knew,

too, that the enemy was always on the watch, and that it was dangerous to expose one's self before him; and this second consideration made her hesitate. Finally, covetousness triumphed over prudence. She rose, and her first care was to fetch a rake that had been left in one of the meadows. She brought it, and then cast her eyes all round her. She looked to the right, to the left, everywhere; she little thought that in the grass, behind a little elevation of the ground, in the shade of a chestnut-tree that protected him with its long branches, was a doctor of laws who lay and watched her.

Completely reassured, she sat down again and began to take off first her boots, then her stockings; and soon Lionel, who did not miss one of her movements, saw two tiny little feet appear, which he thought he could see sparkling in the sun like two diamonds. She herself was contemplating them with some satisfaction. She had often been told that she had pretty feet, and she had not waited to be told before she knew it.

Having finished these preparations, she cautiously climbed down the bank and entered the water, which at this time of year was very shallow, and scarcely went above her ankle. However, when she reached the middle of the stream it went half-way up her leg, and she was obliged to turn back her skirt up to her knees, quite unconscious that never in his life had the doctor of laws opened his eyes so wide. She soon reached the opposite bank, stretched out her arm and her rake, and pulled back a long stalk crowned by a beautiful silvery-white corolla. She hung her rake on the branch of a willow, and, using both her hands, she plucked the flower, which she regarded with delight, saying out loud,—

“How beautiful you are! All the more because you are stolen property.”

With these words she pressed it to her lips. Then she regained the left bank, reascended the slope, and hastened to put on her shoes and stockings. When she had finished, and was about to depart, she perceived that she had left her rake on the other side, and at the same moment she perceived that a handsome young man had just sprung from the earth and was bowing respectfully to her.

She uttered a frightened scream, and her first impulse was to run away. Unfortunately, she had not gone three steps before a breath of wind carried off her hat, whose strings were untied, and threw it into the Limourde. She stopped in embarrassment. Lionel had already seized the rake, by means of which he drew the hat, that the current was carrying away, out of the brook. Hereupon he returned, and, stationing himself in front of *Mdlle. de Saligneux*, he said to her,—

“Have I the honor of speaking to *Mdlle. de Saligneux*?”

“That may be,” answered she, hardly conscious of the superhuman effort he had made to articulate calmly and without seeming an idiot that question, for him so big with fate. She added, “May I also be allowed to know who is honoring me by this question?”

“*M. Lionel Tèterol*,” answered he.

“Well, *M. Lionel Tèterol*, will you be so obliging as to return what you have taken from me?”

“Presently, *mademoiselle*,” answered he, gravely. “But first would you kindly explain to me how the rake came here? did it come all alone?”

“I swear to you, sir, that it is mine.”

“And can you swear to me, *mademoiselle*, that the water-lily you hold in your hand is also yours?”

“So you recognized your water-lily at once!” exclaimed she. “I am not surprised at that, sir. In your family there is a true fanaticism of ownership. I might hold a



hundred water-lilies before you, and you would say, without a moment's reflection, 'That is mine.' Oh, what a fortunate gift! And if I refused to give back to you this charming water-lily which belongs to you, would you resort to a bailiff to get it back? It is quite possible. It rains bailiffs in this part of the world."

"No, mademoiselle; I should not send you a bailiff, but I should sacredly keep this hat."

"Come, yield to a good impulse; be generous; restore this without asking anything in return. Why do you want to have back this poor flower?"

"In the first place, it belongs to me; in the second, it has been gathered by you."

"Very pretty," exclaimed she. "Sentiment, poetry! I did not know that plant grew in this country."

"Everything comes here, and flourishes here, mademoiselle, as soon as you are here."

She made a deep courtesy, and, after a pause, continued,—

"I have been awkward; I have let myself be caught; I must pay. But how shall we manage to restore our property? We cannot throw them across the stream."

"You forget that there is a bridge two hundred steps from here."

"And you, sir, you forget that this bridge has been barricaded and closed by a gate, covered with lattice-work, bolted, and padlocked."

"I will climb over the gate."

"At your own risk and peril," said she.

With these words, they began to descend, the one the right, the other the left, bank of the Limourde, and both arrived at the same time at the two ends of the bridge. It was there that their fathers had held their first colloquy, and there the children held their first interview.

Lionel climbed the gate without much difficulty. Mdle. de Saligneux advanced to meet him, but bethought herself otherwise, and suddenly retreated a few steps.

"One moment, sir," said she: "I am withheld by a scruple. Is this bridge yours or mine?"

"I believe it is yours."

"You believe! You must make sure. Think of it: the matter is one of importance. If I had the misfortune and the audacity to put the tip of my toe into the territory of the Têterols, then the bailiff would certainly be sent to me; for I tell you they abound here."

And then, changing her expression and her manner, she added, with all the gravity of a finished diplomat,—

"Ah, sir, between you and me, could we not discover some means of putting an end to these miserable lawsuits, which distress those who lose them, and bring no glory to those who gain them?"

She looked at him, their eyes met, and he felt a transport of joy. He was on the point of answering her,—

"But you well know that this means has been discovered for us, and that you approve of it. As for me, know that since a quarter of an hour I think it admirable, wonderful."

He had not time to open his lips. She suddenly exclaimed,—

"Certainly, sir, it seems to me that I must have seen you somewhere."

"For my part, I am sure of it."

"But where? Yes, it was—it must have been in the Bois de Boulogne one day, when I fell off my horse."

She blushed as she said these words; for she remembered that in replacing her on the saddle he had held her foot, and at the same instant she remembered that just now she had been barefooted.

"What were you doing under that chestnut-tree?" she demanded, in a queenly voice.

"I was fast asleep."

"And at what moment did you wake up?"

"Excuse me. Before answering your question, I have one to ask you."

"Certainly ; you have a genius for barter, give and take. I see we shall not have done with our lawsuits so soon. Well, then, ask."

She could say no more. A shrill voice cried,—

"Claire, where ever can you be?"

"Coming, aunt," replied Mdlle. de Saligneux, and, throwing the water-lily to Lionel, she seized her hat and rake and ran away.

Lionel, too, ran away, like a man who has a great joy to conceal ; for joys make us run just as fear does. His joy was almost frantic : chance had been kind to him, and had just struck a great blow to save him from the most cruel distress. He was as happy as a gold-digger who has discovered a vein, or a poor man who hears that he has drawn the greatest prize in the lottery ; as much overcome by joy as a shipwrecked man who is miraculously borne to land ; as surprised as a child who has gone to sleep after asking for the moon, and wakes to find it under his pillow. He felt the need of embracing some one or something ; he remembered that he held in his hand the water-lily on which Mdlle. de Saligneux's lips had rested ; he drank the kiss that she had left there ; and this was the only act of folly he committed, because there were two laborers close at hand working in the fields. As for being surprised and scandalized at the strange facility with which Mdlle. de Saligneux had agreed to marry a man whom she had never seen, he no longer thought of it. To justify her conduct he invented the most foolish

arguments. She had had presentiments, divinations, without her decision being influenced by any interested motives: her expression, her beauty, testified to the perfect nobility of her sentiments. Lionel was in love, and love is madness; all inconsistencies are permitted it, its kingdom is the absurd.

[As may be imagined, Lionel no longer withheld his assent. His father was happy in seeing his long-cherished idea so near its realization, and at once arranged a meeting with the baron for the completion of their agreement.]

On the 12th of September, 1875, at three o'clock in the afternoon, M. Têterol, having opened a little gate with a large key, crossed the bridge over the Limourde with his son. A white necktie was drawn tightly round his bull-like neck, and choked him a little. He wore a brand-new overcoat of black cloth, ordered for the occasion, and in which he felt somewhat confined. He was always uncomfortable in new clothes; for not only was he very stout, but when he thought of certain things his chest expanded so much that all the seams of his clothes began to crack. The tailor never had sufficient cloth to dress M. Têterol's pride.

He was in too good a humor that day to complain of his necktie, or his overcoat, or his tailors, or his shoes (which were too tight), or of any one. Never before had his face been so cheerful, his lips so smiling; his thick grizzling eyebrows trembled with happiness. All the way he had been humming the air of "Marlborough." In crossing the bridge, he could not resist the pleasure of pushing a loose stone with the end of his stick and making it fall into the water, saying to Lionel,—

"That is how these squires maintain their property. We will render them the service of mending their bridge."

When Cæsar perished, the sun turned pale, the Po left its banks, the statues shed bloody tears, ghosts walked the streets, and the forests resounded with dismal howls. When M. Têterol crossed the Limourde, the sun did not grow pale, and no wolves howled. It has, however, been related that on the 12th September, 1875, at three o'clock precisely, something strange did happen at Saligneux. A few moments before, the air was perfectly still; suddenly a gust of wind violently bent the tops of the elms on the terrace, and the walls of the castle trembled.

The Baron of Saligneux had not a lively imagination: the gust of wind surprised him without moving him. M. Têterol had fixed three o'clock for his visit. He knew that man's terrible punctuality, and he awaited the enemy, pacing one of the alleys in the park. As soon as he saw him appear in the distance, he advanced to meet him, his hat on one side, a flower in his button-hole, a switch in his hand.

M. Têterol stopped short, and called out to him,—

"Here he is at last, M. le Baron! What do you think of him?"

The baron carefully surveyed Lionel, who bowed and then fixed on him his proud and penetrating gaze.

"Ah, sir," said the baron, "the trumpet of fame had already published your praises here. I think it is the first time that a trumpet has proclaimed the truth."

With these words he held out his hand to him, and kindly wished him welcome. As they chatted, M. Têterol had gone on in front: he had an idea in his head, and was preparing for an effect that he did not wish to miss. When he came near the orchard, which flanked the castle on the right, he sought for something that he was disappointed not to find there. He pushed open a little gate and entered the orchard. It was a pear-tree he was seek-

ing; it no longer existed, but his eagle eye recognized the place where he had seen it long ago. He beckoned to M. de Saligneux and Lionel, and when they had come up with him,—

“M. le Baron,” said he, in his loudest tones, “formerly there stood here a pear-tree,—I seem to see it still,—a beautiful pyramidal pear-tree. I was then a little country workman, an assistant gardener, very proud of being in the service of a Baron de Saligneux. And yet I have no reason to boast of your father’s kindness to me. I do not mean to say any harm of him. But he pretended to know something of horticulture, and he did not understand its first principles. I will stick to what I have said, sir: he did not understand the very rudiments. He insisted that the shears are better than the pruning-knife for pruning fruit-trees. That is wrong,—absolutely wrong. Every one who knows anything about it will tell you that the shears always eat more or less into the branch that is being cut.”

M. Téterol spoke of this pear-tree story with as much animation and excitement as though it had happened the day before; it seemed as though the question had remained an open one for forty years. This man, with his eternal thoughts, had no idea of time; his anger, like his memory, was always young.

“One day, then,” continued he, “I was employed in pruning a branch of this pear-tree; and I was just preparing to nip the twigs, cutting them a length of eight centimetres. It was ten o’clock in the morning. Your father comes up to me dressed in an apple-green silk dressing-gown. For some moments he watches me at work; then, pulling his hands out of his pockets, he begins to call me an ass and an idiot, and abuses me for crippling his pear-tree. Why should I cripple it? I wished that



pear-tree neither good nor evil. I have never taken very great interest in other people's property, but it has also been my principle to do well whatever I did. Your father becomes angry. I answer him. Then—are you listening to me?—he was there, I stood here; then he gave me a great kick, which sent me flying against the tree.”

M. Têterol burst into a noisy fit of laughter. Then he drew himself up, planted his mighty hands on his mighty hips, and exclaimed,—

“M. le Baron, what would your father have thought if, at the moment when he administered this little punishment, some one could have told him that one day I should have a son who would marry his grand-daughter?”

Saying this, he puffed out his cheeks, and turned his head to right and left, as though with one glance to embrace the universe, which in him acknowledged its lord and master.

M. de Saligneux listened to him, and as he listened he looked at his stick. Holding it in the middle, between his thumb and first finger, he made it turn and spin, rise and fall, and he felt it tremble under his fingers. At last, driving from him all evil thoughts, he replied, in soothing tones, with an enchanting smile,—

“M. Têterol, it is possible that my father did not understand about pruning fruit-trees, and that he was wrong in preferring the shears to the pruning-knife. For all that, he was a man of sense. Could he have foreseen that a kick skilfully given would one day have such fortunate consequences for his family, he would certainly have doubled the dose to be more sure of the result.”

## MALBROUK.

ANONYMOUS.

[The poem we give below is a bit of pleasantry written by some unknown author on the assumed death and burial of the Duke of Marlborough after the battle of Malplaquet, in 1709. This poem, which was little known in the period of its origin, "in 1781 suddenly resounded from one end of the kingdom to the other." A peasant-woman who had been selected to nurse the son of Marie Antoinette used to sing it in the royal nursery, and the "infant opened its eyes at the great name of Marlborough." The queen was struck by the oddity of the song and the touching simplicity of its air; everybody followed the royal example; "and the king himself did not disdain to hum in unison,—

" 'Malbrouk s'en va-t-en guerre.' "

*Fraser's Magazine* is the source of the following version.]

MALBROUK, the prince of commanders,  
Is gone to the war in Flanders;  
His fame is like Alexander's;  
But when will he come home?

Perhaps at Trinity's feast, or  
Perhaps he may come at Easter.  
Egad! he had better make haste, or  
We fear he may never come.

For Trinity feast is over,  
And has brought no news from Dover,  
And Easter is past, moreover,  
And Malbrouk still delays.

Milady in her watch-tower  
Spends many a pensive hour,  
Not knowing why or how her  
    Dear lord from England stays.

While sitting quite forlorn in  
That tower, she spies returning  
A page clad in deep mourning,  
    With fainting steps and slow.

“O page, prithee, come faster!  
What news do you bring of your master?  
I fear there is some disaster,  
    Your looks are so full of woe.”

“The news I bring, fair lady,”  
With sorrowful accent said he,  
“Is one you are not ready  
    So soon, alas! to hear.

“But since to speak I’m hurried,”  
Added this page, quite flurried,  
“Malbrouk is dead and buried!”  
    And here he shed a tear.

“He’s dead, he’s dead as a herring!  
For I beheld his *berring*,  
And four officers transferring  
    His corpse away from the field.

“One officer carried his sabre,  
And he carried it not without labor,  
Much envying his next neighbor,  
    Who only bore a shield.

"The third was helmet-bearer,—  
That helmet which on its wearer  
Filled all who saw with terror,  
And covered a hero's brains.

"Now, having got so far, I  
Find that—by the Lord Harry!—  
The fourth is left nothing to carry:  
So there the thing remains."

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## THE JOURNEY TO THE BLACK RIVER.

BERNARDIN DE SAINT-PIERRE.

[Jacques Henri Bernardin de Saint-Pierre, the author of the justly celebrated "*Paul and Virginia*," was born at *Hâvre* in 1737. He began life as a sailor, but, soon tiring of that, he became a French officer of engineers, which position he quickly lost through his rebellious and disobedient spirit. He subsequently obtained a similar position in Russia, and lost it through the same cause. He finally, in 1766, was sent as an engineer officer to the *Isle of France*. He returned after three years, and, becoming intimate with Rousseau and other eminent writers, resolved to devote himself to literature. As a result appeared his "*Voyage to the Isle of France*," his "*Studies of Nature*," and in 1788 his charming tale of "*Paul and Virginia*," which has ever since remained a favorite work of fiction. Others of his works are "*The Desires of a Solitary*," "*The Indian Cottage*," "*Harmonies of Nature*," and "*Essay on J. J. Rousseau*." He died in 1814.

Saint-Pierre is regarded as one of the best prose-writers of France, and his "*Paul and Virginia*," from which our selection is made, is looked upon as his best work.]

ONE Sunday, at sunrise, their mothers having gone to early mass at the church of *Pamplemousses*, a runaway

slave presented herself under the banana-trees which surrounded their dwelling. She was as thin as a skeleton, and for clothing had only a strip of coarse cloth round her waist. She threw herself at the feet of Virginia, who was preparing breakfast for the family, and said to her, "Young lady, pity a poor fugitive slave; I have been wandering in these mountains for a month, half dead with hunger, and often pursued by the hunters and their dogs. I am running away from my master, who is a rich settler on the Black River. He has treated me as you see." At the same time she showed her body furrowed with deep scars from the blows of a whip which she had received. She added, "I was going to drown myself, but, knowing that you lived here, I said, As there are still some good whites in the country, I need not die yet."

Deeply touched, Virginia answered, "Do not be uneasy, unhappy creature! eat, eat;" and she gave her all the breakfast which she had prepared. The slave in a few moments devoured the whole. Virginia, when she saw she had had enough, said to her, "Poor creature! I should like to go and ask your master to pardon you. When he sees you, he will be touched with pity. Will you lead me to him?" "Angel of God," answered the negress, "I will follow you wherever you wish." Virginia called her brother, and begged him to accompany her. The runaway slave led them along paths into the middle of woods, across high mountains, which they climbed with difficulty, and wide rivers which they forded. At last, towards the middle of the day, they arrived at the foot of a mountain on the borders of the Black River. They perceived there a well-built house, considerable plantations, and a great number of slaves occupied with all sorts of work. Their master was walking among them with a pipe in his mouth and a cane in his hand. He was a tall, sharp-looking

man, olive-colored, with sunken eyes, and black eyebrows meeting each other. Virginia, much agitated, holding Paul by the arm, approached the settler, who did not take much notice of these two poorly-dressed children; but when he had remarked Virginia's elegant form, her beautiful fair head under a blue hood, and when he heard the sweet tone of her voice, which trembled as well as her whole body, as she begged his mercy, he took his pipe from his mouth, and, raising his stick to heaven, he swore, with a frightful oath, that he pardoned his slave, not for love of God, but for love of her. Virginia made a sign immediately to the slave to advance towards her master; then she ran away, and Paul ran after her.

They climbed together the back side of the little mountain where they had descended, and, arrived at the top, they sat down under a tree, overwhelmed with fatigue, hunger, and thirst. They had walked fasting more than five leagues since sunrise. Paul said to Virginia, "Sister, it is more than twelve o'clock; you are hungry and thirsty, we shall not find any dinner here; let us descend the mountain again, and go and ask the slave's master for something to eat." "Oh, no," replied Virginia; "he frightens me too much. Do you remember what mamma says sometimes: 'The bread of the wicked fills the mouth with gravel'?"

"What shall we do, then?" said Paul; "these trees bear only bad fruits. There is not even a tamarind or a citron here to refresh you." "God will have pity on us," replied Virginia; "He hears the voice of the little birds who cry unto Him for food." Hardly had she said these words, when they heard the noise of a stream falling from a neighboring rock. They ran thither, and, after quenching their thirst with its clearer than crystal waters, they gathered and ate a little cress which was growing on its banks. As



they looked around to see if they could find any more solid food, Virginia perceived a young palm-tree among the trees of the forest. The cabbage which the top of this tree contains in the middle of its leaves is very good to eat; but, although its trunk is not thicker than a man's leg, it is more than sixty feet high. In truth, the wood of this tree is nothing but a mass of filaments; but its sap-wood is so tough that it turns the edge of the best hatchets, and Paul had not even a knife. The idea occurred to him to set fire to the foot of the palm. Another puzzle: he had no tinder-box, and, besides, on this island, so covered with rocks, I do not think a single flint could be found. Necessity leads to industry, and often the most useful inventions have been owing to men in the most miserable plight. Paul determined to light the fire after the fashion of the blacks. With the corner of a stone he made a little hole in a very dry branch, which he made fast under his feet; then, with the sharp edge of this stone, he made a point to another piece of branch, as dry, but of a different kind of wood. He then placed this bit of pointed wood in the little hole of the branch which was under his feet, and, turning it rapidly in his hands, as you turn a mill where you intend to froth chocolate, in a few moments he saw smoke and sparks coming out at the point of contact. He gathered some dry shrubs together and a few more branches, and set fire to the foot of the palm-tree, which fell very soon with a great crash. The fire was of use to him again in stripping the cabbage of its covering of long woody and prickly leaves. Virginia and he ate part of this cabbage raw, and the rest cooked in the ashes, and thought them equally good. After dinner they found themselves in a great dilemma, for they had no guide to show them the way home. Paul, who was never at a loss, said to Virginia, "Our house is towards the sun

at mid-day; we must cross over that mountain, which you see below with its three peaks, as we did this morning. Come, let us set off, dear." They then descended the hill of the Black River, on the north side, and arrived, after an hour's walk, on the banks of a wide river which barred their road. That great part of the island, all covered with forests, is so little known, even now, that several of its rivers and mountains have not been named yet.

The river, on the bank of which they were, flowed bubbling on over a bed of rocks. The noise of its waters frightened Virginia; she dared not put her feet into it to ford it. Then Paul took Virginia on his back, and thus loaded crossed over the slippery rocks of the river, in spite of the tumult of its waters. "Do not be afraid," he said; "I am quite strong enough for you. If the settler at the Black River had refused to pardon his slave for you, I should have fought with him." "What?" said Virginia, "with that man, so big and so wicked? What have I exposed you to! Oh, how difficult it is to do right! It is only easy to do wrong."

When Paul reached the shore, he wished to continue his road, carrying his sister. . . . But soon his strength failed, and he was obliged to put her down and rest by her side. Then Virginia said to him, "Brother, it is getting dark; you have some strength left, and I have not: leave me here, and return to our house alone to tell our mothers not to fidget." "Oh, no," said Paul, "I will not leave you; if night comes upon us in these woods, I will light a fire, and will knock down some palms: you shall eat the cabbage, and with its leaves I will make a hut to shelter you."

However, Virginia, having rested a little, gathered on the trunk of an old tree, hanging over the brink of the river, some long leaves of hart's-tongue which hung from its trunk. She made a kind of boot of them, and put

them on her feet, which the stones in the road had made bleed; for in her haste to be useful she had forgotten to put on her shoes. Feeling herself relieved by the freshness of these leaves, she broke off a branch of bamboo, and began to walk, leaning on this reed with one hand, and with the other on her brother.

They walked slowly through the woods in this way; but the height of the trees and the thickness of their foliage made them soon lose sight of the mountain by which they guided themselves, and even of the sun, which was already near setting. At the end of some time, without perceiving it, they left the beaten road in which they had walked till then, and found themselves in a labyrinth of trees, creepers, and rocks which had no outlet. Paul made Virginia sit down, and, quite at his wits' end, began to run hither and thither to look for a way out of this thick wood, but he tired himself in vain. He climbed a high tree, that he might discover at least the mountain; but he perceived nothing around him but the tops of trees, some of which were lighted up by the last rays of the setting sun. Nevertheless the shadow of the mountains already covered the forests in the valleys; the wind went down, as it does at sunset; a deep silence reigned in these solitudes, and nothing was heard but the noise of deer, who came to seek their sleeping-places in these lonely spots. Then Paul, in the hope that some hunter might hear him, cried out as loud as he could, "Come, come to the help of Virginia!" But only the echoes of the forest answered him, and repeated several times, "Virginia, Virginia!"

Paul then came down from the tree, overwhelmed with fatigue and trouble; he sought some means of passing the night in this place, but there was neither stream, nor palm-tree, nor even any branches of dry wood to light a

fire with; he felt then, by experience, all the weakness of his resources, and began to cry.

Virginia said to him, "Do not cry, brother, if you do not wish to make me, too, sorry: it is I who am the cause of all your troubles, and of our mothers'. We ought not to do anything, not even good, without consulting our parents. Oh, I have been very imprudent!" And she began to shed tears. However, she said to Paul, "Let us pray to God, brother; He will have pity on us." Hardly had they finished their prayer, when they heard a dog bark. "It is," said Paul, "some hunter's dog, who comes in the evening to lie in wait for the deer, and to kill them." Soon after, the barking of the dog was redoubled. "It seems to me," said Virginia, "that it is Fidèle, our house-dog. Yes, I know his voice. Can we be so near home, and at the foot of our mountain?" In fact, a moment after, Fidèle was at their feet, barking, yelling, whining, and overwhelming them with caresses. Before they could recover from their surprise, they saw Domingo running towards them. On the arrival of this good black, who was weeping for joy, they began to cry too, and could not say a word to him.

When Domingo recovered himself, he said, "Oh, my young master and mistress, your mothers are so anxious! They were so astonished when they did not find you on returning from church, to which I had been too. Marie, who was working in one corner of the house, could not tell us where you were gone. I went up and down the house, not knowing myself where to look for you. At last I took your old clothes one after another; I made Fidèle smell them, and immediately, as if the poor animal had understood me, he set himself to search out your footsteps. He led me, wagging his tail all the time, to the Black River. It was there that I learned from a set-

tlar that you had brought him a runaway negress, and that he had granted you her pardon. But what a pardon! He showed her to me, fastened with a chain on her foot to a block of wood, and with a three-hooked iron collar round her neck. From there, Fidèle, tracking all the time, led me to the little Black River Mountain, where he stopped again, barking with all his might; it was on the edge of a spring near a felled palm-tree and a still smoking fire; at last he led me here. We are at the foot of the mountain, and there are still four good leagues between us and home. Let us be going; eat, and get some strength." He at once gave them a cake, some fruits, and a large calabash full of a liquor composed of water, wine, the juice of the citron, sugar, and nutmeg, which their mothers had prepared to strengthen and refresh them. Virginia sighed at the remembrance of the poor slave and the anxiety of their mothers. She repeated several times, "Oh, how difficult it is to do right!" Whilst Paul and she were refreshing themselves, Domingo lighted a fire, and after having looked among the rocks for a crooked kind of wood which is called *bois de ronde*, and which, when quite green, burns with a great blaze, he made a torch of it, which he lighted, for it was already dark. But he experienced a much greater perplexity when it came to starting. Paul and Virginia could not walk at all; their feet were swollen and quite red. Domingo could not decide whether he should go very far from there to seek help, or pass the night in that place with them. "Where is the time," said he, "when I carried you both at once in my arms? But now you are big and I am old."

While he was in this perplexity, a number of runaway blacks were seen twenty paces off. The leader of this troop, approaching Paul and Virginia, said to them, "Good little whites, do not be afraid; we saw you pass this morn-

ing with a negress from the Black River; you were going to ask her bad master to pardon her: out of gratitude we will carry you home on our shoulders." Then he gave a sign, and four of the strongest runaway blacks immediately made a litter with the branches of trees and creepers, and, placing Paul and Virginia in it, put them on their shoulders, and Domingo walking before them with his torch, they set out amid the joyful shouts of the whole band, who loaded them with blessings. Virginia, much touched, said to Paul, "Oh, my brother, God never leaves a kindness unrewarded."

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## THE ART OF CONVERSATION.

ANNE LOUISE DE STAËL.

[Our present discourse on the subject of conversation, and particularly on the relative talent for conversation of the French and Germans, is from the "Germany" of Madame de Staël, a writer thoroughly competent to deal with the subject, from the fact that she herself bears the reputation of having had a remarkable genius for this art. The authoress, Anne Louise Germaine Necker, Baronne de Staël-Holstein, was born in Paris in 1766, and was the only child of Necker, the celebrated financier. Her precocity was extraordinary, and impulse, vivacity, and unusual powers of expression marked her from an early age. She was married in 1786 to Baron de Staël, a Swedish nobleman resident in Paris, and during the years succeeding the reign of terror exercised an important political influence, until banished from Paris by Napoleon, who manifested a great antipathy to her. She spent the period of her exile in travel, visiting Germany, Italy, and Switzerland. The experiences thus gained gave rise to her most important works, the novel of "Corinne," which had an immense success, and her excellent work on "Germany," unquestionably the most thoughtful and comprehensive critical production ever penned



by a woman. Of her other works may be named "Delphine," novel, "Ten Years of Exile," and "Considerations on the French Revolution." She returned to Paris after the abdication of Napoleon, and died there in 1817.

Madame de Staël ranks as the most celebrated authoress of modern times, and few men have surpassed her in her peculiar vein of philosophic thought. As a conversationalist she was of unrivalled brilliancy, though, in the words of Goethe, "she was burdensome,—never granting, on the most important topics, a moment of reflection, but passionately demanding that we should despatch the deepest concerns as lightly as if it were a game at shuttlecock." This is the French ideal of conversation, as indicated in the following article.]

IN the East, when men have nothing to say, they smoke, and, while they are smoking, from time to time salute each other with their arms folded across their breasts, as a mark of friendship; but in the West, people prefer to talk all day long; and the warmth of the soul is often dissipated in these conversations, where self-love is always on the wing to display itself, according to the taste of the moment, and of the circle in which it finds itself.

It seems to me an acknowledged fact that Paris is, of all cities in the world, that in which the spirit and taste for conversation are most generally diffused; and that disorder which they call the *mal du pays*, that undefinable longing for our native land, which exists independently even of the friends we have left behind there, applies particularly to the pleasure of conversation, which Frenchmen find nowhere else in the same degree as at home. Volney relates that some French emigrants began, during the Revolution, to establish a colony and clear some lands in America; but they were continually quitting their work to go and talk, as they said, in town,—and this town, New Orleans, was distant six hundred leagues from their place of residence. The necessity of conversation is felt by all classes of people in France; speech is not there, as else-

where, merely the means of communicating from one to another ideas, sentiments, and transactions, but it is an instrument upon which they are fond of playing, and which animates the spirit, like music among some people, and strong liquors among others.

That sort of pleasure which is produced by an animated conversation does not precisely depend on the nature of that conversation; the ideas and knowledge which it develops do not form its principal interest; it is a certain manner of acting upon one another, of giving mutual and instantaneous delight, of speaking the moment one thinks, of acquiring immediate self-enjoyment, of receiving applause without labor, of displaying the understanding in all its shades by accent, gesture, look; of eliciting, in short, at will, the electric sparks which relieve some of the excess of their vivacity and serve to awaken others out of a state of painful apathy.

Nothing is more foreign to this talent than the character and disposition of the German intellect: they require in all things a serious result. Bacon has said that "conversation is not the road leading to the house, but a by-path where people walk with pleasure." The Germans give the necessary time to all things, but what is necessary to conversation is amusement; if men pass this line they fall into discussion, into serious argument, which is rather a useful occupation than an agreeable art. It must also be confessed that the taste for society, and the intoxication of mind which it produces, singularly incapacitate for application and study, and the virtues of the Germans depend perhaps in some respects on the very absence of this spirit.

The ancient forms of politeness, still in full force almost all over Germany, are contrary to the ease and familiarity of conversation; the most inconsiderable titles, which are

yet the longest to be pronounced, are there bestowed and repeated twenty times at the same meal;\* every dish, every glass of wine, must be offered with a sedulity and a pressing manner which is mentally tedious to foreigners. There is a sort of goodness at the bottom of all these usages; but they could not subsist for an instant in a country where pleasantry may be risked without offence to susceptibility; and yet where can be the grace and the charm of society, if it forbids that gentle ridicule which diverts the mind and adds even to the charm of good nature an agreeable mode of expression?

The course of ideas for the last century has been entirely directed by conversation. They thought for the purpose of speaking, and spoke for the purpose of being applauded, and whatever could not be said seemed to be something superfluous in the soul. The desire of pleasing is a very agreeable disposition; yet it differs much from the necessity of being beloved; the desire of pleasing renders us dependent on opinion, the necessity of being beloved sets us free from it; we may desire to please even those whom we would injure, and this is exactly what is called coquetry; this coquetry does not appertain exclusively to the women; there is enough of it in all forms of behavior adopted to testify more affection than is really felt. The integrity of the Germans permits to them nothing of this sort; they construe grace literally, they consider the charm of expression as an engagement for conduct, and thence proceeds their susceptibility; for they never hear a word without drawing a consequence from it, and do not conceive that speech can be treated as a

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\* These titles sometimes extend to an almost unpronounceable length. Only think, for instance, of addressing a lady as Frau Oberconsistorialdirectorin (Mrs. Directress of the Upper Consistory Court)!

liberal art, which has no other need or consequence than the pleasure which men find in it. The spirit of conversation is sometimes attended with the inconvenience of impairing the sincerity of character; it is not a combined, but an unpremeditated, deception. The French have admitted into it a gayety which renders them amiable, but it is not the less certain that all that is most sacred in this world has been shaken to its centre by grace, at least by that sort of grace which attaches importance to nothing and turns all things into ridicule.

The *bon mots* of the French have been quoted from one end of Europe to the other. At all times they have displayed the brilliancy of their merit and solaced their griefs in a lively and agreeable manner; at all times they have stood in need of one another, as alternate hearers and admirers; at all times they have excelled in the art of knowing where to speak and where to be silent, when any commanding interest triumphs over their natural liveliness; at all times they have possessed the talent of living fast, of cutting short long discourses, of giving way to their successors who are desirous of speaking in their turn; at all times, in short, they have known how to take from thought and feeling no more than is necessary to animate conversation, without fatiguing the weak interest which men generally feel for one another.

The French are in the habit of treating their distresses lightly from the fear of fatiguing their friends; they guess the *ennui* which they would occasion by that which they find themselves capable of sustaining; they hasten to demonstrate an elegant carelessness about their own fate, in order to have the honor instead of receiving the example of it. The desire of appearing amiable induces men to assume an expression of gayety, whatever may be the inward disposition of the soul; the physiognomy by

degrees influences the feelings, and that which we do for the purpose of pleasing others soon takes off the edge of our own individual sufferings.

A sensible woman has said that "Paris is, of all the world, the place where men can most easily dispense with being happy:" it is in this respect that it is so convenient to the unfortunate human race; but nothing can metamorphose a city of Germany into Paris, or cause the Germans, without entirely destroying their own individuality, to receive, like us, the benefits of distraction. If they succeeded in escaping from themselves, they would end in losing themselves altogether.

The talent and habit of society conduce much to the discovery of human characters: to succeed in conversation one must be able clearly to observe the impression which is produced at every moment on those in company, that which they wish to conceal or seek to exaggerate, the inward satisfaction of some, the forced smile of others; one may see, passing over the countenances of those who listen, half-formed censures, which may be evaded by hastening to dissipate them before self-love is engaged on their side. One may also behold there the first birth of approbation, which may be strengthened without, however, exacting from it more than it is willing to bestow. There is no arena in which vanity displays itself in such a variety of forms as in conversation.

I once knew a man who was agitated by praise to such a degree that whenever it was bestowed upon him he exaggerated what he had just said, and took such pains to add to his success that he always ended in losing it. I never dared to applaud him, from the fear of leading him to affectation and of his making himself ridiculous by the heartiness of his self-love. Another was so afraid of the appearance of wishing to display himself that he let fall

words negligently and contemptuously. His assumed indolence betrayed one more affectation only, that of pretending to have none. When vanity displays herself, she is good-natured; when she hides herself, the fear of being discovered renders her sour, and she affects indifference, satiety,—in short, all that can persuade other men that she has no need of them. These different combinations are amusing for the observer, and one is always astonished that self-love does not take the course, which is so simple, of naturally avowing its desire to please, and making the utmost possible use of grace and truth to attain the object.

The tact which society requires, the necessity which it imposes of calling different minds into action, all this labor of thought, in its relation with men, would be certainly useful to the Germans in many respects, by giving them more of measure, of *finesse* and dexterity; but in this talent of conversation there is a sort of address which always takes away something from the inflexibility of morality; if we could altogether dispense with the art of *managing* men the human character would certainly be the better in respect of greatness and energy.

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A Frenchman would grow as much tired of being alone in his opinion as of being alone in his room. The French do not deserve to be accused of flattering power from the calculations which generally inspire this flattery; they go where all the world goes, through evil report or good report, no matter which; if a few make themselves pass for the multitude, they are sure that the multitude will shortly follow them. The French Revolution in 1789 was effected by sending a courier from village to village to cry, "Arm yourselves; for the neighboring village is armed;" and so all the world found itself risen up against all the world, or rather against nobody. If you spread a report that



such a mode of viewing things is unanimously received, you would obtain unanimity in spite of private opinions; you would then keep the secret of the comedy, for every one would in private confess that all are wrong. In secret societies the deputies have been seen to give their white or black ball contrary to their opinion, only because they believed the majority to be of different sentiments from their own, and because, as they said, "they would not throw away their vote." . . .

Set fashion, that is, applause, on the side of danger, and you will see the Frenchman brave it in every form; the social spirit exists in France from the highest to the lowest; it is necessary to hear one's self approved by one's neighbors; nobody will at any price expose himself to censure or ridicule; for in a country where conversation has so much influence, the noise of words often drowns the voice of conscience.

We know the story of the man who began by praising with enthusiasm an actress he had just heard; he perceived a smile on the lips of those near him, and softened his eulogium; the obstinate smile did not withdraw itself, and the fear of ridicule made him conclude by saying, "Ma foi! the poor shrew did all she could." . . .

What mischief would not this spirit of imitation do among the Germans! Their superiority consists in independence of spirit, love of retirement, and individual originality. The French are all-powerful only *en masse*, and their men of genius themselves always rest on received opinions when they mean to push onward beyond them. In short, the impatience of the French character, so attractive in conversation, would deprive the Germans of the principal charm of their natural imagination, that calm revery, that deep contemplation, which calls in the aid of time and perseverance to discover all things.

These are qualities almost incompatible with vivacity of spirit; and yet this vivacity is what above all things renders conversation delightful. When an argument tires, or a tale grows tedious, you are seized with I know not what impatience, similar to that which is experienced when a musician slackens the measure of an air. It is possible, nevertheless, to fatigue by vivacity even as much as by prolixity. I once knew a man of much understanding, but so impatient as to make all who talked with him feel the same sort of uneasiness that prolix people experience when they perceive that they are fatiguing. This man would jump upon a chair while you were talking to him, finish your sentences for you that they might not be too long: he first made you uneasy, and ended by stunning you; for, however quick you may be in conversation, when it is impossible to retrench any further, except upon what is necessary, thoughts and feelings oppress you for want of room to unfold them.

All modes of saving time are not successful; and a single sentence may be made tedious by leaving it full of emptiness: the talent of expressing one's thoughts with brilliancy and rapidity is that which answers best in society, where there is no time to wait for anything. No reflection, no compliance, can make people amuse themselves with what confers no amusement. The spirit of conquest and the despotism of success must there be exerted; for, the end and aim being little, you cannot console yourself for reverses by the purity of your motives, and good intention goes for nothing in point of spirit.

The talent of narrating, one of the principal charms of conversation, is very rare in Germany; the hearers there are too complaisant, they do not grow tired soon enough, and the narrators, relying on their patience, are too much at ease in their recitals. In France, every speaker is a

usurper surrounded by jealous rivals, who must maintain his post by dint of success; in Germany, he is a legitimate possessor, who may peacefully enjoy his acknowledged rights. . . .

The honesty of the German character is, perhaps, an obstacle to the art of narration; the Germans have a gayety of disposition rather than of mind; they are gay, as they are honest, for the satisfaction of their consciences, and laugh at what they say a long time before they have even dreamed of making others laugh at it.

Nothing, on the contrary, is equal to the charm of a recital in the mouth of a Frenchman of sense and taste. He foresees everything, he manages everything, and yet sacrifices nothing that can possibly be productive of interest. His physiognomy, less marked than that of the Italians, indicates gayety, without losing anything of the dignity of deportment and manners; he stops when it is proper, and never exhausts even amusement; though animated, he constantly holds in his hand the reins of his judgment, to conduct him with safety and despatch; in a short time, also, his hearers join in the conversation; he then calls out, in his turn, those who have been just applauding him, and suffers not a single happy expression to drop, without taking it up,—not an agreeable pleasantry, without perceiving it; and, for a moment at least, they delight and enjoy one another, as if all were concord, union, and sympathy in the world.

## THE DOCTOR IN SPITE OF HIMSELF.

JEAN BAPTISTE MOLIÈRE.

[Molière, the great comic dramatist of France, or, to give him his original name, Jean Baptiste Poquelin, was born at Paris in 1622. He

became *valet-de-chambre* to the king, Louis XIII., about 1640, and about 1644, having assumed the name of Molière, he adopted the profession of comic actor, leading his troupe at first through the provinces, and finally establishing a theatre in the capital, where he was very favorably received.

His first comedy, "The Giddy-Head," was performed at Lyons in 1653. His "Affected Ladies" was played at Paris in 1659, and was followed by numerous other comic dramas, some of the most esteemed being "The Misanthrope," "The Hypocrite," "The Miser," and "The Imaginary Invalid." He died in 1673.

Than Molière no greater genius in the field of comedy has ever appeared, and no finer delineations of human nature have ever been given to the world than in his admirable productions. Hallam says of him, "In the more appropriate merits of comedy, in just and forcible delineation of character, skillful contrivance of circumstances, and humorous dialogue, we must award him the prize." He further remarks that "Shakespeare had the greater genius, but perhaps Molière has written the best comedies."

The selection we offer is from Van Laun's translation of "*Le Médecin malgré lui*," one of the more farcical of Molière's comedies. As an introduction to our extract it may be said that the comedy opens with a scene in which Sganarelle beats his wife. She, to be revenged on her husband, points him out to some men who are seeking a doctor for a serious case. She tells them that he has made remarkable cures, but that he is very eccentric, dislikes to practise, and that they will have to cudgel him into a confession of his skill. They do so, and take him off to see the patient. The story told by his wife has raised the highest expectations in the friends of the reputed dumb girl. Sganarelle, through fear of the cudgel, determines to live up to his assumed character.]

#### ACT II.—SCENE VI.

LUCINDE, GÉRONTE, SGANARELLE, VALÈRE, LUCAS, JACQUELINE.

*Sgan.* Is this the patient?

*Gér.* Yes. I have but one daughter; and I would never get over it if she were to die.

*Sgan.* Do not let her do anything of the kind. She must not die without a prescription of the physician.

*Gér.* A chair here!

*Sgan.* [*Seated between G ronte and Lucinde.*] This is not at all an unpleasant patient, and I am of the opinion that she would not be at all amiss for a man in very good health.

*G r.* You have made her laugh, sir.

*Sgan.* So much the better. It is the best sign in the world when a physician makes the patient laugh. [*To Lucinde.*] Well, what is the matter? What ails you? What is it you feel?

*Luc.* [*Replies by motions, by putting her hand to her mouth, her head, and under her chin.*] Ha, hi, ho, ha!

*Sgan.* [*Imitating her.*] Ha, hi, ho, ha, ha! I do not understand you. What sort of language do you call that?

*G r.* That is just where her complaint lies, sir. She has become dumb, without our having been able till now to determine the cause. This accident has obliged us to postpone her marriage.

*Sgan.* And why so?

*G r.* He whom she is going to marry wishes to wait for her recovery to conclude the marriage.

*Sgan.* And who is this fool that does not want his wife to be dumb? Would to heaven that mine had that complaint! I should take particular care not to have her cured.

*G r.* To the point, sir. We beseech you to use all your skill to cure her of this affliction.

*Sgan.* Do not make yourself uneasy. But tell me, does this pain oppress her much?

*G r.* Yes, sir.

*Sgan.* So much the better. Is the suffering very acute?

*G r.* Very acute.

*Sgan.* That is right. . . . [*Turning to the patient.*] Give me your hand. [*To G ronte.*] The pulse tells me that your daughter is dumb.

*Gér.* Sir, that is what is the matter with her; ah, yes, you have found it out at the first touch.

*Sgan.* Of course.

*Jacq.* See how he has guessed her complaint.

*Sgan.* We great physicians, we know matters at once. An ignoramus would have been nonplussed, and would have told you, it is this, that, or the other; but I hit the nail on the head from the very first, and I tell you that your daughter is dumb.

*Gér.* Yes; but I should like you to tell me whence it arises.

*Sgan.* Nothing is easier: it arises from loss of speech.

*Gér.* Very good. But the reason of her having lost her speech, pray?

*Sgan.* Our best authorities will tell you that it is because there is an impediment in the action of her tongue.

*Gér.* But once more, your opinion upon this impediment in the action of her tongue.

*Sgan.* Aristotle on this subject says—a great many clever things.

*Gér.* I dare say.

*Sgan.* Ah! he was a great man.

*Gér.* No doubt.

*Sgan.* Yes, a very great man. [*Holding out his arm, and putting a finger of the other hand in the bend.*] A man who was by this much greater than I. But to come back to our argument: I am of opinion that this impediment in the action of her tongue is caused by certain humors, which among us learned men we call peccant humors; peccant—that is to say—peccant humors; inasmuch as the vapors formed by the exhalations of the influences which rise in the very region of diseases, coming—as we may say to—— Do you understand Latin?

*Gér.* Not in the least.



*Sgan.* [Suddenly rising.] You do not understand Latin?  
*Gér.* No.

*Sgan.* [Assuming various comic attitudes.] *Caltricias arci-  
 thuram, catalamus, singulariter, nominativo, hæc musa*, the  
 muse, *bonus, bona, bonum. Deus sanctus, est-ne oratio  
 latinas? Etiam.* Yes. *Quare? Why? Quia substantivo  
 et adjectivum, concordat in generi, numerum, et casus.*

*Gér.* Ah! why did I not study?

*Jacq.* What a clever man!

*Lucas.* Yes, it is so beautiful that I do not understand a  
 word of it.

*Sgan.* Thus these vapors which I speak of, passing from  
 the left side, where the liver is, to the right side, where  
 we find the heart, it so happens that the lungs, which in  
 Latin we call *armyan*, having communication with the  
 brain, which in Greek we style *nasmus*, by means of the  
*vena cava*, which in Hebrew is termed *cubile*, meet in their  
 course the said vapors, which fill the ventricles of the  
 omoplata; and because the said vapors—now understand  
 well this argument, pray—and because the said vapors  
 are endowed with a certain malignity—listen well to this,  
 I beseech you.

*Gér.* Yes.

*Sgan.* Are endowed with a certain malignity which is  
 caused—pay attention here, if you please.

*Gér.* I do.

*Sgan.* Which is caused by the acridity of these humors  
 engendered in the concavity of the diaphragm, it happens  
 that these vapors—*ossabandus, nequeis, nequer, potarinum,  
 quipsa milus.* That is exactly the reason that your daugh-  
 ter is dumb.

*Jacq.* Ah! how well this gentleman explains all this!

*Lucas.* Why does not my tongue wag as well as his?

*Gér.* It is undoubtedly impossible to argue better.

There is but one thing that I cannot exactly make out: that is the whereabouts of the liver and the heart. It appears to me that you place them differently from where they are; that the heart is on the left side, and the liver on the right.

*Sgan.* Yes; this was so formerly; but we have changed all that, and we nowadays practise the medical art on an entirely new system.

*Gér.* I did not know that, and I pray you pardon my ignorance.

*Sgan.* There is no harm done; and you are not obliged to be as clever as we are.

*Gér.* Certainly not. But what think you, sir, ought to be done for this complaint?

*Sgan.* What do I think ought to be done?

*Gér.* Yes.

*Sgan.* My advice is to put her to bed again, and make her, as a remedy, take plenty of bread soaked in wine.

*Gér.* Why so, sir?

*Sgan.* Because there is in bread and wine mixed together a sympathetic virtue which produces speech. Do you not see that they give nothing else to parrots, and that by eating it they learn to speak?

*Gér.* That is true. Oh, the great man! Quick, plenty of bread and wine.

*Sgan.* I shall come back to-night to see how the patient is getting on.

#### SCENE VII.

GÉRONTE, SGANARELLE, JACQUELINE.

*Sgan.* [*To Jacqueline.*] Stop a little, you. [*To Géronte.*] Sir, I must give some medicine to your nurse.

*Jacq.* To me, sir? I am as well as can be.

*Sgan.* So much the worse, nurse, so much the worse.

This excess of health is dangerous, and it would not be amiss to bleed you a little gently, and to administer some little soothing injection.

*Gér.* But, my dear sir, that is a method which I cannot understand. Why bleed folks when they are not ill?

*Sgan.* It does not matter; the method is salutary; and as we drink for the thirst to come, so must we bleed for the disease to come.

*Jacq.* [*Going.*] I do not care a fig for all this, and I will not have my body made an apothecary's shop.

*Sgan.* You object to my remedies; but we shall know how to bring you to reason.

SCENE VIII.

GÉRONTE, SGANARELLE.

*Sgan.* I wish you good-day.

*Gér.* Stay a moment, if you please.

*Sgan.* What are you going to do?

*Gér.* Give you your fee, sir.

*Sgan.* [*Putting his hands behind him, from under his gown, while Géronte opens his purse.*] I shall not accept it, sir.

*Gér.* Sir?

*Sgan.* Not at all.

*Gér.* One moment.

*Sgan.* On no consideration.

*Gér.* Pray—

*Sgan.* You are jesting.

*Gér.* That is settled.

*Sgan.* I shall do nothing of the kind.

*Gér.* What?

*Sgan.* I do not practise for money's sake.

*Gér.* I am convinced of that.

*Sgan.* [*After having taken the money.*] Are they good weight?

*Gér.* Yes, sir.

*Sgan.* I am not a mercenary physician.

*Gér.* I am well aware of it.

*Sgan.* I am not actuated by interest.

*Gér.* I do not for a moment think so.

*Sgan.* [*Alone, looking at the money he has received.*] Upon my word, this does not promise badly ; and provided——

SCENE IX.

LÉANDRE, SGANARELLE.

*Léan.* I have been waiting some time for you, sir, and I have come to beg your assistance.

*Sgan.* [*Feeling his pulse.*] That is a very bad pulse.

*Léan.* I am not ill, sir ; and it is not for that that I am come to you.

*Sgan.* If you are not ill, why the devil do you not tell me so ?

*Léan.* No. To tell you the matter in a few words, my name is Léandre. I am in love with Lucinde, to whom you have just paid a visit ; and, as all access to her is denied to me, through the ill temper of her father, I venture to beseech you to serve me in my love-affair, and to assist me in a stratagem that I have invented, so as to say a few words to her, on which my whole life and happiness absolutely depend.

*Sgan.* [*In apparent anger.*] Whom do you take me for ? How dare you address yourself to me to assist you in your love-affair, and to wish me to lower the dignity of a physician by an affair of that kind ?

*Léan.* Do not make a noise, sir.

*Sgan.* [*Driving him back.*] I will make a noise. You are an impertinent fellow.

*Léan.* Ah ! gently, sir.

*Sgan.* An ill-mannered jackanapes.

*Léan.* Pray——

*Sgan.* I will teach you that I am not the kind of man you take me for, and that it is the greatest insolence——

*Léan.* [*Taking out a purse.*] Sir——

*Sgan.* To wish to employ me—[*taking the purse.*] I am not speaking about you, for you are a gentleman, and I should be delighted to be of any use to you; but there are certain impertinent people in this world who take folks for what they are not; and I tell you candidly that this puts me in a passion.

*Léan.* I ask your pardon, sir, for the liberty I have——

*Sgan.* You are jesting. What is the affair in question?

*Léan.* You must know, then, sir, that this disease which you wish to cure is a feigned complaint. The physicians have argued about it, as they ought to do, and they have not failed to give it as their opinion,—this one, that it arose from the brain; that one, from the intestines; another, from the spleen; another, again, from the liver; but the fact is that love is its real cause, and that Lucinde has only invented this illness in order to free herself from a marriage with which she has been harassed. But, for fear that we may be seen together, let us retire; and I will tell you, as we go along, what I wish you to do.

*Sgan.* Come along, then, sir. You have inspired me with an inconceivable interest in your love; and if all my medical science does not fail me, the patient shall either die or be yours.

[In conclusion, it need but be said that the patient finds her lost voice at sight of her lover, and that the affair ends profitably for the false doctor and happily for all parties concerned.]

## A RUNAWAY CANNON.

VICTOR MARIE HUGO.

[Victor Marie Hugo, the most illustrious of recent French poets and novelists, was born at Besançon in 1802. His poetry attracted honorable mention from the French Academy when he was but fifteen years of age, and at twenty he published a volume of "Odes and Ballads" which raised him to the first rank among the French poets of his time. Several highly successful dramas followed,—"*Cromwell*," "*Hernani*," and "*Marion Delorme*." Still greater success attended his novels, "*Notre Dame de Paris*," "*The Toilers of the Sea*," and particularly "*Les Misérables*," which has been one of the most popular and widely read of modern romances. He continued to write actively until his death in 1885, producing numerous other works of the imagination. No modern writer surpasses him in imaginative brilliancy or in power of working up effective situations in his romances. The details are worked out, indeed, with a minuteness that often becomes wearisome. It is his art, in Shakespeare's effective phrase, to "tear a passion to tatters." We subjoin, from his romance of "*Ninety-Three*," an illustrative passage which shows at once his faults and his power. It would be difficult to draw a more striking situation. The translation is by Frank Lee Benedict, published by Messrs. G. Routledge & Sons.]

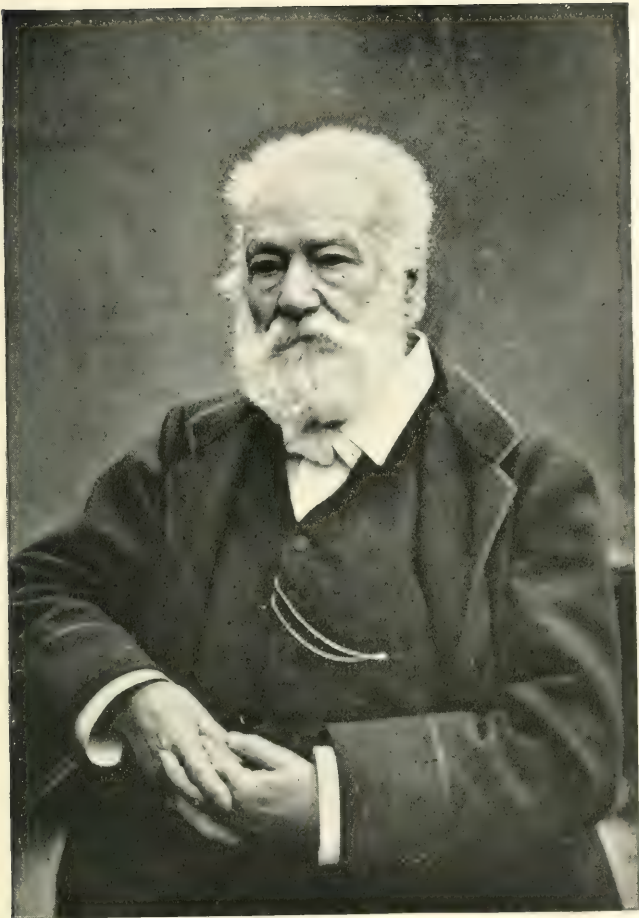
A FRIGHTFUL thing had just happened.

One of the carronades of the battery, a twenty-four-pounder, had got loose.

This is perhaps the most formidable of ocean accidents. Nothing more terrible can happen to a vessel in open sea and under full sail.

A gun that breaks its moorings becomes suddenly some indescribable supernatural beast. It is a machine that transforms itself into a monster. The mass turns upon its wheels, has the rapid movements of a billiard-ball;





VICTOR MARIE HUGO.



rolls with the rolling, pitches with the pitching; goes, comes, pauses, seems to meditate; resumes its course, rushes along the ship from end to end like an arrow, circles about, springs aside, evades, rears, breaks, kills, exterminates. It is a battering-ram which assaults a wall at its own caprice. Moreover, the battering-ram is metal, the wall wood. It is the entrance of matter into liberty. One might say that this eternal slave avenges itself. It seems as if the power of evil hidden in what we call inanimate objects finds a vent and bursts suddenly out. It has an air of having lost patience, of seeking some fierce, obscure retribution; nothing more inexorable than this rage of the inanimate. The mad mass has the bounds of a panther, the weight of the elephant, the agility of the mouse, the obstinacy of the axe, the unexpectedness of the surge, the rapidity of lightning, the deafness of the tomb. It weighs ten thousand pounds, and it rebounds like a child's ball. Its flight is a wild whirl, abruptly cut at right angles. What is to be done? How to end this? A tempest ceases, a cyclone passes, a wind falls, a broken mast is replaced, a leak is stopped, a fire dies out; but how to control this enormous brute of bronze? In what way can one attack it?

You can make a mastiff hear reason, astound a bull, fascinate a boa, frighten a tiger, soften a lion; but there is no resource with that monster, a cannon let loose. You cannot kill it—it is dead; at the same time it lives. It lives with a sinister life bestowed on it by Infinity.

The planks beneath it give it play. It is moved by the ship, which is moved by the sea, which is moved by the wind. The destroyer is a plaything; the ship, the waves, the blasts, all aid it; hence its frightful vitality. How to assail this fury of complication? How to fetter this monstrous mechanism for wrecking a ship? How foresee its

comings and goings, its returns, its stops, its shocks? Any one of these blows upon the sides may stave out the vessel. How divine its awful gyrations? One has to deal with a projectile which thinks, seems to possess ideas, and which changes its direction at each instant. How stop the course of something which must be avoided? The horrible cannon flings itself about, advances, recoils, strikes to the right, strikes to the left, flees, passes, disconcerts, ambushes, breaks down obstacles, crushes men like flies. The great danger of the situation is in the mobility of its base. How combat an inclined plane which has caprices? The ship, so to speak, has lightning imprisoned in its womb, which seeks to escape; it is like thunder rolling above an earthquake. . . .

At the moment when the lashings gave way the gunners were in the battery, some in groups, others standing alone, occupied with such duties as sailors perform in expectation of the command to clear for action. The carronade, hurled forward by the pitching, dashed into this knot of men, and crushed four at the first blow; then, flung back and shot out anew by the rolling, it cut in two a fifth poor fellow, glanced off to the larboard side, and struck a piece of the battery with such force as to unship it. Then rose the cry of distress which had been heard. The men rushed toward the ladder; the gun-deck emptied in the twinkling of an eye. The enormous cannon was left alone. She was given up to herself. She was her own mistress and mistress of the vessel. She could do what she willed with both. This whole crew, accustomed to laugh in battle, trembled now. To describe the universal terror would be impossible.

Captain Boisberthelot and Lieutenant Vieuville, although both intrepid men, stopped at the head of the stairs, and remained mute, pale, hesitating, looking down

on the deck. Some one pushed them aside with his elbow and descended.

It was their passenger,—the peasant,—the man of whom they had been speaking a moment before.

When he reached the foot of the ladder, he stood still.

The cannon came and went along the deck. One might have fancied it the living chariot of the Apocalypse. The marine lantern oscillating from the ceiling added a dizzying whirl of lights and shadows to this vision. The shape of the cannon was indistinguishable from the rapidity of its course; now it looked black in the light, now it cast weird reflections through the gloom.

It kept on its work of destruction. It had already shattered four other pieces and dug two crevices in the side, fortunately above the water-line, though they would leak in case a squall should come on. It dashed itself frantically against the framework; the solid tie-beams resisted, their curved form giving them great strength, but they creaked ominously under the assaults of this terrible club, which seemed endowed with a sort of appalling ubiquity, striking on every side at once. The strokes of a bullet shaken in a bottle would not be madder or more rapid. The four wheels passed and repassed above the dead men, cut, carved, slashed them, till the five corpses were a score of stumps rolling about the deck; the heads seemed to cry out; streams of blood twisted in and out of the planks with every pitch of the vessel. The ceiling, damaged in several places, began to gape. The whole ship was filled with the awful tumult.

The captain promptly recovered his composure, and at his order the sailors threw down into the deck everything which could deaden and check the mad rush of the gun,—mattresses, hammocks, spare sails, coils of rope, extra equipments, and the bales of false assignats of which the

corvette carried a whole cargo,—an infamous deception which the English considered a fair trick in war.

But what could these rags avail? No one dared descend to arrange them in any useful fashion, and in a few instants they were mere heaps of lint.

There was just sea enough to render an accident as complete as possible. A tempest would have been desirable; it might have thrown the gun upside down, and the four wheels once in the air the monster could have been mastered. But the devastation increased. There were gashes and even fractures in the masts, which, embedded in the wood-work of the keel, pierce the decks of ships like great round pillars. The mizzen-mast was cracked, and the main-mast itself was injured under the convulsive blows of the gun. The battery was being destroyed. Ten pieces out of the thirty were disabled; the breaches multiplied in the side, and the corvette began to take in water.

The old passenger, who had descended to the gun-deck, looked like a form of stone stationed at the foot of the stairs. He stood motionless, gazing sternly about on the devastation. Indeed, it seemed impossible to take a single step forward.

Each bound of the liberated carronade menaced the destruction of the vessel. A few minutes more, and shipwreck would be inevitable.

They must perish or put a summary stop to the disaster: a decision must be made,—but how?

What a combatant, this cannon! They must check this mad monster. They must seize this flash of lightning. They must overthrow this thunderbolt.

Boisberthelot said to La Vieuville, "Do you believe in God, chevalier?"

La Vieuville replied, "Yes. No. Sometimes."

"In a tempest?"



"Yes; and in moments like this."

"Only God can aid us here," said Boisberthelot.

All were silent. The cannon kept up its horrible fracas.

The waves beat against the ship; their blows from without responded to the strokes of the cannon.

It was like two hammers alternating.

Suddenly, into the midst of this sort of inaccessible circus where the escaped cannon leaped and bounded there sprang a man with an iron bar in his hand. It was the author of this catastrophe, the gunner whose culpable negligence had caused the accident,—the captain of the gun. Having been the means of bringing about the misfortune, he desired to repair it. He had caught up a handspike in one fist, a tiller-rope with a slipping noose in the other, and jumped down into the gun-deck. Thus a strange combat began,—a Titanic strife,—the struggle of the gun against the gunner; a battle between matter and intelligence; a duel between the inanimate and the human.

The man was posted in an angle, the bar and rope in his two fists; backed against one of the sides, settled firmly on his legs as on two pillars of steel: livid, calm, tragic, rooted as it were in the planks, he waited.

He waited for the cannon to pass near him.

The gunner knew his piece, and it seemed to him that she must recognize her master. He had lived a long while with her. How many times he had thrust his hand between her jaws! It was his tame monster. He began to address it as he might have done his dog.

"Come," said he. Perhaps he loved it.

He seemed to wish that it would turn towards him.

But to come towards him would be to spring on him. Then he would be lost. How to avoid its crush? There was the question. All stared in terrified silence.

Not a breast respired freely, except perchance that of

the old man who alone stood in the deck with the two combatants, a stern second.

He might himself be crushed by the piece. He did not stir.

Beneath them the blind sea directed the battle.

At the instant when, accepting this awful hand-to-hand contest, the gunner approached to challenge the cannon, some chance fluctuation of the waves kept it for a moment immovable, as if suddenly stupefied.

"Come on!" the man said to it. It seemed to listen.

Suddenly it darted upon him. The gunner avoided the shock.

The struggle began,—struggle unheard of. The fragile matching itself against the invulnerable. The thing of flesh attacking the brazen brute. On the one side blind force, on the other a soul.

The whole passed in a half-light. It was like the indistinct vision of a miracle.

A soul—strange thing; but you would have said the cannon had one also,—a soul filled with rage and hatred. This blindness appeared to have eyes. The monster had the air of watching the man. There was—one might have fancied so, at least—cunning in this mass. It also chose its moment. It became some gigantic insect of metal, having, or seeming to have, the will of a demon. Sometimes this colossal grasshopper would strike the low ceiling of the gun-deck, then fall back on its four wheels like a tiger upon its four claws, and dart anew upon the man. He—supple, agile, adroit—would glide away like a snake from the reach of those lightning-like movements. He avoided the encounters; but the blows which he escaped fell upon the vessel and continued the havoc.

An end of broken chain remained attached to the carromade. The chain had twisted itself, no one could tell

how, about the screw of the breech-button. One extremity of the chain was fastened to the carriage. The other, hanging loose, whirled wildly about the gun, and added to the danger of its blows.

The screw held it like a clinched hand, and the chain, multiplying the strokes of the battering-ram by its strokes of a thong, made a fearful whirlwind about the cannon,—a whip of iron in a fist of brass. This chain complicated the battle.

Nevertheless the man fought. Sometimes, even, it was the man who attacked the cannon. He crept along the side, bar and rope in hand, and the cannon had the air of understanding, and fled as if it perceived a snare. The man pursued it, formidable, fearless.

Such a duel could not last long. . . . The gun, as if in a fury, broke a carronade to larboard, then, seized anew by the invisible sling which held it, was flung to starboard towards the man, who escaped.

Three carronades gave way under the blows of the gun; then, as if blind and no longer conscious of what it was doing, it turned its back on the man, rolled from the stern to the bow, bruising the stern and making a breach in the plankings of the prow. The gunner had taken refuge at the foot of the stairs, a few steps from the old man, who was watching.

The gunner held his handspike in rest. The cannon seemed to perceive him, and, without taking the trouble to turn itself, backed upon him with the quickness of an axe-stroke. The gunner, if driven back against the side, was lost. The crew uttered a simultaneous cry.

But the old passenger, till now immovable, made a spring more rapid than all these wild whirls. He seized a bale of the false assignats, and, at the risk of being crushed, succeeded in flinging it between the wheels of the carron-

ade. The manœuvre, decisive and dangerous, could not have been executed with more adroitness and precision by a man trained to all the exercises set down in Durosel's "Manual of Sea Gunnery."

The bale had the effect of a plug. A pebble may stop a log, a tree-branch turn an avalanche. The carronade stumbled. The gunner, in his turn, seizing this terrible chance, plunged his iron bar between the spokes of one of the hind wheels. The cannon was stopped. It staggered. The man, using the bar as a lever, rocked it to and fro. The heavy mass turned over with a clang like a falling bell, and the gunner, dripping with sweat, rushed forward headlong and passed the slipping noose of the tiller-rope about the bronze neck of the overthrown monster.

It was ended. The man had conquered. The ant had subdued the mastodon; the pygmy had taken the thunderbolt prisoner.

The marines and the sailors clapped their hands.

The whole crew hurried down with cables and chains, and in an instant the cannon was securely lashed.

The gunner saluted the passenger.

"Sir," he said to him, "you have saved my life."

The old man had resumed his impassible attitude, and did not reply.

[We made add, in conclusion, that the old man, approached by the captain and saluted with the title of "General," was requested to decide what should be done with the culprit. He replied by taking the cross of the order of St. Louis from the captain's uniform and attaching it to the jacket of the gunner. The sailors cheered. "Now let that man be shot," he said. "Courage should be rewarded and negligence punished." A fusillade followed. A dead body was plunged overboard. The story ends with the captain's saying in a low voice to his lieutenant, "The Vendée has found a head."]

## THE JOYS OF OWNERSHIP.

JEAN BAPTISTE ALPHONSE KARR.

[Jean Baptiste Alphonse Karr, a popular novelist and essayist, was born at Munich in 1808, of French parents. His first literary production was a novel, entitled "Sous les Tilleuls," which attracted much attention by its mingled irony and sentiment. About 1837 he became editor of the *Figaro*, and of a satirical monthly called *Les Guêpes* ("The Wasps"). Among his novels may be named "Une Heure trop tard," "Fa dièse," "Vendredi Soir," "Feu Bressier," and "La Famille Alain." One of his most attractive works is his "Voyage autour de mon Jardin," an imaginative description of the delights of gardening. To this may be added "Lettres écrites de mon Jardin," and "Promenades hors de mon Jardin." We select from "Les Fleurs" the following neat bit of fancy and sentiment.]

I KNOW a little old man who is always neatly dressed in a black coat, with very white ruffles, and a shirt-frill plaited in the most perfect way. Never have I heard him complain; never have I caught him desiring anything.

There is only one thing in the world which seems to me to demand respect more than misfortune: it is happiness, on account of its rarity, and, above all, its perishableness.

I do not think I have ever thoughtlessly meddled with the happiness of another, however small it may be, however strange it may appear to me. Sometimes it happens that I do not understand it, or even think that, if I should try it, it would not suit me; but that has never been a reason why I should treat it lightly or with disdain. It is so often a brilliant bubble, that in the presence of happiness of whatever description I hold my breath respectfully.

I liked very much to meet my little old man, because he seemed perfectly happy; but I had never thought of asking him about it: when one day I found on his face the first cloud I had seen there since chance had brought us in contact.

I was more curious this time, and I wanted to know what thorn he had found among the roses of his life. He seemed only waiting for an opportunity of speaking of what had so sadly engaged his thoughts, and said to me,—

“I have just been visiting an old friend, and I have seen some things which grieve me.”

“Is he ill?” I inquired.

“Not at all,” he replied.

“Has he then lost a lawsuit, or a large sum of money?”

“Still less: he has come in for a fortune, and this fortune has thrown him into the deepest misery. It is the sight of this misery which has gnawed into my heart.”

Having once entered on the subject, he told me the whole story.

Here it is.

“I have known him for a long time,” he said. “I had often noticed him at ‘La Petite Provence,’ in the Tuileries. From having looked at each other, we proceeded to bow. One day I had asked him what time it was, because my watch had stopped; the next day, in return for the courtesy with which he had answered me, I offered him a pinch of snuff. Some time after that we concluded by having a little chat, and finally we told each other everything.

“Since then, we have talked together for ten years. Our mode of life was so similar that we could vegetate admirably in the same soil and the same atmosphere. He was a widower, and I a bachelor. I have upwards of eleven hundred francs income; he had then twelve hundred;



but, as he lived near the Tuileries, where the apartments are dear, this expense absorbed the surplus, and made our fortunes equal.

"You have never met with two men so rich and happy as we were. When it was fine, he received me at the Tuileries. The Tuileries was his garden. Never was there a property more complete and more free from care.

"What is having a garden, if the Tuileries did not belong to my friend?

"Every morning he found his paths well rolled, and even watered, if the heat occasioned too much dust. He walked up and down under the thick shade of chestnut-trees, or rested on a white marble seat.

"Numerous gardeners kept in good order immense beds of flowers, and constantly replaced those which were faded and had cast their seed to the wind when their season of bloom and perfume was over, by others belonging to the following season. He breathed the spring perfume of the lilacs, and the airy and mysterious odor of the lime-trees. He had, at last, made acquaintance with the gardeners, and he was not without influence in the arrangement of the flower-beds. For myself, I had the Luxembourg: our position was the same in the two gardens. I often gave him the seeds of the flowers which he liked in my garden, in exchange for those which I admired in his. The gardener who gave me them for him always willingly accepted those which I received from my friend.

"At the Luxembourg the swans in the water knew me. I thought less of the familiarity which existed between my friend and the swans of the Tuileries, because their affection is commoner, and one can, without injustice, accuse them of treating everybody with equal distinction. I repeat it, our gardens were altogether ours. The only difference that can be discovered between us and the people

who pretend to have gardens, and to be more truly proprietors of them, is, that we had each one of the richest and most beautiful gardens in Europe, and we had nothing to pay for gardeners, improvements, or repairs.

“‘My friend,’ said he, on leaving me in the evening, after a walk in my garden, ‘*your* crocuses are beautiful and varied; but I invite you to come and see *my* double peach-blossoms, and in a fortnight *my* lilacs. You will find me at the foot of *my* statue of the “Carrying away of Orithyia.”’ Another time, it was I who invited him to come and walk on *my* terrace at the Luxembourg, where there are such fine service-trees, and such old hawthorns with pink blossoms.

“Sometimes, however, we had disputes. He was, I must say, rather too proud of the beautiful ladies who came to drive in his garden: he even took it into his head one day to be proud because, from time to time, he saw the king on the balcony of the castle. I proved to him, as clear as day, that my plants were the most carefully cultivated, that his flower-beds were full of the most vulgar flowers. I mentioned, to prove the superiority of my garden, the collection of roses, which is unquestionably the finest in Europe. It is true that he had at the Tuileries more statues and more precious bronzes; but in a garden I think much more of the trees and the flowers than of bronze and marble. When it rained, we went to see his museum of antiquities on the Place du Louvre, or, in the time of the Exhibition, to the galleries, where the modern painters submitted the products of their labor to his inspection.

“Sometimes it was I who invited him to come and visit *my* galleries at the Luxembourg, and this, again, occasioned some little disputes on the respective value of *our* museums, or only because he regulated his watch by *his* dial at *his* palace of the Tuileries, which he pretended was

infallible, while I often wished to set it right by *my* sundial at *my* palace of the Luxembourg.

“But it was seldom that these discussions became bitter. Besides, if our little manias of proprietorship sometimes exasperated us against each other, we had also many undivided possessions in common, on account of which we were liable to no such differences of opinion; *our* menagerie, *our* museum, and *our* greenhouses in the Jardin des Plantes, for example.

“I will not talk to you about our friendships with some of the animals in *our* menagerie, of the interest we felt in the precarious health of the giraffe and of a black bear. We were highly delighted when they made us our famous monkey palace, and this was not without some influence in adding to our good opinion of the minister who then presided in the council.

“When they made so much noise about the *paulownia imperialis*, which, like too clever children, turned out to be nothing but a *catalpa*, we had known it for a long time, and had seen it growing in *our* Jardin des Plantes, while nobody in Europe knew of its existence. We may be pardoned if we were a little too proud of *our paulownia*, which, after all, is a tree of an admirable growth while it is young, and preserves in its old age the honor of being still like one of the finest trees in the open field.

“We had lived like this for ten years, when one day my friend did not come to a rendezvous that I had appointed in my path to the observatory. It was the first time that one of us had missed a meeting, except once, five years before, when I let him wait for me at *his* Petite Provence, because I had nearly given myself a sprain on my staircase. I could only attribute his absence to an accident of this kind, or perhaps worse, and I went to his house. I found him quite well, but strangely affected. He had that

morning received a letter which informed him that his cousin had just died two leagues from Paris and left him an income of rather more than three thousand livres.

“He wept as he embraced me, and assured me that his fortune could never make him indifferent to his friends; that I should always find him the same, etc. Nevertheless it was necessary that he should set out immediately to take possession. It is four months ago, and I had no news of him. I began already to think of him with a kind of bitterness, and, the newspaper-seller at the Tuileries having asked news of him, I replied, sharply, ‘I do not know: he has made his fortune: I see nothing of him now;’ when the day before yesterday I received a letter from him.

“Here it is:

“‘MY DEAR OLD FRIEND,—

“‘I flatter myself that you have not attributed my silence to indifference or forgetfulness,—still less to the increase of my fortune. Many different cares have occupied all my leisure since our last interview. First, I have decided to stay here in *my* house. I must have some repairs and alterations made.

“‘As I do not think you have conceived a bad opinion of me, so I like to think of you as I knew you. If it would be foolish on my part to be unmindful of you because I have become rich, it would be but little better if you neglected me in future for the same reason; it would spoil my happiness, and you would not wish it.

“‘I expect you, then, to-morrow to breakfast with me.

“‘YOUR FRIEND.’

“Man is a miserable creature. I felt a little envious, and I tried to find some disagreeable phrase in my old friend’s

letter, some sign of vanity, at which I might be angry. I found nothing, and set out this morning.

"My friend lives in a dirty, little, ill-built country town. His house, which they readily pointed out to me, is small, white, with green blinds. You go in by a narrow gate, which was far from making such an impression upon me as the iron bars of his garden at the Tuileries. I had from the first a presentiment that my friend was ruined, while he fancied he was making his fortune.

"No one could have received me better, but everything that I saw, added to his kind reception, was not long in changing the envy with which I had started into a feeling of pity.

"I shall never forget the pride with which he took me round a garden which could easily have been contained in one of the flower-beds at the Tuileries. Some sticks here and there, some broomsticks which he called trees, and which stood in need of shade themselves, instead of giving any. In the middle of the garden a great cask buried in the ground was called the fountain. It was half full of green and stagnant water, because they only bring it every other day, and the cask leaks a little.

"You can never imagine what joy he felt at having changed the great marble fountains at the Tuileries for this cask, without considering that the said cask gives him all manner of trouble when the sun dries it and loosens the hoops, while formerly they cleaned and mended his marble fountains without his disturbing himself in the least about it.

"What secret joy is there, then, in the sense of possession! With my friend, *to have* this garden with its broomsticks was to have the great chestnuts of the Tuileries no longer. *To possess* the square surrounded with walls white enough to blind one was to be exiled from all

the rest of the earth, from all the beautiful country, from all the lovely landscapes.

"In the house, he showed me two or three bad pictures with which he had ornamented his drawing-room. It was necessary for him to inherit and become rich, that he might be condemned to see nothing but these frightful daubs. When he was poor, he looked at the most beautiful paintings of all countries and all masters, accumulated in *our* museums.

"I came back sad, and I wished to see again his old garden, which he is so pleased to have left. A great terror has seized me in consequence: it is that I may, in my turn, by chance become rich,—that I may become a proprietor,—may lose *my* beautiful garden of the Luxembourg,—may be forced to live in a square surrounded by walls,—and, what is still worse, may be happy and proud of it.

"I have thought over all my relations, and especially those who are rich, and, among the latter, those whose heir I am.

"There is only one who makes me anxious: he went to America twenty years ago, and since then nothing has been heard of him. If the bell rings at home, I shall tremble lest I should hear that he has died a millionaire and that I am his heir. I have seen a letter that we received two months after his departure, nearly twenty years ago. This letter tells us that several vessels had perished, crew and cargo, in a gale of wind. The vessel which bore my uncle was of the number, but, as the long-boat has not been seen since, they think that part of the crew at least tried to save themselves.

"Provided that my uncle be not saved!"



## HUMOROUS SKETCHES.

## VARIOUS.

[In the present selection we have grouped a series of amusing extracts from several of the earlier humorous writers of France. The first given is the production of Bonaventure Desperriers, born about the end of the fourteenth century, and page to Margaret of Navarre, authoress of the "Heptameron." Desperriers wrote an allegorical work attacking religion, called "Cymballum Mundi," and a humorous production, "Nouvelles Récérations et Joyeux Devis," from which we extract the following story.]

"At Paris on the Seine three boats there be;" but there was also a cobbler called Blondeau, who lodged near the Croix du Tiroir; there he earned his living merrily by mending shoes. He loved good wine above all things, and willingly taught those who went there to do so too; for, if there was any in all that quarter, it was thought necessary that he should taste it; and he was very well content to take a little more if it proved good.

All day long he sang and made the neighborhood lively. He was never seen vexed in his life but twice; once, when he had found in an old wall a pot containing a great quantity of old coins, some of silver, some of alloy, of which he did not know the value. Then he began to grow thoughtful. He left off singing, and could think of nothing but the tin pot. He said to himself, "This sort of money is not used now; I shall not be able to buy any bread or wine with it. If I show it to the silver-smiths, they will betray me, or they will want to get their share, and will not give me half its value." Sometimes he was afraid he had not hidden the pot securely enough,

and that somebody would rob him of it. He would leave his shed at all hours of the day to go and change its place. He was in the greatest possible trouble about it; but, in the end, he came to a better mind, saying to himself, "How now? I do nothing but think of this pot. Everybody knows well, by my manner, that there's something singular in my condition. Bah! bad luck to the pot! it brings me misfortune." The end of it was that he proceeded to take it quietly and threw it into the river, and so drowned all his melancholy along with the pot.

At another time he was much annoyed by a gentleman who lived just opposite his little shop,—or, rather, his shop was opposite the gentleman. The said gentleman had a monkey, who played a thousand tricks on poor Blondeau, for he watched him from a high window, when he was cutting his leather, and noticed how he did it, and directly Blondeau went out to dinner, or anywhere on business, down would come the monkey, and go into Blondeau's shop, and take his knife, and cut up his leather, as he had seen Blondeau do; and this he was in the habit of doing every time Blondeau was out of the way: so that, for a time, the poor man could not leave his shop, even for his meals, without putting away his leather; and if sometimes he forgot to lock it up, the monkey never forgot to cut it to bits, a proceeding that annoyed him greatly; and yet he was afraid to hurt the monkey, for fear of his master. When, however, he grew thoroughly tired of this, he considered how he could pay him out. After having noticed particularly the way in which the monkey imitated exactly everything he saw done,—for if Blondeau sharpened his knife, the monkey sharpened it too; if he waxed his thread, so too did the monkey; if he sewed some new soles, the monkey set about moving his elbows as he had

seen him do,—Blondeau one day sharpened his knife and made it cut like a razor, and then, when he saw the monkey watching, he began to put his knife to his throat, and move it backwards and forwards, as if he wished to kill himself; and when he had done this long enough to make the monkey notice it, he left his shop and went to get his dinner. The monkey was not slow in coming down, for he wished to try this new pastime, which he had never seen before. He took the knife, and put it immediately to his throat, moving it backwards and forwards. But he put it too near, and, not being very careful as he rubbed it against the skin, he cut his throat with this well-sharpened knife, and died of the wound within an hour. Thus did Blondeau punish the monkey without danger to himself.

[François Rabelais, the author of the famous romance "The Pleasant Story of the Giant Gargantua and his Son Pantagruel," was born at Chinon in 1495, or possibly 1483, and, to please his father, became a Franciscan monk. To please himself, he left the convent without permission, and devoted the remainder of his life to the indulgence of his satiric fancy, his attacks being made principally upon the monks, whom he seems to have bitterly hated. His work is one of the most original in French literature. To quote from Coleridge, "Beyond a doubt he was among the deepest as well as boldest thinkers of his age. . . . I class Rabelais with the great creative minds, Shakespeare, Dante, Cervantes, etc." The obscenity of the work, however, renders it in great part untranslatable, and we confine ourselves to a short extract.]

I have often heard it said as a common proverb, that a wise man may be taught by a fool. If you are not perfectly satisfied with the replies of the wise man, take counsel of a fool; it may be that, by so doing, you will get an answer more to your mind.

At Paris, in the house of the Petit-Chastelet, before the

cook-shop of one of the roast-meat-sellers, a certain hungry porter was eating his bread in the steam of the roast meat, and found it, so seasoned, extremely savory. The cook took no notice. At last, when all the bread was devoured, the cook seized him by the collar and wanted him to pay for the smell of the meat. The porter said that he had sustained no loss at all, that he had taken nothing of his, and that he owed him nothing. As for the smell in question, it had been steaming out into the street, and in this way was wasted: such a thing as selling the smell of roast meat in the street had never been heard of in Paris. The cook replied that the smell of his meat was not meant to feed porters, and swore that if he did not pay he would take away his truck. The porter seized his cudgel, and prepared to defend himself.

The altercation became serious. The idle people of Paris ran together from all parts to witness the dispute. Thither, *à propos*, came Seigni Joan, the fool, a citizen of Paris. Seeing him, the cook said to the porter, "Shall we refer our difference to the noble Seigni Joan?" "Agreed," replied the porter. Then Seigni Joan, having heard the cause of their quarrel, commanded the porter to take a piece of money from his belt. The porter put a Philippus in his hand. Seigni Joan took it and put it on his left shoulder, as if to try its weight, then made it ring on the palm of his left hand, as if to hear if it was good, then placed it close to his right eye, as if to see if it was properly stamped. When all this was done, the idle people waited in profound silence, the master in steady expectation, and the porter in despair. At last he made it ring on the counter several times. Then, with presidential majesty, holding his bauble in his hand as if it were a sceptre, and muffling his head in a hood of marten-skins, each side of which resembled an ape's face, with ears of

paper plaited in points, first coughing two or three times, he said, in a loud voice, "The court decides that the porter who has eaten his bread in the fumes of the roast meat has paid the cook according to law, with the sound of his money. The said court ordains that each retire to his own house without costs." And this sentence of the Parisian fool appeared so equitable, in fact so admirable, to the above-named doctors, that they doubted, if the matter had been brought before the Parliament of the said place, even before the Areopagites, to be decided, it would have been settled more legally. So, consider, if you will take counsel from a fool.

[Guy Patin was born in 1602, at La Place, near Beauvais. After some variations of fortune he became professor of medicine at the College of France in 1654, and soon acquired a European reputation as a skilful physician. It is by his letters, however, that he is now known. These contain curious anecdotes of the society of his age, and are marked by brilliant wit and satire. We append a brief example.]

They talk of nothing here but the Duke of Beaufort, to whom the Parisians, and especially all the women, are extremely devoted. When he was playing at tennis four days ago in a tennis-court of the Marais du Temple, the greater number of the market-women went in groups to watch him play and to wish him success. As they made a noise in coming in, and the people of the house complained of it, he was obliged to leave the game and come himself to the door to put an end to the affray, which he was not able to do without allowing these women to enter in small parties, a few at a time, to see him play; and, perceiving that one of these women looked at him kindly, he said to her, "Well, my good woman, you wanted to come in: what pleasure can you have in seeing me play and lose my money?" She answered immediately, "Lord

Beaufort, play boldly : you shall not be in want of money. Here am I and my gossip : we have brought two hundred crowns, and, if more is wanted, I am ready to go back and fetch as much again." All the other women began to cry out, too, that they had money at his service, for which he thanked them. He was visited that day by more than two thousand women. Two days after, passing near Saint-Eustache, a group of women began to call out to him, "Sir, do not consent to a marriage with Mazarin's niece, whatever M. de Vendôme may do or say. If he abandon you, you shall want for nothing ; we will give you every year a pension of sixty thousand livres in the market." He has said plainly that if they persecuted him at court he would go for safety and lodge in the middle of the markets, where more than twenty thousand men would guard him.

This assemblage has caused more amusement than fear ; but something much worse occurred. This prince, thirty-two years old, being overheated, drank some wine and beer, and suffered great pain in his back, and while it lasted he vomited several times. As soon as this was known in Paris, the people thought he had been poisoned by order of Mazarin. His house was filled immediately with an immense number of men and women : even his father, M. de Vendôme, who was sitting by, thought there was poison in the case, and, upon the doctors assuring him there was not, warned them that they ought to look more closely into it,—that this poison was Italian, and that the Italians were finer poisoners than the French. But at last he was cured, and the Italians were cleared from suspicion.

[Paul Scarron, one of the wittiest of the comic writers of France, was born in Paris about 1610, and for many years led a very dissolute life. At the age of twenty-seven he lost the use of his limbs by an



accident, and afterwards devoted himself to literature, writing "The Scholar of Salamanca," "The *Æneid* Travestied," and "The Comic Romance." He became highly popular for his wit, was at his own request appointed by the queen "her sick man in right of office," and in 1652 married Mademoiselle d'Aubigny, who afterwards became Madame de Maintenon and wife of Louis XIV. Scarron at this time was such a cripple that he could only move his hands, tongue, and eyes. Yet he retained the spirit to make a jest of his misfortunes, as in the following introduction to the "Comic Romance."]

Reader, you who have never seen me, and who perhaps trouble yourself very little about me,—for there is not much to be gained by seeing a person made like me,—know that I should not be anxious that you should see me, if I had not learned that some facetious wits make themselves merry at the expense of my misfortunes, and depict me as quite different from what I am. Some say that I am a cripple in a bowl; others, that I have no thighs, and that I am put on the table in a box, where I chatter like a winking magpie; and others, that my hat is fastened to a cord that's attached to a pulley, and that I raise and lower it to salute those who come to see me. I think I ought in conscience to prevent them from telling any more lies, . . . without pretending to make a present to the public (for as to their ladyships the Nine Muses, I have never hoped that my head would be the original for a medal). I would have had myself well painted, if any painter had dared to undertake it. In default of the painting, I intend to tell you as nearly as I can what sort of a fellow I am.

I have left thirty years behind me. If I get to forty, I shall add many pains to those I have already suffered for eight or nine years. I have had a good figure, though short. My illness has shortened it by a good foot. My head is rather large for my height. I have a pretty full

face for my very meagre body; hair enough not to need a wig; I have many white ones, in spite of the proverb; pretty good sight, though my eyes are rather large: they are blue; one is more deeply set than the other, on the side that I bend my head. I have a nose of tolerably good shape. My teeth, which used to be squares of pearl, are of the color of wood, and will soon be the color of slate. I have lost one and a half on the left side, and two and a half on the right, and two are a little chipped. My legs and my thighs formed at first an obtuse angle, and then a right angle, and at last an acute angle. My thighs and my body made another; and my head bending down on my chest, I am pretty much like a Z. My arms are shortened as well as my legs, and my fingers as well as my arms. In fact, I am an epitome of human misery. That's pretty nearly how I look.

Since I am in such a fair way, I will tell you something of my temper. Besides, this introduction is written just to make the book bigger, at the request of the bookseller, who is afraid he will not get back the expenses of printing, but for that it would be of no use, just like a good many others. But it is no new thing to commit folly out of good nature, besides those that one does on one's own account.

I have always been rather passionate, rather fond of good things, and rather idle. I often call my valet a fool, and soon after, Sir. I hate nobody; God send they may treat me the same. I am very comfortable when I have any money, and should be still more comfortable if I had my health. I enjoy myself very well in company. I am very well content when I am alone. I bear my troubles pretty patiently.

But it seems to me that my introduction is long enough, and that it is time to make an end.

[Alain René Le Sage, the author of the celebrated story of "Gil Blas," and of a number of other works, the best-known of which is "Le Diable Boiteux" (known in English as "The Devil on Two Sticks"), was born at Sarzeau, in Brittany, in 1668. In addition to his romances, he wrote a number of plays, of which "Turcaret" became famous. He died in 1747. "Gil Blas" opens with the following suggestive story.]

Before hearing the history of my life, listen, dear reader, to a story that I am going to tell you.

Two school-boys were going from Peñafiel to Salamanca together. Being tired and thirsty, they stopped at the side of a spring that they found on their way. While they were resting there, after having quenched their thirst, by chance they noticed near them some words written on a stone close to the ground, a little rubbed out by time and by the feet of the flocks brought to the spring to drink. They threw some water over the stone to wash it, and they read these Castilian words: "Aquí está encerrada el alma del licenciado Pedro Garcias,"—"Here is confined the soul of the licentiate Peter Garcias."

The youngest of these two school-boys, a lively, giddy boy, had not finished reading the inscription, when he said, laughing with all his might, "What a good joke! Here is confined the soul!—a soul imprisoned! I should like to know what queer fellow could have composed such a ridiculous epitaph." So saying, he got up to go away. His companion, being more thoughtful, said to himself, "There's some mystery here: I shall stay and try to make it out." Then, letting the other one go, and without losing any time, he began to dig all round the stone with his knife. He did this so well that he raised it up. He found beneath it a leathern purse, which he opened. There were two hundred ducats in it, with a card on which these words were written in Latin: "Be thou mine

heir, who hast had wit enough to discover the sense of the inscription, and make a better use than I have done of my money."

The boy, charmed with the discovery, replaced the stone as it was before, and went on his way to Salamanca with the soul of the licentiate.

Whoever you may be, dear reader, you will resemble one or other of these school-boys. If you read my adventures without taking heed to the moral instructions they contain, you will reap no fruit from this work; but, if you read it with attention, you will find, according to the precept of Horace, the useful mixed with the agreeable.

[We close this series of extracts with a few selections from the maxims of La Rochefoucauld, whose satirical character fits them for this place. The author, François VI., Duc de La Rochefoucauld, was born in 1613 and died in 1680. He took an active part in the wars of the Fronde and in the intrigues of that period. His best known work, that from which our selections are taken, is "*Les Réflexions, ou Sentences et Maximes morales.*" ]

We cannot answer for our courage when we have never been in danger.

Self-love is cleverer than the cleverest of men.

We all have strength enough to bear another's ills.

Whatever discoveries we may have made in the regions of self-love, there still remain many unknown lands.

Philosophy triumphs easily over past evils and evils to come, but present evils triumph over philosophy.

Everybody complains of his memory, nobody of his judgment.

There is nothing men give so liberally as their advice.

It is easier to be wise for other people than for one's self.

As it is the characteristic of great minds to say much

in few words, so, on the contrary, little minds have the gift of speaking much and saying little.

The defects of the soul are like wounds in the body. however much care we may take to cure them, the scar always shows, and they are in danger of opening again at any moment.

Hypocrisy is the homage that vice pays to virtue.

True eloquence consists in saying all that is needed, and nothing more.

Affected simplicity is a delicate imposture.

Few people know how to be old.

There's no fool like the old fool.

A man whom nobody pleases is much more unhappy than one who pleases nobody.

We easily forget our faults when they are known only to ourselves.

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## FABLES.

JEAN DE LA FONTAINE.

[La Fontaine, the famous French fabulist, whose light and graceful humor has raised him to so eminent a rank in modern literature, was born at Château-Thierry in 1621. As a man of original genius he stands high among the writers of his century, and his "Fables" are probably more read than any other works of the brilliant literary age of Louis XIV., except perhaps the comedies of Molière. These fables are inimitable in style, their exquisite turns of expression, poetic grace, and delicate humor and satire giving them a charm which has fascinated many generations of readers, young and old alike. The fables of Æsop and other ancient writers have gained their utmost possible perfection of form in the hands of this able poet. La Fontaine's French is difficult to translate with the idiomatic grace of the original. We select a few examples from the translation by Elizur Wright.]

## THE COUNCIL HELD BY THE RATS.

Old Rodilard, a certain cat,  
Such havoc of the rats had made,  
'Twas difficult to find a rat  
With nature's debt unpaid.  
The few that did remain,  
To leave their holes afraid,  
From usual food abstain,  
Not eating half their fill,  
And wonder no one will  
That one who made on rats his revel  
With rats passed not for cat, but devil.  
Now, on a day, this dread rat-eater,  
Who had a wife, went out to meet her;  
And while he held his caterwauling,  
The unkill'd rats, their chapter calling,  
Discussed the point, in grave debate,  
How they might shun impending fate.  
Their dean, a prudent rat,  
Thought best, and better soon than late,  
To bell the fatal cat,  
That, when he took his hunting-round,  
The rats, well cautioned by the sound,  
Might hide in safety under ground :  
Indeed, he knew no other means.  
And all the rest  
At once confessed  
Their minds were with the dean's.  
No better plan, they all believed,  
Could possibly have been conceived ;  
No doubt the thing would work right well,  
If any one would hang the bell.  
But, one by one, said every rat,  
"I'm not so big a fool as that."



The plan knocked up in this respect,  
The council closed without effect.  
And many a council I have seen,  
Or reverend chapter with its dean,  
That, thus resolving wisely,  
Fell through like this precisely.

To argue or refute,  
Wise counsellors abound ;  
The man to execute  
Is harder to be found.

THE CAT AND THE OLD RAT.

A story-writer of our sort  
Historifies in short  
Of one that may be reckoned  
A Rodilard the Second,—  
The Alexander of the cats,  
The Attila, the scourge of rats,  
Whose fierce and whiskered head  
Among the latter spread,  
A league around, its dread,—  
Who seemed, indeed, determined  
The world should be unvernied.  
The planks with props more false than slim,  
The tempting heaps of poisoned meal,  
The traps of wire and traps of steel,  
Were only play, compared with him.  
At length, so sadly were they scared,  
The rats and mice no longer dared  
To show their thievish faces  
Outside their hiding-places,  
Thus shunning all pursuit ; whereat  
Our crafty General Cat

Contrived to hang himself, as dead,  
Beside the wall, with downward head,  
Resisting gravitation's laws  
By clinging with his hinder claws  
    To some small bit of string.  
    The rats esteemed the thing  
A judgment for some naughty deed,  
    Some thievish snatch  
    Or ugly scratch,  
And thought their foe had got his meed  
By being hung indeed.  
With hope elated all  
Of laughing at his funeral,  
They thrust their noses out in air;  
And now to show their heads they dare,  
Now dodging back, now venturing more;  
At last, upon the larder's store  
They fall to filching, as of yore.  
A scanty feast enjoyed these shallows:  
Down dropped the hung one from his gallows,  
    And of the hindmost caught.  
"Some other tricks to me are known,"  
Said he, while tearing bone from bone,  
    "By long experience taught;  
The point is settled, free from doubt,  
That from your holes you shall come out."  
His threat as good as prophecy  
Was proved by Mr. Mildandsly;  
For, putting on a mealy robe,  
He squatted in an open tub,  
And held his purring and his breath:—  
Out came the vermin to their death.  
On this occasion, one old stager,  
A rat as gray as any badger,

Who had in battle lost his tail,  
Abstained from smelling at the meal,  
And cried, far off, "Ah, General Cat,  
I much suspect a heap like that;  
Your meal is not the thing, perhaps,  
For one who knows somewhat of traps.  
Should you a sack of meal become,  
I'd let you be, and stay at home."

Well said, I think, and prudently,  
By one who knew distrust to be  
The parent of security.

## THE COCK AND THE FOX.

Upon a tree there mounted guard  
A veteran cock, adroit and cunning;  
When to the roots a fox up-running  
Spoke thus, in tones of kind regard:  
"Our quarrel, brother, 's at an end:  
Henceforth I hope to live your friend;  
For peace now reigns  
Throughout the animal domains.  
I bear the news. Come down, I pray,  
And give me the embrace fraternal;  
And please, my brother, don't delay:  
So much the tidings do concern all,  
That I must spread them far to-day.  
Now you and yours can take your walks  
Without a fear or thought of hawks;  
And should you clash with them or others,  
In us you'll find the best of brothers;  
For which you may, this joyful night,  
Your merry bonfires light.

But first let's seal the bliss  
With one fraternal kiss."  
"Good friend," the cock replied, "upon my word,  
A better thing I never heard ;  
And doubly I rejoice  
To hear it from your voice :  
And, really, there must be something in it,  
For yonder come two greyhounds, which, I flatter  
Myself, are couriers on this very matter ;  
They come so fast, they'll be here in a minute.  
I'll down, and all of us will seal the blessing  
With general kissing and caressing."  
"Adieu," said fox ; "my errand's pressing ;  
I'll hurry on my way,  
And we'll rejoice some other day."  
So off the fellow scampered, quick and light,  
To gain the fox-holes of a neighboring height,—  
Less happy in his stratagem than flight.

The cock laughed sweetly in his sleeve :  
'Tis doubly sweet deceiver to deceive.

THE RAT RETIRED FROM THE WORLD.

The sage Levantines have a tale  
About a rat that weary grew  
Of all the cares which life assail,  
And to a Holland cheese withdrew.  
His solitude was there profound,  
Extending through his world so round.  
Our hermit lived on that within ;  
And soon his industry had been  
With claws and teeth so good  
That in his novel hermitage

He had in store, for wants of age,  
Both house and livelihood.

What more could any rat desire?

He grew fair, fat, and round.

"God's blessings thus redound  
To those who in his vows retire."

One day this personage devout,  
Whose kindness none might doubt,  
Was asked, by certain delegates  
That came from Rat-United-States,  
For some small aid, for they  
To foreign parts were on their way  
For succor in the great cat-war.

Ratopolis beleaguered sore,

Their whole republic drained and poor,  
No morsel in their scrips they bore.

Slight boon they craved, of succor sure  
In days at utmost three or four.

"My friends," the hermit said,

"To worldly things I'm dead.

How can a poor recluse

To such a mission be of use?

What can he do but pray

That God will aid it on its way?

And so, my friends, it is my prayer

That God will have you in his care."

His well-fed saintship said no more,

But in their faces shut the door.

What think you, reader, is the service

For which I use this niggard rat?

To paint a monk? No, but a dervise.

A monk, I think, however fat,

Must be more bountiful than that.

## THE COACH AND THE FLY.

Upon a sandy, up-hill road,  
Which naked in the sunshine glowed,  
Six lusty horses drew a coach.  
Dames, monks, and invalids its load,  
On foot, outside, at leisure trode.  
The team, all weary, stopped and blowed :  
Whereon there did a fly approach,  
And, with a vastly business air,  
Cheered up the horses with his buzz,—  
Now pricked them here, now pricked them there,  
As neatly as a jockey does,  
And thought the while—he knew 'twas so—  
He made the team and carriage go,—  
On carriage-pole sometimes alighting,—  
Or driver's nose,—and biting.  
And when the whole did get in motion,  
Confirmed and settled in the notion,  
He took, himself, the total glory,—  
Flew back and forth in wondrous hurry,  
And, as he buzzed about the cattle,  
Seemed like a sergeant in a battle,  
The files and squadrons leading on  
To where the victory is won.  
Thus charged with all the common weal,  
This single fly began to feel  
Responsibility too great,  
And cares a grievous, crushing weight,  
And made complaint that none would aid  
The horses up the tedious hill :  
The monk his prayers at leisure said,—  
Fine time to pray!—the dames, at will,  
Were singing songs,—not greatly needed !



Thus in their ears he sharply sang,  
And notes of indignation rang,—  
Notes, after all, not greatly heeded.  
Ere long the coach was on the top :  
“ Now,” said the fly, “ my hearties, stop  
And breathe ; I’ve got you up the hill ;  
And, Messrs. Horses, let me say,  
I need not ask you if you will  
A proper compensation pay.”

Thus certain ever-bustling noddies  
Are seen in every great affair ;  
Important, swelling busybodies  
And bores ’tis easier to bear  
Than chase them from their needless care.

[The following is from an anonymous translator.]

THE CROW AND THE FOX.

A master crow, perched on a tree one day,  
Was holding in his beak a cheese ;  
A master fox, by the odor drawn that way,  
Spake unto him in words like these :  
“ Oh, good-morning, my Lord Crow !  
How well you look, how handsome you do grow !  
’Pon my honor, if your note  
Bears a resemblance to your coat,  
You are the phoenix of the dwellers in these woods.”  
At these words does the crow exceedingly rejoice ;  
And, to display his beauteous voice,  
He opens a wide beak, lets fall his stolen goods.  
The fox seized on’t, and said, “ My good Monsieur,  
Learn that every flatterer

Lives at the expense of him who hears him out.

This lesson is well worth a cheese, no doubt."

The crow, ashamed, and much in pain,

Swore, but a little late, they'd not catch him so again.

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## THE BATTLE OF IVRY.

MAXIMILIEN, DUC DE SULLY.

[Maximilien de Béthune, Duc de Sully, a French statesman of great merit and celebrity, was born at Rosny in 1560. He was of Protestant birth, and narrowly escaped death in the terrible slaughter of St. Bartholomew's day, afterwards accompanying the King of Navarre in his escape from the French court. He continued to serve Henry as soldier and statesman, and became his minister of finance, and virtually prime minister, after his accession to the French throne as Henry IV. After the assassination of the king, Sully retired to private life, and died at the age of eighty-two. His later years were employed in writing his celebrated "*Mémoires*," a work which covers the period from 1570 to 1610 and ranks among the most interesting and authentic of French histories. We select, from the translation by Mrs. Lennox, the following vivid account of the battle of Ivry.]

WHAT gave the victory to the weaker party (in the battle of Ivry) was the valor of the Marshal d'Aumont, who prevented the entire defeat of the light-horse; the great difference between the enemy's manner of using their artillery and ours; and, above all, the uncommon abilities of the king (which were never so perfectly known as in the day of battle) in the disposition of his troops, rallying them, their discipline, and their prompt and entire obedience.

It is certain the Duke of Mayenne and the Count of Egmont, who were at the head of the Spaniards, imagined

that if the king ventured to wait for them the victory would be theirs, and that if he yielded or gave ground before them, as they expected, they depended upon nothing less than forcing him out of whatever place he should retreat to, and thus finish the war by a single blow. With such dispositions, what must be the consequence? I say nothing of the generals, who alone are worth many thousand men. The stronger party never makes use of those precautions that are necessary against an enemy of equal strength; and the weaker never forms a resolution to defend itself against a more numerous army without determining likewise to supply by valor and address the deficiency of numbers. Danger which inspires a courage animated by glory and difficulties reduces both sides to a kind of equality.

The king's squadron in which I was had the attacks of the Count of Egmont to sustain, who fell upon us with his own squadron and another of a thousand or twelve hundred German horse. It is true, the Germans, who professed the same religion as our soldiers, fired their pieces in the air; but the Count of Egmont behaved like a man who was resolved to conquer. He charged us with such fury that, notwithstanding the desertion of the Germans, after a terrible fire, and an encounter which lasted a full quarter of an hour, in which the ground was covered with dead bodies, the left of our squadron fled, and the right was broken and gave ground. At the first onset my horse was wounded by a musket-shot, which passed through his nostrils and struck his shoulder, and soon after a thrust of a spear carried away a large piece of the skin of his belly and part of the thick of my leg. I received another wound in my hand; a pistol-shot gave me a third, more considerable; the ball entered my hip, and came out near my groin. While I was in this condition, I was relieved

by the kindness of my equerry, who brought me another horse, upon which I mounted, though with great difficulty. At a second charge, this horse was likewise slain, and in the same moment I received a pistol-shot in the thigh, and a cut with a sword on the head. I fell to the earth, and with my senses lost all the remaining part of the action, which, from the advantage the Count of Egmont had already gained, boded no good to us. All I know is, that a long time after, recovering my senses, I saw neither enemies, nor any of my domestics near me, whom terror and the disorder had dispersed: another presage which appeared to me no less unfavorable. I retired without a head-piece, and almost without armor, for mine had been battered to pieces. In this condition I saw a trooper of the enemy's running towards me, with an intention to take away my life. By good fortune, I found myself near a pear-tree, to which I crept, and, with that little motion I was still able to exert, made such good use of the branches, which were extremely low, that I evaded all my adversary's attempts and kept him at a distance, till, being weary with turning round the tree, he at last quitted me. Feuquières had not the like good fortune: he was killed that moment before my eyes. Just then La Rocheforêt (who has since become one of my attendants) passing by, I asked him for a little nag which he was leading, and paid him for it on the spot, thirty crowns; for it was always my opinion that on such occasions it is proper to carry a little money about one.

Thus mounted, I was going to learn news of the battle, when I saw seven of the enemy approach, one of whom carried the white standard belonging to the Duke of Mayenne. I thought it impossible to escape this new danger, and upon their crying out, "*Qui vive?*" I told my name, as being ready to surrender myself a prisoner; but

how was I astonished when, instead of attacking me, I found four of these persons entreating me to receive them as prisoners and to save their lives, and, while they ranged themselves about me, appear rejoiced at the meeting! I granted their request; and it seemed so surprising to me that four men unhurt, and well armed, should surrender themselves to a single man, disarmed, covered with his own blood, mounted upon a little paltry nag, and scarce able to support himself, that I was tempted to take all I saw for an illusion. But I was soon convinced of the truth of it. My prisoners (since they would be so) made themselves known to be Messieurs de Châtaigneraie, de Sigogne, de Chanteloup, and d'Anfreville. They told me that the Duke of Mayenne had lost the battle; that the king was that instant in pursuit of the vanquished, which had obliged them to surrender for fear of falling into worse hands, their horses not being in a condition to carry them out of danger: at the same time Sigogne, in token of surrender, presented me with the white standard. The three others, who were the Duke of Nemours, the Chevalier d'Aumale, and Tremont, not seeming inclined to surrender, I endeavored to persuade them to do so, but in vain. After recommending their companions to me, seeing a body of the king's troops advance, they rode away, and showed me that their horses were still vigorous enough to bear them from their enemies.

I advanced with my prisoners towards a battalion of Swiss, and, meeting one of the king's chief pages, I gave him the standard, as I was not able to carry it any longer on account of my wounds. I now saw more plainly the marks of our victory: the field was full of the fugitive Leaguers and Spaniards, and the victorious army of the king pursuing and scattering the remains of the larger bodies, which had dispersed, and were again drawing

together. The Swiss soldiers of the two armies, meeting, bullied each other, with their pikes lowered, without striking a blow or making any other motion.

The white standard embroidered with black flowers-de-luce was known by every one to be that of the Guises, which they bore in memory and through horror of the assassination of Blois, and drew great numbers to it as a prey equally rich and honorable. The black velvet coats of my prisoners, which were covered with silver crosses, glittered from afar in the field. The first who flew to seize them were Messieurs de Cambrai, de l'Archant, du Rollet, de Crèveœur, de Palcheux, and de Brasseuse, who were joined by the Count de Torigny. I advanced towards them, and, supposing they would not know my face, disfigured by blood and dust, I named myself. The Count de Torigny no sooner knew La Châtaigneraie, who was his relation, than, judging that, in the condition he saw me, I should not be able to preserve my prisoners from insult, he entreated me to give Châtaigneraie to his care, for whom, he said, he would be answerable. I readily granted his request, yet it was with regret that I saw him go away. What Torigny did through a principle of friendship had a fatal consequence for the unhappy Châtaigneraie: some moments after he was known by three men belonging to d'O's company, who had been guard to Henry III., who, levelling their pieces at him, shot him dead, crying out, "Sdeath! thou traitor to thy king, whom thou didst murder, and triumphed in the deed!" This I learned from the Count de Torigny himself, when I inquired of him respecting my prisoner, whose ransom, many persons said, he was bound to pay me, and even advised me to demand it of him; but I did not choose to do this, as well from Châtaigneraie having been my particular friend, as from the affliction I knew Torigny felt at his unhappy fate.



I soon saw myself surrounded by many persons, among whom there was not one that did not envy my good fortune. D'Anelot came after the rest, and, passing through the crowd, perceived Sigogne, and the page who carried the standard. He was preparing to seize it, believing his good fortune had preserved this prize for him, when a report that the enemy had rallied obliged him to depart abruptly. I had not time to undeceive him; for after he had bid the page keep the standard for him, he suddenly disappeared. The news was found to be false, and had no other foundation than the arrival of two hundred soldiers from Picardy, which Messieurs de Mouy and de la Boissière had brought to the Duke of Mayenne.

Being now disengaged from the crowd, and finding myself in need of help, especially for the wound in my hip, by which I lost a great deal of blood, I advanced with my prize to the head of Vignole's regiment, which had behaved bravely in the battle. Here fearing no further surprise, I asked for a surgeon to bind up my wound, and desired some wine to prevent fainting, which I found coming upon me. My strength being a little renewed, I got to Anet, the keeper of which gave me an apartment, where I caused the first dressing to be put on my wounds, in the presence of the Marshal Biron, who spent a few moments there after my arrival, and took some refreshment in my chamber; he was conducting the *corps de réserve*, which he commanded, to the king, who, without stopping after his victory, had passed the river Eure in pursuit of the enemy, and, as I was told, took the road at last to Rosny, where he lay the same night.

After the Marshal Biron was gone, d'Anelot arrived at Anet, full of resentment against me for taking away his prize, for so he thought it. He entered my chamber attended by five or six armed men, and, with an air

equally fierce and insulting, demanded an explanation, or, rather, sought to do himself justice; for, perceiving the white standard, which with that belonging to my company had been placed at the head of my bed, he would have taken possession of it by force, without attending to what I said. I changed my tone immediately, and high words passed between us. In the condition in which I was, I could do no more. But he speaking with fury and making use of threats, the noise drew fifteen or twenty of my troopers into the chamber, at the sight of whom d'Andelot, restraining his rage, went out, commanding Sigogne to follow him, which he refused, and endeavored, but in vain, to make him comprehend the injustice of his pretensions.

The next morning I was carried by water to Passy, intending to go to Rosny, to finish my cure. On my arrival at Passy I learned that part of the soldiers of my train, and my valets, with all my baggage, had retired thither, not knowing what was become of me, and intimidated by a report which was spread, that the king had lost the battle. Being apprehensive of the reproaches I might make them, they kept themselves concealed. I caused them to be sought for, but they were so ashamed of their cowardice that the following night they fled away on foot, leaving in a stable four of their own horses, which, after all search had been made for their owners, but in vain, I ordered to be sold, and distributed the money among such of their wounded companions as were least able to pay for medical aid.

As I was not in a condition to mount a horse, I ordered a kind of litter, composed of the branches of trees, with the bark on, fastened together by the hoops of some casks, to be made for me in haste, as I learnt that Mantes (to the government of which I had a claim) had capitulated, and

travelled by Beurons, to avoid the ascents and declivities of Rougevoie and Châtillon.

Maignan, who was a youth of a lively imagination, thought proper to give this journey the air of a little triumph: two of the grooms of my stable were at the head of this train, each leading two of my finest horses; they were followed by two of my pages, one of whom rode my horse which was first wounded in the battle, as already mentioned, and which, running about the field of battle, was fortunately known by three of my arquebusiers. This page carried my cuirass and the Duke of Mayenne's standard; the other bore my bracelets and my helmet, so bruised that it was no longer of any use. My equerry, the contriver of this diverting scene, marched next, with his head bound up, and his arm in a scarf; he was followed by Moreines, my valet-de-chambre, dressed in my coat of orange-colored velvet spangled with silver, and mounted upon my English nag, holding in his hand, as a trophy, a bundle of the shivers of my pistols, the broken pieces of my swords, and the tattered remains of my plume of feathers. The litter on which I lay came next, covered only with a cloth, upon which they had hung the black velvet coats of my prisoners, with their plumes, and pieces of their pistols and swords at the four corners. The prisoners themselves followed my litter, and preceded the rest of my domestics; after whom, ranged in order, came my own company of soldiers, and the march was closed with James and Badet's two companies of arquebusiers. They had suffered so much in the battle that there was not one of them who had not his head bound up and his arm in a scarf; and some of these brave soldiers were even obliged to be carried by their companions.

When we came near Beurons, we perceived all the plain covered with horses and dogs, and presently the king him-

self, who, after a slight repast, had returned from Rosny to Mantes, and was hunting there in my chase. This little ovation seemed to please him; he thought it very happily disposed, and smiled at the vanity of Maignan, who had the honor of being known to the king, ever since his father, who was a very brave man, had made himself remarkable at the taking of Eause. The king approached my litter, and in the sight of his whole train disdained not to give me such proofs of tenderness and concern as (if I may be allowed the expression) one friend would do to another. I could not express my gratitude by throwing myself at his feet, but I assured him, and with truth, that I would gladly suffer a thousand times more for his service. He inquired, with an obliging solicitude, whether all my wounds were of such a nature that I might hope to be cured without mutilating any part of my body, which he thought almost impossible, knowing that I had been thrown down senseless and trampled under the horses' feet. When he was convinced that I had nothing to fear, he cast himself on my neck, and, turning to the princes and noblemen who followed him, he said, aloud, that he honored me with the title of a true and honest knight, a title which, he said, he thought superior to that of a knight-companion of his orders. Being apprehensive that I should hurt myself by speaking too much, he put an end to this agreeable conversation, with his usual protestation, that I should share in whatever good fortune heaven should send him, and concluded by saying, "Farewell, my friend; take care of yourself, and, depend upon it, you have a good master," and, without suffering me to reply, galloped off to pursue the chase about Mantes.

## THE APPROACH TO DAMASCUS.

ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE.

[Lamartine, so celebrated in recent French literature as a poet, orator, historian, and writer of travels, was born at Mâcon, on the Saône, in 1792. His first literary venture was his "Poetic Meditations," published in 1820, which had an extraordinary sale. Other poetic productions followed, and in 1833 appeared a prose work, his "Pilgrimage to the Holy Land," from which our present selection is taken. His great historical production, the "History of the Girondists," was published in 1847, and at once attracted wide attention for its clearness and vividness of style, and for the finely-drawn sketches of the principal actors in the Revolution. He published subsequently several other historical works, and died in 1869.

The works of Lamartine have been translated into most of the European languages, and are everywhere highly esteemed. A vein of poetic inspiration runs through all his thoughts which gives a high degree of brilliancy and eloquence to his style. The charm of the first view of Damascus, that marvel of the desert, though often described, has never been better told than in the selection here given.]

AT nine in the morning we passed along the side of a mountain covered with country-houses and gardens, belonging to the inhabitants of Damascus. A fine bridge is thrown across a torrent at the foot of the mountain. We saw numerous strings of camels laden with stones for new buildings, and everything indicated that we were approaching a great capital. After another hour's journey, we perceived, on the summit of an eminence, a little insulated mosque, the dwelling of a solitary Mahometan. A fountain flows near the mosque, and copper cups, chained to the basin, enable the traveller to slake his thirst. We halted for a short time in this spot, beneath the shade of a

sycamore. The road was now thronged with travellers, peasants, and Arab soldiers. We again mounted our horses, and, after proceeding along an ascent of a few hundred paces, we entered a deep defile, bounded on the left by a mountain of schists, rising perpendicularly above our heads, and on the right by a ridge of rock thirty or forty feet high. The descent was rapid, and fragments of loose stone rolled under our horses' feet.

I was riding at the head of the caravan, at a few paces behind the Arabs of Zebdami. They suddenly stopped short, and, uttering exclamations of joy, pointed to an opening in the rock on our right. I approached, and, looking through the cleft, I beheld the grandest and most singular prospect that ever presented itself to the eye of man. It was Damascus and its boundless desert, lying at the depth of a few hundred feet below us. The city, surrounded by its ramparts of black and yellow marble, flanked by its innumerable square towers, crowned by sculptured cranies, commanded by its forest of minarets of every form, and intersected by the seven branches of its river and its numberless streams, extended as far as the eye could reach. It was a labyrinth of gardens and flowers, thrusting its suburbs here and there in the vast plain, encircled by its forest of ten leagues in circumference, and everywhere shaded by groves of sycamore and trees of every form and hue.

From time to time the city seemed lost beneath the umbrageous canopies of these trees, and then again reappeared, spreading into broad lakes of houses, suburbs, and villages, interspersed with labyrinths of orchards, palaces, and streamlets. Our eyes were bewildered, and only turned from one enchantment to fix upon another. We stopped simultaneously. All thronged round the little aperture in the rock which was pierced like a window,



and we contemplated, sometimes with exclamations, and sometimes in silence, the magic spectacle which had suddenly opened beneath our eyes at the close of a journey through so many barren solitudes, and at the commencement of another desert, which has no bounds but Bagdad and Bassora, and which it requires forty days to traverse. At length we pursued our course. The parapet of rock which concealed from us the plain and the city lowered insensibly, and soon afforded us an uninterrupted view of the whole horizon. We were now not more than five hundred paces from the walls of the suburbs. These walls, which are surrounded by charming kiosks and country-houses in various styles of Oriental architecture, glitter round Damascus like a circlet of gold. The square towers which flank them, and which surmount their line, are encrusted with arabesques pierced in ogives, with columns as slender as reeds and edged with cranies surmounted by turbans. The walls are covered with stone, or slabs of yellow and black marble arranged in elegant symmetry. The tops of the cypresses and other large trees in the gardens in the interior of the city rise above the walls and towers, and crown them with sombre verdure.

The innumerable eupolas of the mosques and palaces of a city containing four hundred thousand inhabitants now reflected the rays of the setting sun, and the blue and brilliant waters of the seven rivers alternately sparkled and disappeared amidst the trees and gardens. The horizon was boundless as the ocean. On the right the broad sides of the Anti-Libanus receded one behind the other, like immense waves of shadow, sometimes advancing like promontories into the plain, and sometimes opening like deep gulfs in which the plain embedded itself with its forests and villages: several of the latter contain as many as thirty thousand inhabitants. Some branches of the

river and two large lakes were here visible, shining in the obscurity of the general tint of verdure in which Damascus seems to be veiled. On our left the plain was more open, and it was only at the distance of twelve or fifteen leagues that we again saw the summits of mountains, blanched with snow, shining in the blue sky like clouds on the ocean.

The city is entirely surrounded by orchards, or rather by forests of fruit-trees, with which the vines are entwined, as at Naples, and hang in festoons among fig-, apricot-, pear-, and cherry-trees. Under these trees the earth, which is rich, fertile, and always well watered, is carpeted with barley, corn, maize, and all the leguminous plants which this soil produces. Little white houses peep out here and there from amidst the verdure of the forests: they are either the gardeners' houses, or little summer-houses belonging to the family who own the ground. These cultivated enclosures are peopled with horses, sheep, camels, and doves, and everything that can impart animation to the scenery of nature; they are on the average two or three acres in extent, and are separated one from another by mud walls baked in the sun, and by fine quick-set hedges. Numerous shady paths, refreshed by fountains, intersect these gardens, leading from one suburb to another, or to the different gates of the city. The gardens form a boundary of twenty or thirty leagues in circumference round Damascus.

We had advanced for some time in silence through the first labyrinths of trees, somewhat uneasy at not seeing the guide we expected. We halted; and he at length made his appearance. He was a poor Armenian, ill dressed, and having on his head a black turban, such as all the Christians of Damascus are obliged to wear. He approached our caravan, said a few words, and made a

sign; and, instead of entering the city by the suburb and the gate before us, we proceeded along the walls, which we passed almost entirely around, and entered, by a solitary gate, near the quarter of the Armenians. The house in which M. Baudin had prepared lodgings for us was in that quarter. Nothing was said to us at the first gate of the city. Having entered it, we rode for a considerable way past some high walls with grated windows. On the other side of the street was a deep canal of running water, which turned the wheels of several mills. At the end of this street we were stopped, and an altercation arose between my Arabs and some soldiers who guarded a second and inner gate, for all the quarters of the city have distinct gates. . . .

Fortunately, I had in my bosom a recent letter from Ibrahim Pacha. I presented it to the officer commanding the post. He read it, pressed it to his forehead and lips, and permitted us to enter, making a thousand excuses and compliments. We wandered for a considerable time through a labyrinth of dirty narrow lanes, lined on either side with little low houses whose mud walls seemed ready to fall on us. Through the trellis-work which screened the windows we saw beautiful Armenian girls, who, attracted by the noise of our long file of horses, came to look at us, and addressed to us words of kind greeting. At length we halted at a low narrow door in a street through which we scarcely had room to pass. We alighted from our horses, passed through a dark, gloomy corridor, and found ourselves, as if by enchantment, in a court paved with marble, shaded by sycamores, refreshed by two Moorish fountains, and surrounded by marble porticos and richly-furnished rooms. This was the residence of M. Baudin. The house, like those of all the Christians in Damascus, had the appearance of being a mere hut on the

outside, but it was a delicious palace within. The tyranny of the fanatical populace obliges the Christians to conceal their wealth and their comforts under the mask of poverty and misery. Our baggage was unloaded at the door; the court was filled with our packages, our tents and saddles; and our horses were conducted to the khan of the bazaar.

M. Baudin assigned to each of us a little apartment, furnished in the Oriental style; and, whilst reposing on his divans, at his hospitable table, we forgot the fatigues of our long pilgrimage. To meet a man whom one knows and loves, in a strange and foreign land, is like being restored to one's country. . . .

M. Baudin is one of those rare men whom nature has fitted for everything. He possesses a shrewd and clear mind, a firm and upright heart, and indefatigable activity. He is alike at home in Europe, in Asia, in Paris or in Damascus, on land or on sea. He can accommodate himself to any place, and he finds happiness everywhere, because his mind is resigned, like that of the Arab, to the great law which forms the basis both of Christianity and Islamism,—viz., submission to the will of God,—and also because he is animated by that ingenious activity of mind which is the second soul of the European. His language, his person, and his manners all bear the impression which his fortune has stamped upon them. To hear him conversing about France and the passing events of Europe, he might be taken for a man just arrived from Paris; to see him in the evening reclining on his divan, between a merchant from Bassora and a Turkish pilgrim from Bagdad, smoking his pipe or his *narguilé*, indolently passing his fingers over the amber beads of an Oriental chaplet, a turban drawn over his forehead, and slippers on his feet, uttering a word in about every quarter of an hour, on the price of coffee or furs, he would be taken for a slave-mer-

chant, or a pilgrim returning from Mecca. No man's education and views can be enlarged unless he has travelled much,—unless he has changed twenty times his modes of thinking and the habits of his life. The conventional and uniform customs adopted by the man who leads a regular and monotonous life in his own country are moulds which give a diminished impress to everything. Taste, philosophy, religion, character, all are more enlarged, more just and accurate, in the man who has seen nature and society under various points of view. Travelling supplies an optic for the material and intellectual universe. To travel in search of wisdom was a sort of proverb among the ancients; but it is not understood among us. They travelled not merely in search of unknown dogmas and lessons of philosophy, but to see and to judge everything. For my part, I am constantly struck with the narrow and petty view we take of the institutions and customs of foreign nations; and if my mind has been enlarged, if my views have been extended, if I have learned to tolerate things by understanding them, I owe all these advantages to my frequent changes of scene and points of view. To study past ages in history, men by travelling, and God in nature,—that is the grand school. We study everything in our miserable books, and compare everything with our petty local habits. And who have made our habits and our books? Men who knew as little as ourselves. Let us open the Book of books! Let us live, see, and travel! The world is a book of which we turn a page at every step. How little must he know who has turned but one page!

## THE RIDE OF THE GUARDSMEN.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

[Dumas the elder, a celebrated French novelist and dramatist, was born at Villers-Cotterets in 1803. At the age of twenty he went to Paris, where he obtained a clerkship, and five years afterwards produced a drama entitled "Henri III," whose favorable reception was a triumph of the romantic school over the older classic drama of France. He wrote several other dramas, immoral in tone, but displaying unusual facility in the construction of plots. These were followed by a long series of novels, of which the best-known are "The Three Guardsmen" and "The Count of Monte-Cristo."

No writer of the present age has shown a greater literary fecundity than Dumas, novel after novel dropping with amazing rapidity from his pen, each marked with the ability in composing his story, the facile flow of conversation, and the quick succession of sensational incidents to which his high popularity is due. From "The Three Guardsmen" we select an illustrative chapter, in which is condensed sufficient action for ten chapters of many novelists. It turns on the leading incident of the story. Richelieu, a bitter enemy of the queen, discovers that she has presented some valuable diamonds to the Duke of Buckingham, who is publicly wearing them in England. The cunning cardinal gets the king to request that the queen shall wear these diamonds at a ball which is soon to be given. The queen, in dismay at her dangerous situation, sends the three guardsmen, and D'Artagnan, their shrewd associate, to England, to obtain the diamonds from Buckingham. Richelieu, expecting some such effort, has laid his plans to stop any such messengers. We leave Dumas to tell, in his inimitable manner, the story of the perilous journey of the guardsmen.]

At two o'clock in the morning our four adventurers left Paris, by the barrier St.-Denis. Whilst the darkness lasted, they continued silent. In spite of themselves, they felt the influence of the obscurity, and suspected an ambuscade at every step.



With the first streak of day, their tongues became unbound, and gayety returned with the sun. It was as on the eve of battle: the heart beat, and the eyes sparkled; and they felt that the life which they were perhaps about to leave was, after all, a pleasant and a precious thing.

The appearance of the cavalcade was of the most formidable character: the black horses of the musketeers, their martial bearing, and that military custom which made these noble chargers march in rank, were all indications of their calling, which would have betrayed them through the most elaborate disguises.

The valets followed armed to the teeth.

All went on well as far as Chantilly, where they arrived at about eight in the morning, and where they were obliged to breakfast. They dismounted at a tavern, which was recommended by the sign of St. Martin giving half his cloak to a beggar. They ordered their servants not to unsaddle their horses, and to be ready to depart at a moment's notice.

They entered the common room of the inn, and placed themselves at table. A gentleman who had arrived by the Dampmartin road was seated at the table, breakfasting. He entered into conversation, concerning the rain and the fine weather. The travellers replied: he drank to their healths, and they returned the compliment. But at the moment when Musqueton came to announce that the horses were ready, and as they arose from table, the stranger proposed to Porthos to drink the cardinal's health. Porthos replied that he desired nothing better, provided the stranger would, in turn, drink the health of the king. The stranger exclaimed that he knew no other king than his eminence. On this, Porthos called him a drunken fellow, and the stranger drew his sword.

"You have done a foolish thing," said Athos; "but

never mind ; you cannot draw back now ; kill the fellow, and come after us as quick as you can."

And all three mounted their horses, and departed at full speed ; whilst Porthos promised his adversary to perforate him in all the fashions known to the fencing-school.

"There's an end of one," said Athos, after they had travelled five hundred paces.

"But why did that man attack Porthos, rather than the others?" said Aramis.

"Because, from Porthos speaking louder than the rest of us, he took him for the leader of the party," said D'Artagnan.

"I always said," muttered Athos, "that the Gascon youth was a well of wisdom."

The travellers proceeded on their way.

At Beauvais they stopped two hours, partly to breathe their horses, and partly to wait for Porthos. At the end of that time, as neither Porthos nor any intelligence of him had arrived, they resumed their journey.

About a league from Beauvais, at a point where the way was narrowed between two banks, they met eight or ten men, who, taking advantage of the road being unpaved at this place, seemed to be engaged in digging holes and making muddy ruts.

Aramis, fearing to dirty his boots in this artificial slough, apostrophized them rudely. Athos wished to restrain him, but it was too late. The workmen began to rail at the travellers, and, by their insolence, even ruffled the temper of the cool Athos, who urged his horse against one of them.

At this aggression, each of these men drew back to the ditch and took from it a concealed musket. The result was that our seven travellers were literally riddled by shot. Aramis received a ball through the shoulder, and

Musqueton another in the fleshy part of the back, below the loins. But Musqueton alone fell from his horse; not that he was seriously wounded, but, as he could not see his wound, he no doubt thought it far more dangerous than it really was.

"This is an ambuscade," said D'Artagnan: "let us not burn priming, but away."

Aramis, wounded as he was, seized the mane of his horse, which carried him off with the others. That of Musqueton had rejoined them, and galloped without a rider by their side.

"That will give us a spare horse," said Athos.

"I should much prefer a hat," said D'Artagnan, "for mine has been carried off by a ball. It is very lucky, faith, that my letter was not within it."

"Ah, but they will kill poor Porthos when he comes up," said Aramis.

"If Porthos were upon his legs he would have rejoined us ere this," said Athos. "It is my opinion that in the combat the drunkard grew sober."

They galloped on for two more hours, although the horses were so fatigued that it was to be feared they would break down on the way.

The travellers had taken a cross-road, hoping thereby to be less molested; but at Crève-cœur Aramis declared that he could go no farther. In fact, it had required all the courage which he concealed beneath his elegant form and polished manners to proceed so far. At each movement he grew paler; and they were at last obliged to support him on his horse. Putting him down at the door of a wine-shop, and leaving with him Bazin, who was more hinderance than help in a skirmish, they set off again, in hopes of reaching Amiens to sleep.

"Zounds!" said Athos, when they found themselves

once more upon the way, reduced to two masters, with Grimaud and Planchet, "Zounds, I will be their dupe no more. I promise you that they shall not make me open my mouth, or draw my sword, between here and Calais. I swear——"

"Don't swear," said D'Artagnan, "but gallop,—that is, if our horses will consent to it."

And the travellers dug their spurs into the flanks of their horses, which, thus urged, recovered some degree of strength. They reached Amiens at midnight, and dismounted at the sign of the Golden Lily.

The innkeeper had the look of the honestest fellow upon earth. He received the travellers with a candlestick in one hand and a cotton night-cap in the other. He wished to lodge the two travellers each in a charming chamber; but, unfortunately, these two chambers were at opposite extremities of the hotel. D'Artagnan and Athos declined them. The host objected that he had no others worthy of their excellencies; but they declared that they would rather sleep in the common room, on mattresses upon the floor. The host insisted, but the travellers were obstinate, and carried their point.

They had just arranged their beds, and barricaded the door, when some one knocked at the shutters. They inquired who was there, and, on recognizing the voices of the servants, opened the window. It was Planchet and Grimaud.

"Grimaud will be sufficient to guard the horses," said Planchet, "and, if the gentlemen like, I will sleep across the door, by which means they will be certain that no one can get at them."

"And on what will you sleep?" asked D'Artagnan.

"This is my bed," replied Planchet, strewing a bundle of straw.

"Come, then," said D'Artagnan, "you are quite right; the countenance of our host does not at all please me: it is far too polite."

"Nor me either," said Athos.

Planchet got in at the window, and laid himself across the door-way; whilst Grimaud shut himself up in the stable, promising at five in the morning that he and the four horses should be ready.

The night passed quickly enough. Some one attempted, about two o'clock, to open the door; but, as Planchet awoke with a start, and cried out, "Who is there?" he was answered that it was a mistake; and then the footsteps retreated.

At four in the morning a great noise was heard from the stables. Grimaud had endeavored to awake the hostlers, and they had made an attack upon him. When the window was opened, they saw the poor fellow lying senseless, with his head split open by the blow of a broom-handle.

Planchet went into the court-yard, and wanted to saddle the horses, but the horses were completely foundered. That of Grimaud, which had travelled for five or six hours without a rider, the evening before, might have continued its journey; but, by an inconceivable mistake, the veterinary surgeon, whom they had brought, as it appeared, to bleed the landlord's horse, had bled that of Grimaud.

This began to be vexatious. All these successive accidents were perhaps the result of chance, but they might also be the effect of design. Athos and D'Artagnan stepped out, whilst Planchet went to inquire whether there were three horses to be sold in the neighborhood. At the door were two horses ready saddled, fresh and vigorous. This was just the thing. He asked where

their masters were, and was informed that they had passed the night there, and were now paying their bill.

Athos went down to settle their account, whilst D'Artagnan and Planchet remained at the door. The innkeeper was in a distant lower room, which Athos was requested to enter.

Athos went in without distrust, and took out two pistols to pay. The host was alone, and seated at his desk, one of the drawers of which was partly open. He took the money which Athos gave him, turned it over in his hands, and, suddenly exclaiming that the pieces were bad, declared that he would have him and his companion arrested as passers of false coin.

"You rascal!" said Athos, as he went toward him, "I will cut off your ears."

But the host stooped down, and, taking two pistols from the drawer, aimed them at Athos, vociferating, at the same time, for help.

At that very moment, four men, armed to the teeth, rushed in through the side-doors and fell upon Athos.

"I am seized!" bawled Athos, with the utmost strength of his lungs. "Away with you, D'Artagnan! spur on! spur on!" And he fired off his two pistols.

D'Artagnan and Planchet did not wait to be twice warned. They unfastened the two horses which were standing at the door, jumped upon them, dug spurs into their sides, and went off at full gallop.

"Do you know what has become of Athos?" asked D'Artagnan, as they hurried on.

"Oh, sir," said Planchet, "I saw two men fall at his two shots, and it seemed to me, through the window, as if he were working away at the others with his sword."

"Brave Athos!" ejaculated D'Artagnan. "And then to feel that I must abandon you! Well, the same thing



awaits us, perhaps, at ten paces hence. Forward, Planchet, forward! You are a brave fellow."

"I told you so, sir," replied Planchet: "the Picards are only known by being used. Besides, I am in my own country here, and that excites me."

And both of them spurring on as fast as possible arrived at St.-Omer without a moment's stay. At St.-Omer they breathed their horses, with their bridles hanging on their arms for fear of accident, and ate a morsel standing in the street; after which they again set off.

At a hundred paces from the gates of Calais, D'Artagnan's horse fell, and could by no means be got up again. The blood gushed from his eyes and nose. That of Planchet still remained; but he had chosen to halt, and nothing could induce him to continue his exertions.

Fortunately, as we have said, they were only a hundred paces from the town. They therefore left the two steeds upon the high-road, and ran to the harbor. Planchet made his master remark a gentleman who had just arrived with his servant and was not above fifty yards before them.

They hastily drew near this gentleman, who appeared to be exceedingly busy. His boots were covered with dust, and he inquired whether he could not pass over to England instantly.

"Nothing could be more easy," replied the master of a vessel then ready for sailing, "but an order arrived this morning to let no one leave without permission from the cardinal."

"I have got that permission," said the gentleman, drawing a paper from his pocket: "there it is."

"Get it countersigned by the governor of the port," said the master of the vessel, "and give me the first chance."

"Where shall I find the governor?"

"At his country-house."

"And his country-house is situated——"

"At a quarter of a league from the town. See, you may distinguish it from here,—the slated roof at the foot of that little hill."

"Very well," said the gentleman; and, followed by his servant, he took the road to the governor's country-house.

D'Artagnan and Planchet followed him, at the distance of five hundred yards.

Once out of the town, D'Artagnan hurried forward and joined the gentleman as he entered a small wood.

"Sir," said D'Artagnan, "you appear in particular haste."

"No one can be more so, sir."

"I am very sorry for it," said D'Artagnan, "for, as I am in a hurry also, I want you to render me a service."

"What is it?"

"To let me pass the straits before you."

"Impossible!" said the gentleman. "I have done sixty leagues in forty-four hours, and I must be in London by noon to-morrow."

"And I," said D'Artagnan, "have done the same distance in forty hours, and must be in London by ten o'clock to-morrow."

"I am grieved, sir, but I have got here first, and will not go over second."

"I am grieved also, sir," said D'Artagnan, "but I have got here second, and mean to go over first."

"The king's service!" said the gentleman.

"My own service!" replied D'Artagnan.

"But it seems to me that this is a poor quarrel which you are seeking to make."

"Zounds! what would you have it?"

"What do you want?"

"Do you want to know?"

"Certainly."

"Very well! I want the order that you have in your pocket, as I have none, and you must have one."

"I presume you are joking."

"I never joke."

"Let me pass, sir."

"You shall not pass."

"My brave young man, I will blow your brains out. Halloo! Lubin, my pistols."

"Planchet," said D'Artagnan, "take care of the man. I will manage the master."

Planchet, encouraged by what had already happened, rushed upon Lubin, and, as he was strong and vigorous, laid him on his back, and put his knee upon his breast.

"Do your business, sir," said Planchet to his master. "I have settled mine."

Seeing this, the gentleman drew his sword, and fell on D'Artagnan; but he had to do with rather a powerful hand.

In three seconds D'Artagnan gave him three wounds, saying, at each thrust,—

"One for Athos, one for Porthos, and one for Aramis."

At the third stroke the gentleman fell like a clod.

D'Artagnan thought he was dead, or at least that he had fainted, and approached him to seize the order; but at the moment that he stretched out his hand to feel for it, the wounded man, who had not dropped his sword, stabbed him with it on the chest, saying,—

"One for you!"

"And one more for you! and the best last!" cried D'Artagnan, furiously, pinning him to the earth with a fourth wound through the stomach.

This time the gentleman closed his eyes, and fainted.

D'Artagnan felt in the pocket where he had seen him place the order for his passage, and took it. It was in the name of the Count de Wardes.

Then, throwing a last glance on the handsome young man, who was scarcely twenty-five years old, and whom he left lying there senseless, and perhaps dead, he breathed a sigh at the strange destiny which leads men to destroy each other for the interests of those they scarcely know, and who often are not even aware of their existence.

But he was soon disturbed in these reflections by Lubin, who was howling and crying for aid with all his might.

Planchet put his hand upon his throat, and squeezed it as hard as he could.

"Sir," said he, "as long as I hold him so, he will not cry out; but the moment I leave go, he will begin again. I can see he is a Norman, and the Normans are monstrously obstinate."

In fact, squeezed as he was, Lubin still endeavored to sound his pipes.

"Stop!" said D'Artagnan; and, taking his handkerchief, he gagged him.

"Now," said Planchet, "let us bind him to a tree."

The thing was properly done. They then placed the count near his servant; and, as the night began to fall, and as both the bound man and the wounded one were some paces in the wood, it was clear that they must remain there till the next morning.

"And now," said D'Artagnan, "for the governor."

"You are wounded, I fear?" said Planchet.

"It is nothing: let us now think of what is of the most consequence: we can attend to my wound afterward: besides, it does not appear to be very dangerous."

And they both proceeded, with prodigious strides, toward the country-house of the worthy functionary.

The Count de Wardes was announced.

D'Artagnan was introduced.

"Have you an order signed by the cardinal?" asked the governor.

"Yes, sir," said D'Artagnan: "here it is."

"Ah! ah! it is all right, and well recommended," said the governor.

"That is quite natural," answered D'Artagnan: "I am one of his most faithful servants."

"It appears that his eminence wishes to hinder some one from reaching England."

"Yes, a certain D'Artagnan, a Béarnese gentleman, who left Paris with three of his friends, intending to go to London."

"Do you know him personally?" inquired the governor.

"What do you mean?"

"This D'Artagnan."

"Particularly well."

"Give me some description of him, then."

"Nothing is easier."

And then D'Artagnan gave, feature for feature, the exact description of the Count de Wardes.

"Has he any attendant?" demanded the governor.

"Yes, a servant named Lubin."

"We will watch for them, and if we can lay hands upon him his eminence may be assured that they shall be sent back to Paris, under a sufficient escort."

"In so doing, sir," said D'Artagnan, "you will merit the gratitude of the cardinal."

"Shall you see him on your return, count?"

"Without doubt."

"Tell him, I beseech you," said the governor, "that I am his most humble servant."

"I will not fail to do so."

Delighted by this assurance, the governor countersigned the order, and returned it to D'Artagnan, who lost no time

in useless compliments, but, having bowed to the governor, and thanked him, took his leave.

Once out of the house, they took a circuitous path to avoid the wood, and entered the town by another gate.

The barque was ready to sail, and the master waited on the quay.

"Well?" said he, seeing D'Artagnan.

"Here is my pass, countersigned."

"And the other gentleman?"

"He will not go over to-day," said D'Artagnan; "but make yourself easy: I will pay for the passage of both."

"In that case, let us be off," said the master.

"Away, then!" cried D'Artagnan; and he and Planchet springing into the boat, in five minutes they were on board the vessel.

It was full time, for when they were a half-league out at sea, D'Artagnan saw a bright light, and heard an explosion: it was the sound of the cannon that announced the closing of the port.

It was now time to think about his wound. Happily, it was as D'Artagnan had supposed, not at all dangerous: the point of the sword had struck against a rib, and glanced along the bone; and, as the shirt had stuck to the wound at once, scarcely a drop of blood had flowed.

D'Artagnan was overpowered with fatigue; and, a mattress being spread for him on the deck, he threw himself upon it and slept.

The next morning at break of day he found himself at not less than three or four leagues from the shores of England: the wind had been gentle during the night, and they had made but little progress.

At two o'clock they cast anchor at Dover, and at half-past two D'Artagnan landed in England, exclaiming,—

"Here I am, at last."



## PATRIOTIC SONGS.

## VARIOUS.

[We give below the most celebrated of the patriotic songs of France, "The Marseilles Hymn," the martial lay of the Revolution of 1793, and "La Parisienne," the favorite patriotic song of the Revolution of 1830, at which period the "Marseilles Hymn" rose once more into favor and became the national ode of France. Claude Joseph Rouget de Lisle, born in 1760 at Lons-le-Saulnier, made a single contribution to literature, the "Marseilles Hymn," which was written and set to music in one night of April, 1792, and was received with the utmost enthusiasm by the people, though its author afterwards barely escaped becoming a victim to the guillotine.]

## THE MARSEILLES HYMN.

Ye sons of France, awake to glory!  
Hark! hark! what myriads bid you rise!  
Your children, wives, and grandsires hoary,—  
Behold their tears and hear their cries!  
Shall hateful tyrants, mischief breeding,  
With hireling hosts, a ruffian band,  
Affright and desolate the land,  
While liberty and peace lie bleeding?  
To arms, to arms, ye brave!  
The avenging sword unsheathe!  
March on! march on! all hearts resolved  
On victory or death!

Now, now, the dangerous storm is rolling,  
Which treacherous kings confederate raise;  
The dogs of war, let loose, are howling,  
And, lo! our fields and cities blaze.

And shall we basely view the ruin,  
While lawless Force, with guilty stride,  
Spreads desolation far and wide,  
With crimes and blood his hands imbruing?  
To arms, to arms, ye brave! etc.

With luxury and pride surrounded,  
The bold, insatiate despots dare—  
Their thirst of gold and power unbounded—  
To mete and vend the light and air.  
Like beasts of burden would they load us,  
Like gods would bid their slaves adore;  
But man is man, and who is more?  
Then shall they longer lash and goad us?  
To arms, to arms, ye brave! etc.

O Liberty, can man resign thee,  
Once having felt thy generous flame?  
Can dungeons, bolts, or bars confine thee,  
Or whips thy noble spirit tame?  
Too long the world has wept, bewailing  
That Falsehood's dagger tyrants wield;  
But Freedom is our sword and shield,  
And all their arts are unavailing.  
To arms, to arms, ye brave! etc.

[Jean François Casimir Delavigne, the author of "*La Parisienne*" and of other stirring patriotic poems, was born at Havre in 1794. In addition to his lyrics, he wrote a number of dramas, "*The Sicilian Vespers*," "*Marino Faliero*," "*Louis XI.*," and other tragedies, and "*L'École des Vieillards*," a comedy, which gave him a high reputation as a dramatic poet. His "*Parisienne*" was received with extraordinary favor, and became the rallying-hymn of the patriots of 1830.]

## LA PARISIENNE.

Gallant nation, now before you  
Freedom, beckoning onward, stands!  
Let no tyrant's sway be o'er you,—  
Wrest the sceptre from his hands!  
Paris gave the general cry :  
Glory, Fame, and Liberty!  
Speed, warriors, speed,  
Though thousands bleed,  
Pierced by the leaden ball, or crushed by thundering steed!  
Conquest waits,—your foemen die!

Keep your serried ranks in order ;  
Sons of France, your country calls!  
Gory hecatombs accord her,—  
Well she merits each who falls!  
Happy day! the general cry  
Echoed naught but Liberty!  
Speed, warriors, speed,  
Though thousands bleed,  
Pierced by the leaden ball, or crushed by thundering steed!  
Conquest waits,—your foemen die!

Vain the shot may sweep along you,  
Ranks of warriors now displayed!  
Youthful generals are among you,  
By the great occasion made!  
Happy day! the general cry  
Echoed naught but Liberty!  
Speed, warriors, speed,  
Though thousands bleed,  
Pierced by the leaden ball, or crushed by thundering steed!  
Conquest waits,—your foemen die!

Foremost, who the Carlist lances  
With the banner-staff has met?  
Freedom's votary advances,—  
Venerable Lafayette!  
Happy day! the general cry  
Echoed naught but Liberty!  
Speed, warriors, speed,  
Though thousands bleed,  
Pierced by the leaden ball, or crushed by thundering steed!  
Conquest waits,—your foemen die!

Triple dyes again combining,  
See the squadrons onward go!  
In the country's heaven shining,  
Mark the various-colored bow!  
Happy day! the general cry  
Echoed naught but Liberty!  
Speed, warriors, speed,  
Though thousands bleed,  
Pierced by the leaden ball, or crushed by thundering steed!  
Conquest waits,—your foemen die!

Heroes of that banner gleaming,  
Ye, who bore it in the fray,—  
Orléans' troops! your blood was streaming  
Freely on that fatal day!  
From the page of history  
We have learned the general cry!  
Speed, warriors, speed,  
Though thousands bleed,  
Pierced by the leaden ball, or crushed by thundering steed!  
Conquest waits,—your foemen die!

Muffled drum, thy music lonely  
Answers to the mourner's sighs!  
Laurels, for the valiant only,  
Ornament their obsequies!  
Sacred fane of Liberty,  
Let their memories never die!  
Bear to his grave  
Each warrior brave  
Who fell in Freedom's cause, his country's rights to save,  
Crowned with fame and victory!

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## THE IMPROVVISATORE.

JOHN CHARLES SISMONDI.

[John Charles Leonard Simonde de Sismondi, the eminent Swiss historian, was born at Geneva in 1773, the descendant of a family which migrated from France to that city after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. In 1793 he visited England, whose language and institutions he studied. He subsequently became a farmer in Italy, and afterwards travelled with Madame de Staël in Italy and Germany. During this period and subsequently he wrote many valuable historical works, the most important being his "History of the French," on which he was engaged for many years. Of his "History of the Italian Republics" Mignet says, "Sismondi has traced this history with vast learning, a noble spirit, a vigorous talent, sufficient art, and much eloquence." From his "Historical View of the Literature of the South of Europe" we select an interesting description of the marvellous impromptu verse-makers of Italy, whose poetical power rivals the spontaneous ability of the occasional mathematical prodigies.]

THE talent of an improvvisatore is a gift of nature, and a talent which has frequently no relation to the other faculties. When it is manifested in a child, it is studiously

cultivated, and he receives all the instruction which seems likely to be useful to him in his art. He is taught mythology, history, science, and philosophy. But the divine gift itself, the second and more harmonious language, which with graceful ease assumes every artificial form, this alone they attempt not to change or to add to, and it is left to develop itself according to the dictates of nature. Sounds call up corresponding sounds; the rhymes spontaneously arrange themselves in their places; and the inspired soul pours itself forth in verse, like the concords naturally elicited from the vibrations of a musical chord.

The improvvisatore generally begs from the audience a subject for his verse. The topics usually presented to him are drawn from mythology, from religion, from history, or from some passing event of the day; but from all these sources thousands of the most trite subjects may be derived, and we are mistaken in supposing that we are rendering the poet a service in giving him a subject which has already been the object of his verse. He would not be an improvvisatore if he did not entirely abandon himself to the impression of the moment, or if he trusted more to his memory than to his feelings. After having been informed of his subject, the improvvisatore remains a moment in meditation, to view it in its various lights, and to shape out the plan of the little poem he is about to compose. He then prepares the first eight verses, that his mind during the recitation of them may receive the proper impulse, and that he may awaken that powerful emotion which makes him, as it were, a new being. In about seven or eight minutes he is fully prepared, and commences his poem, which often consists of five or six hundred verses. His eyes wander around him, his features glow, and he struggles with the prophetic spirit which seems to animate him. Nothing in the present age can



represent in so striking a manner the Pythia of Delphos when the god descended and spoke by her mouth.

There is an easy metre, the same which Metastasio has employed in the "Partenza a Nice," and which is adapted to the air known by the name of the "Air of the Improvvisatori." This measure is generally made use of when the poet wishes not to give himself much trouble, or when he has not the talent to attempt a higher strain. The stanza consists of eight lines with seven syllables in each line, and divided into two quatrains, each quatrain being terminated by a *verso tronco*, so that there are properly only two of the lines rhymed in each quatrain. The singing sustains and strengthens the prosody, and covers, where it is necessary, defective verses, so that the art is in this form within the capacity of persons possessing very ordinary talents. All the improvvisatori, however, do not sing. Some of the most celebrated among them have defective voices, and are compelled to declaim their verses in a rapid manner, as if they were reading them. The more celebrated improvvisatori consider it an easy task to conform themselves to the most rigid laws of versification. At the will of the audience they will adopt the *terza rima* of Dante, or the *ottava rima* of Tasso, or any other metre as constrained; and these shackles of rhyme and verse seem to augment the richness of their imagination and their eloquence.

The famous Gianni, the most astonishing of all the improvvisatori, has written nothing in the tranquillity of his closet which can give him any claim to his prodigious reputation. When, however, he utters his spontaneous verses, which are preserved by the diligence of short-hand writers, we remark with admiration the lofty poetry, the rich imagery, the powerful eloquence, and occasionally the deep thought which they display, and which place their

author on a level with the men who are the glory of Italy. The famous Corinna, who was crowned in the Capitol, was distinguished for her lively imagination, her grace, and her gayety. Another poetess, La Bandettina, of Modena, was educated by a Jesuit, and from him acquired a knowledge of the ancient languages and a familiarity with the classical authors. She afterwards attached herself to scientific pursuits, that she might render herself equal to any theme that might be proposed to her, and she thus rendered her numerous acquirements subservient to her poetical talents. La Fantastici, the wife of a rich goldsmith of Florence, did not devote herself to such abstruse branches of knowledge; but she possessed from heaven a musical ear, an imagination worthy of the name she bore, and a facility of composition which gave full employment to her melodious voice. Madame Mazzei, whose former name was Landi, a lady of one of the first families of Florence, surpasses perhaps all her competitors in the fertility of her imagination, in the richness and purity of her style, and in the harmony and perfect regularity of her verses. She never sings; and, absorbed in the process of invention, her thoughts always outstrip her words. She is negligent in her declamation, and her recitation is therefore not graceful; but the moment she commences her spontaneous effusions the most harmonious language in the world seems at her bidding to assume new beauties. We are delighted and drawn forward by the magic stream. We are transported into a new poetical world, where, to our amazement, we discover man speaking the language of the gods. I have heard her exert her talent upon subjects which were unexpectedly offered to her. I have heard her in the most magnificent *ottava rima* celebrate the genius of Dante, of Machiavelli, and of Galileo. I have heard her in *terza rima* lament the departed glory

and the lost liberties of Florence. I have heard her compose a fragment of a tragedy, on a subject which the tragic poets had never touched, so as to give an idea in a few scenes of the plot and the catastrophe; and, lastly, I have heard her pronounce, confining herself to the same given rhymes, five sonnets on five different subjects. But it is necessary to hear her in order to form any idea of the prodigious power of this poetical eloquence, and to feel convinced that a nation in whose heart so bright a flame of inspiration still burns has not yet accomplished her literary career, but that there still remains in reserve for her greater glories than any which she has as yet acquired.

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## CARDINAL RICHELIEU.

ALFRED, COMTE DE VIGNY.

[Alfred Victor, Comte de Vigny, the son of a cavalry-officer who had distinguished himself in the Seven Years' War, was born at Loches, in Touraine, in 1799. He published in 1822 "*Ancient and Modern Poems*," and in 1826 his historical romance of "*Cinq-Mars*," the work by which he is best known in literature. His other principal works are "*Stella, or the Blue Devils*," a novel, and "*Chatterton*," a highly successful tragedy. He died in 1863. Vigny is highly esteemed as a novelist of the romantic school. From his "*Cinq-Mars*" we select a well-drawn pen-picture of Richelieu.]

SEE the Mediterranean, which, not far off, stretches its blue waves over sandy shores. Penetrate into this city of Narbonne, somewhat resembling Athens; but to find him who reigns there, follow that dark uneven street, mount

the steps of the old archbishop's palace, and let us enter the first and largest of the halls.

It was very long, but lighted by rows of high-arched windows, of which the upper line alone had preserved the blue, yellow, and red panes, which spread a faint and mysterious light into the apartment. A very large round table filled the whole width of it on the side of the fireplace; around this table, covered with a spotted cloth, and loaded with papers and portfolios, eight secretaries were seated, bending down to their writing, and busy in copying letters that were handed to them from a smaller table. Other men standing were arranging papers in the shelves of a book-case, which the books bound in black did not quite fill, and they stepped cautiously on the carpet with which the room was furnished.

In spite of the number of persons assembled, one might have heard the buzzing of a fly. The only noise which arose was that of the pens which ran rapidly over the paper, and a harsh voice which dictated, stopping every now and then to cough. It came from an immense chair with great arms placed beside the fire, which was burning in spite of the heat of the season and of the country. It was one of those arm-chairs that are still seen in some old houses, and which seem made to send one to sleep while reading, whatever the book may be, so carefully is every part stuffed; a cushion of feathers sustains the back; if the head droops, it finds its cheeks supported by pillows covered with silk, and the cushion of the seat extends so far beyond the elbows that one cannot help thinking that our forefathers' careful upholsterers intended to prevent the book making any noise and waking them when it fell.

But to leave this digression, and speak of the man who was sitting there and was not asleep. He had a broad



CARDINAL RICHELIEU.





forehead, and a few very white hairs, large and soft eyes, pale and thin face, to which a small and pointed white beard gave that air of refinement that one notices in all the portraits of the time of Louis XIII. A mouth almost without lips,—and we must confess that Lavater considers this sign to indicate wickedness with the utmost certainty,—a pinched-up mouth, so to say, was fringed by two small gray moustaches and by a “*royale*,” an ornament then in fashion, and in form very like a comma. This old man had on his head a red skull-cap, and was wrapped in a very large dressing-gown, and wore stockings of purple silk, and was no less a person than Armand Duplessis, Cardinal de Richelieu.

He had very near him, around the smaller table before mentioned, four youths from fifteen to twenty years of age. They were pages, or, according to the expression of the time, domestics, which then meant friends of the house. This custom was a relic of feudal patronage lingering in our manners. The younger sons of the highest families received wages from great lords, and were devoted to them in all circumstances, ready to challenge the first comer at the slightest hint from their patron. The pages of whom we are speaking were writing letters of which the cardinal had given them the substance, and, after a glance from their master, passed them on to the secretaries, who made fair copies. The old duke, on his side, was writing on his knee private notes on small pieces of paper, which he slipped into almost all the packets before closing them with his own hand.

He had been writing for some moments, when he observed, in a looking-glass placed in front of him, the youngest of his pages tracing interruptedly certain lines on a sheet of a smaller size than the official paper: he was hurriedly writing a few words, then slipping it hastily

under the large sheet which, to his great annoyance, he was desired to fill; but, placed behind the cardinal, he was in hopes that the difficulty which he had in turning would prevent him from noticing the little manœuvre, which he seemed to manage with considerable skill. Suddenly Richelieu, addressing him dryly, said, "Come here, M. Olivier."

These two words were like a clap of thunder to the poor boy, who seemed to be not more than sixteen years old. He rose, however, very quickly, and came and stood before the minister, his arms hanging down and his head drooping. The other pages and secretaries stirred no more than soldiers when one of them falls struck by a ball, they were so much accustomed to summonses of this sort. This one, however, was of a more lively kind than usual.

"What are you writing there?"

"Monseigneur, what your eminence dictated to me."

"What?"

"Monseigneur, the letter to Don Juan of Braganza."

"No equivocation, sir: you are doing something else."

"Monseigneur," then said the page, with tears in his eyes, "it was a letter to a lady, one of my cousins."

"Let us see it."

Then he trembled all over, and was obliged to lean against the chimney-piece, saying, in a low voice, "It is impossible."

"Viscount Olivier d'Entraigues," said the minister, without showing the slightest emotion, "you are no longer in my service." And the page left the room; he knew that no answer was to be made; he slipped his letter into his pocket, and, opening the folding-door just wide enough to pass through, he glided out like a bird that escapes from its cage. The minister went on with the notes which he was writing on his knee.

The secretaries worked on with redoubled ardor and silence, when, the door opening suddenly on both sides, there appeared standing between the two leaves a Capuchin, who, bowing with his arms crossed upon his breast, seemed to expect alms, or an order to withdraw. He had a sunburnt complexion, deeply scarred with smallpox; eyes soft enough, but a little asquint, and covered always with the eyebrows, which met in the middle of his forehead; a mouth the smile of which was sly, malevolent, and sinister; a beard straight and red at the end, and the costume of the order of St. Francis in all its horror, with sandals and bare feet which seemed very unworthy to wipe themselves on a carpet.

Such as he was, this person seemed to make a great sensation in the room, for, without finishing the phrase, the line, or the word which he had begun, each writer rose and went out by the door, where he still stood, some saluting him as they passed, others turning their heads aside, the young pages holding their noses, but not till they were behind him, for they seemed secretly to stand in fear of him. When everybody had gone out, he came in at last, making a profound reverence, because the door was still open; but as soon as it was shut he seated himself without ceremony at the side of the cardinal, who, having recognized him by the disturbance, made him a dry and silent bow, looking at him fixedly, as if expecting news, and not able to help frowning, as if at the sight of a spider or some other disagreeable creature.

The cardinal had not been able to resist this sign of annoyance, because he felt himself obliged by the presence of his agent to enter again into those deep and vexatious discussions from which he had been resting for some days, in a country where the pure air was favorable to him and the quiet had a little relieved the pains of his malady;

it had passed into a slow fever, but its intermissions were long enough to let him forget, while he was free from it, that it was sure to return. Giving then a little repose to his hitherto untiring imagination, he was waiting without impatience, perhaps for the first time in his life, the return of the couriers whom he had sent in all directions, like the rays of a sun which alone gave life and movement to France. The visit which he was then receiving was unexpected, and the sight of one of those men whom he steeped in crime, according to his own expression, made all the habitual anxieties of his life more pressing, without altogether dissipating the cloud of melancholy which had recently shaded his thoughts.

The commencement of his conversation was tinged with the gloomy color of his recent reveries, but he soon emerged stronger and more lively than ever, when his vigorous mind came back of necessity to the realities of life.

His confidant, seeing that he must be the first to break the silence, said, somewhat abruptly,—

“Well, monseigneur, what are you thinking about?”

“Alas, Joseph, what ought we all to be thinking about, if not of our future happiness in a better life than this? I have been thinking for some days past that human interests have too much diverted my attention from this one sole thought, and I repent of having employed some moments of leisure on profane works, such as my tragedies of ‘Europe’ and ‘Mirame,’ in spite of the glory which I have already derived from them among our *beaux-esprits*, glory which will increase in the future.”

Father Joseph, full of things which he had to say, was at first surprised at this commencement; but he was too well acquainted with his master to let it be seen, and, well knowing how to lead him back to other ideas, took up his without hesitation.

"Their merit is, however, very great," said he, with an air of regret, "and France will sigh to think that these immortal works have not been followed by similar productions."

"Yes, my dear Joseph, it is in vain that such men as Boisrobert, Claveret, Colletet, Corneille, and, above all, the celebrated Mairet, have proclaimed these tragedies the finest of all that times present or past have seen produced: I reproach myself with them, I swear to you, as a real mortal sin, and I employ myself only in my hours of repose with my '*Method of Controversies*,' and my book on '*Christian Perfection*.' I consider that I am fifty-six years old, and am afflicted with a malady that rarely relieves its victims."

"These are calculations that your enemies make as carefully as your eminence," said the father, whom this conversation began to put out of temper, and who wished to put a stop to it as soon as possible.

The cardinal's face grew red.

"I know it," he said, "I know it well; I know all their villany, and I am prepared for it all; but what news is there?"

"The king has ideas that he never had before."

"Indeed, and that do not come from me! That is well," said the minister, ironically.

"He has spoken of recalling the queen-mother," said the Capuchin, in a low voice,—"*of recalling her from Cologne*."

"*Marie de Médicis*!" cried the cardinal, striking both his hands on the arms of his chair. "No! as I live, she shall not re-enter the land of France, whence I have driven her foot by foot. England did not dare to shelter her, exiled by me! Holland feared to sink beneath her! and my kingdom would receive her back? No, no; such an idea could not have come from himself. To recall my

enemy, recall his mother! What treachery! No, he would never have dared to think of it." Then, after having pondered an instant, he went on, with a piercing and angry look at Father Joseph, "But in what terms did he express this desire? tell me the exact words."

"He said publicly and in the presence of Monsieur, 'I know well that to be a good son is one of the first duties of a Christian, and I will no longer stifle the murmurs of my conscience.'"

"Christian! conscience! these are not his expressions: it is Father Caussin, his confessor, who has betrayed me," cried the cardinal. "Traitorous Jesuit, I pardoned you your intrigue with La Fayette, but I will not overlook these secret suggestions. I will send this confessor about his business; Joseph, it is clear he is the enemy of the State; but I also have been negligent for several days past. I have not hastened the arrival of young D'Effiat as I should have done: he is sure to succeed; a good-looking, witty fellow, they say; what a blunder I have made! I deserve to get into trouble myself. To leave near the king this fox of a Jesuit, without having given him my secret instructions, without having taken a hostage, a pledge of his fidelity to my orders,—how could I have been so careless? Joseph, take a pen and write down quickly this for the new confessor, whom we will choose with more care. I am thinking of Father Sirmond."

Father Joseph seated himself at the large table ready to write, and the cardinal dictated to him these novel maxims, which, not long after, he had the courage to place in the king's hands, who received them, respected them, and learned them by heart, as if they had been ordinances of the Church. They have come down to us as a frightful monument of the empire that a man may seize by dint of patience, intrigue, and audacity:



I. A prince ought to have a first minister, and this minister, three qualities :

1. That he should have no other attachment than to his prince.
2. That he should be prudent and faithful.
3. That he should be an ecclesiastic.

II. A prince ought to be entirely attached to his minister.

III. Ought never to change his minister.

IV. Ought to tell him everything.

V. Ought to give him free access to his person.

VI. Ought to give him sovereign authority over his people.

VII. Great honors and great wealth.

VIII. A prince has no more precious treasure than his minister.

IX. A prince ought not to believe anything that may be said against his minister, nor take pleasure in hearing him slandered.

X. A prince ought to communicate to his minister everything that may be said against him, even when he has been made to promise that he will keep the secret.

XI. A prince ought to prefer not only the good of the State, but also his minister, to all his relatives.

Such were the commands of the supreme ruler of France, less astonishing than the frightful *naïveté* which made him bequeath his orders to posterity, as if we also were bound to believe in him.

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## PHILIP D'ARTEVILLE.

JEAN FROISSART.

[Froissart, the gossipy chronicler of the age of chivalry, and one of the most entertaining of French writers, was born at Valenciennes in 1337, and died shortly after 1400. His love of festivity and romantic

adventure led him to travel from court to court and castle to castle, visiting the countries of France, Spain, Italy, Holland, England, and Scotland, and everywhere collecting materials for his great work, "The Chronicles of France, England, Scotland, and Spain." This is a production of great liveliness, and, while not strictly accurate as a history, is full of interesting information regarding the festivals, tournaments, and wars of the days of chivalry, while it is admired for its picturesqueness of description and its charming simplicity of manner. His picture of the times in which he lived is brilliant but superficial, and is confined to the life of the nobility, the existence of the people being almost lost sight of. We select from the translation made by Lord Berners in the sixteenth century the following description of certain notable events in Flemish history.]

WHEN Peter du Bois saw that the town of Ghent was daily impoverished, both in their captains and men, and he saw well that the rich men began to grow weary, and were inclined to leave the war, wherefore he feared greatly: then he remembered there was a man of whom no great notice was taken in the town of Ghent; he was a wise man, but his wisdom was not known, nor was he taken any heed of till that day; he was called Philip d'Arteville, son to Jaques d'Arteville, who in his time, seven years together, had the governance of all the country of Flanders; and Peter du Bois had heard John Lyon, his master, and many other old men of Ghent, often say that the country of Flanders was never more loved, honored, and feared than it was in the time of Jaques d'Arteville.

Peter du Bois well remembered these words within himself, and saw that Jaques d'Arteville had a son called Philip, a very good and gracious man; and the Queen of England, while she resided at Ghent, during the siege of Tournay, was his godmother, and so for the love of her he was named Philip.

Then Peter du Bois, in an evening, came to this Philip,

who resided in his mother's house and lived honestly on their rents; and Peter du Bois began to reason with him, and to open the matter for which he had come to him, and said thus: "Philip, if you will take good heed to my words, and believe my counsel, I will make you the greatest man in all the country of Flanders." "How can that be, sir?" said Philip. "I will show you," said Peter: "you shall have the governing and administration of all them in the town of Ghent; for we have now great need of a chief commander of high name and renown; and so by this means your father, Jaques d'Arteville, shall rise again in this town, by the remembrance of you; for every man says that since his days the country of Flanders hath not been so loved, honored, or feared as it was while he lived; and, if you please, I can easily set you in his stead; and when you are in that authority, then you shall be governed by my counsel, till you fully understand every case, which you will soon learn." Then Philip—who was at man's estate, and naturally desired to be advanced, honored, and to have more than he had—answered, "Peter du Bois, you offer me a great thing, and I believe you; and if I were in the state that you speak of, I swear to you by my faith that I would do nothing without your counsel." Then Peter said, "How say you? Can you bear yourself high and be cruel among the commons, and especially in such things as we shall have to do? A man is worth nothing unless he be feared, and sometimes renowned for cruelty; thus must the Flemings be governed; a man must set no more store by the lives of men, nor have more pity, than of the lives of swallows or larks, which are taken in season to eat." "By my faith," said Philip, "all this I can do well." "That is well said," quoth Peter, "and I will soon raise you above all others;" and then he took leave of him and departed.

Next day Peter du Bois came into a place where there were assembled more than four thousand of his sect, and others, to hear some tidings, and to know how they should be governed, and who should be chief captain of Ghent. So there among them were named many persons of Ghent, and Peter du Bois stood still and heard them fully, and then he said openly, "Sirs, I believe well all you have said; you speak from the interest you take in the welfare of this town; and also those you have named are very fit and deserving to have part of the governing of Ghent; but, sirs, I know one who, if he will accept the command, is fully competent, and of a good name." Then Peter was desired to tell his name. and he said, "Sirs, it is Philip d'Arteville, who was christened at St. Peter's, in this town of Ghent, and by the noble Queen of England called Philip, at the time Jaques d'Arteville, father to this Philip, was before Tournay with the King of England: which Jaques d'Arteville, father to this Philip, governed the town of Ghent and the country of Flanders so well that, as I have heard, it was never ruled so well since, as the old men say; for when Flanders was in great danger, he by his wisdom recovered it. Sirs, be assured we ought to love the offspring of so valiant a man better than any other." And as soon as Peter du Bois had said those words, every one was so anxious to have Philip d'Arteville that they all said, as with one voice, "Let us have him; we will have none other; send for him." "Nay, not so," quoth Peter du Bois. "let him not be sent for; it were better we went to him; we know not as yet how he will conduct himself; let him first be examined." So with these words of Peter du Bois, all they that were there, and many who followed them, came to the house where Philip d'Arteville was, who knew their intention before they came. There were the Lord of Harsell, Peter du Bois, Peter le Nuit, and ten or

twelve of the chief aldermen of the crafts; and there they told Philip d'Arteville that the good town of Ghent was in great danger unless they had a captain who could manage all its affairs; wherefore they all chose him as their chief captain, for the great renown of his name and for the love of his good father. Thus Philip was made chief captain of all Ghent, and at first he was in great favor, for he spoke kindly to all with whom he had to do, and dealt so wisely that every man loved him.

The sage men and wise councillors of Hainault, of Brabant, and of Liège appointed a day of council to be holden at Harlebeck, near Courtray, at which place they met accordingly. And they of Ghent sent thither twelve of the most notable men of the town; and there they declared that the inhabitants of Ghent, except such riotous and unruly people as desired nothing but disturbance and contention, were desirous of having rest and peace, whatsoever should be the consequence. And the matters were there so well debated that the inhabitants of Ghent returned to their town, upon receiving certain articles of peace. And all such of the people of Ghent as were desirous of having rest and peace assembled at the houses of two rich men of Ghent, who had been engaged in this treaty, the one named Sir Guisebert Gent, and the other Sir Simon Bette.

The next morning, about the hour of nine, the mayor and aldermen and rich men of the town came into the market-place, and entered the hall; and thither also came those who had been at the treaty of Harlebeck. Then there came Peter du Bois and Philip d'Arteville, and such other of their sect, well accompanied. Then there rose up two of the most notable men of the company, Guisebert Gent and Simon Bette, and one of them said, "Lords of Ghent, we have been at the parliament at Harlebeck,

and have had much fatigue and trouble, as had likewise the good men of Brabant, Liège, and of Hainault, to make accord and agreement between our lord the Earl of Flanders and us of Ghent. Finally, at their requests, and by the help of my lady of Brabant, who sent thither her counsel, and the Duke Aubert his, so that by their means the good town of Ghent has obtained a peace and agreement with our lord the earl, in this manner, that two hundred men of ours, such as he shall send us their names in writing within fifteen days, we must send into the earl's prison at Lisle, to surrender them clearly to his mercy and pleasure. He is so free and generous that there is no doubt he will have mercy on them." With those words Peter du Bois stepped forward, and said, "Guisebert Gent, how durst you be so bold as to make such an agreement as to send two hundred of our men of Ghent into the town of our enemy, in great disgrace and shame to all the town of Ghent? it were better that the city should be razed to the foundations, than they of Ghent should come under such disgrace as to make war and end it so shamefully. We that have heard you may well know that you will be none of the two hundred prisoners, and neither will Simon Bette: ye have chosen for yourselves, and now we will decide for ourselves." On this Philip d'Arteville laid hold of these traitors, that would betray and dishonor the town of Ghent. Thereupon Peter du Bois drew forth his dagger, and, coming close up to Guisebert Gent, struck him in the belly, so that he fell down dead. And Philip d'Arteville drew out his dagger, and struck Simon Bette, and slew him in like manner; and then they cried, "Treason! treason!" And they that were slain had numerous friends, for they were men of great lineage, and the richest men of the town; but they fled out of the town to save themselves, so that there were no more slain but these two.



All this winter the earl and they of Flanders so oppressed them of Ghent that they could have nothing come to them by land or water. The sage men said it could not last long, but that they must shortly die by famine, for all their barns were empty, and the people could get no bread for money. Every day increased the complaints, weepings, and cries made to Philip d'Arteville, their chief commander, who pitied them much, and made many good orders, for which he was greatly praised; for he caused the storehouses of the abbeys to be opened, and those of the rich men, and set a reasonable price on the corn, whereby the town was greatly comforted.

For all the summons the Earl of Flanders made, yet the Duchess of Brabant, the Duke Aubert, and the Bishop of Liège prevailed on him to appoint a day when their councils should meet to treat for a peace; though the earl was unwilling, yet at the desire of these lords he agreed to call a council for that purpose, in the city of Tournay, the week after Easter, in the year of our Lord 1382, and to be there himself. And they of Ghent sent thither twelve notable persons, of whom Philip d'Arteville was chief. When they of Liège, of Hainault, and of Brabant had been in Tournay for three days after the day appointed, and saw that the earl came not, nor was coming, they had great astonishment, and then took counsel together, and determined to send to Brussels to him, and so they did; and they sent to him Sir Lambert of Perney, and the Lord Compelant of Brabant, Sir William Herman, of Hainault, and six burgesses of the three countries. And when the earl saw these three knights he made them good cheer, and said he was willing to send hastily to Tournay a final answer, by some of his council. And in six days after, the Lord of Raseflez, the Lord of Gountris, Sir John Vilame, and the Provost of Harlebeck came to Tournay

from the earl, and they made an excuse for his not coming ; and then they declared the earl's full intent respecting the peace ; saying that they of Ghent could have no peace with the earl unless all the men in Ghent, between the ages of fifteen and sixty, came out of the town of Ghent in their shirts, bareheaded, with halters about their necks, and so meet the earl between Bruges and Ghent, and the earl to do with them as he pleased, either to let them live or to put them all to death. And so then they of Ghent took leave of the councils of these three countries, and showed well that they could not agree to this, and so returned to Ghent through Brabant.

You may well know and believe that when the day was come which was appointed by Philip d'Arteville to report publicly the effect of the council holden at Tournay, all the people drew together to the market-place, on a Wednesday in the morning ; and about the hour of nine Philip d'Arteville, Peter du Bois, and the other captains came thither, and entered into the common hall. Then Philip leaned out at a window, and began to speak, and said,—

“O all ye good people, the earl requireth that every man in the town of Ghent, except prelates of churches and religious men, such as are above the age of fifteen and under the age of sixty, that they all, in their shirts, bareheaded and barefooted, with halters about their necks, issue out of the town of Ghent, and proceed twelve miles thence into the plain of Burlesquans, and there they shall meet the Earl of Flanders, accompanied by such as it shall please him ; and so when he sees us in that state, holding up our hands and crying for mercy, then he shall have compassion on us, if it please him ; but, sirs, I apprehend, according to the relation of his council, that the greatest part of the people who shall appear there that day will, by a shame-

ful infliction of justice, suffer death. Now, sirs, consider whether you choose to procure peace by this means, or not." When Philip d'Arteville had thus spoken, men, women, and children began to weep and to wring their hands, for love of their fathers, brethren, husbands, and neighbors. And after the tumult was over, Philip d'Arteville began again to speak, and said, "Peace, sirs, peace," and immediately every one was still. Then he began to speak, and said, "Sirs, of three things we must, of necessity, do one. The first is, that we enclose ourselves in this town, and stop up all our gates, and then offer up our prayers to God, and let us enter into the churches and minsters, and there die of famine, repentant of our sins, like martyrs; or, secondly, let us all, men, women, and children, go with halters about our necks in our shirts, and cry for mercy to my lord the Earl of Flanders; I think his heart will not be so obdurate but that he will relent and take mercy of his people; or, thirdly, let us choose out of this town five or six thousand of the most able and expert men, and go hastily and assail the earl at Bruges, and fight with him. And in this battle, if God will aid us, then shall we be accounted the most honorable people that have reigned since the days of the Romans. Now, sirs, consider which of these three ways you will take, for one of them you must needs take." Then such as were next him and heard him best said, "Ah, sir, we all trust in you for advice; and, sir, we will follow your counsel." "By my faith," quoth Philip, "then I counsel you, let us go forth with an army against the earl."

Thus these five thousand departed from Ghent, and lodged seven miles from Bruges, and there rested, and chose a piece of ground, abiding for their enemies; and before them was a great standing pool, wherewith they

fortified themselves on the one part, and on the other with their carriages.

And when it came to the Saturday, in the morning, the weather was fair and clear, and a holiday called in Bruges, for that day it was their custom to have a procession. Then tidings came to them that they of Ghent had come thither.

It was amazing to see the great murmurings in Bruges then, so that at last it came to the knowledge of the earl and his company; and the earl was much surprised, and said, "Now is the time come to have an end of this war." And so then his knights and squires came to him, and he received them graciously, and said to them, "We shall go and fight with yonder unhappy people of Ghent. It appears they had rather die by the sword than by famine."

And so then they of Bruges began to fire at them. Then they of Ghent discharged at once three hundred guns, and, wheeling about the piece of water, caused the sun to be in the eyes of their enemies, which grieved them much, and then fell in among them, crying, "Ghent!" On seeing this, they of Bruges, in a dastardly manner, gave back, abandoned their arms, and fled. Then they of Ghent, seeing their enemies were defeated, kept close together, and beat down on both sides and before them, and advanced, crying, "Ghent!" saying also, "Follow, follow! Our enemies are defeated, and let us enter Bruges with them. God hath regarded us this evening with pity." And as they said, so they did, for they pursued them of Bruges sharply; and as they overtook them they slew them, and tarried not, but kept up the pursuit, in which many were slain and beaten down, for they of Bruges made no stand.

When Philip d'Arteville and the captains of Ghent saw that they were lords of Bruges, and all was at their com-

mand, then they made proclamation that every man, on pain of death, should draw to his lodging, and not plunder or make any disturbance unless they were commanded. Then Philip d'Arteville and Peter du Bois remembered that when they departed from Ghent they left no victuals nor other necessaries in the town; therefore they sent a certain number of men to Damme and to Sluys to take possession thereof, and of the victuals in them. And when they came to Damme, the people opened the gates to them, and all that was in the town was put into their hands, and everything at their command. Then they took out of the cellars the good wines of Poitou, of Gascony, of Rochelle, and other countries, five or six thousand tuns, and it was conveyed, by land and by water, to Ghent. And then they proceeded to Sluys, which town was immediately opened to them and put under their obeisance; and there they found great quantity of corn and meal in the shops and cellars of foreign merchants: so all was bought and paid for, and conveyed to Ghent by land and by water.

In the same season, while these captains were at Bruges, beating down gates and walls, and filling of dikes, they sent to Yprès, to Courtray, to Bergues, to Cassel, to Poperinguen, to Bergarac, and to all the towns and castles on the sea-coast of Flanders, that they should be all under the obeisance of them, and send them the keys of their towns and castles, submitting themselves to their obeisance and service; and so they all obeyed, none durst say against it, but all came to Bruges, putting themselves under the obeisance of Philip d'Arteville and Peter du Bois; for these two named and wrote themselves sovereign captains of all the others; and especially Philip d'Arteville was he that busied himself most with the charge of all Flanders. And as long as he abode in Bruges he kept the estate of a

prince, for every day he had minstrels playing at the door of his lodgings while he was at dinner and supper, and was served in vessels of silver, as if he had been the Earl of Flanders; and well he might then keep that estate, for he had all the earl's vessels, gold and silver, and all the jewels found in his house at Bruges: there was nothing saved. For the space of fifteen days there were carriages continually going and coming from Bruges to Ghent with the plunder which they had taken in the course of that expedition.

[The narrative goes on to describe the invasion of Flanders by the army of Charles VI. of France, and the battle of Roosebeke, in 1382, in which the Flemish army was defeated with great loss, and D'Arteville killed on the field of battle.]

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### FROM THE TRAGEDY OF "ANDROMAQUE."

JEAN RACINE. •

[Jean Racine, a tragic poet of the highest celebrity in French literature, was born at Ferté-Milon in 1639. He began his poetical career with an ode, "*La Nymphé de la Seine*," written on the occasion of the marriage of Louis XIV., in 1660. In 1664 appeared his first tragedy, "*La Thébaïde, ou les Frères ennemis*," which had a measure of success; but the first work to display his great genius was "*Andromaque*," which appeared in 1667. It was followed by a series of noble tragedies, which have immortalized his name and are still among the most admired of the literary productions of France. Longfellow says, "Racine, though not a poet of the highest order of genius, was yet unsurpassed in some of the best qualities of the tragedian. His delineation of the tender passions, especially the passion of love, is masterly. The grace of his language, the harmony of his versification, the skilful management of the action, have made his tragedies un-



rivalled models of dramatic art, as that art was understood in the age of Louis the Fourteenth." We give Ambrose Philips's version of a scene from "Andromaque."]

HERMIONE.

What have I done?—Where am I?—Where is Pyrrhus?—  
 Ye gods! what mean these horrors?—I'm undone!  
 My soul is on the rack! I cannot bear it!—  
 Why do I wander like some guilty ghost?  
 What brought me to this place? What keeps me here?  
 The court of Pyrrhus has no room for me!  
 Do I still doubt if I should love or hate him?  
 Hard-hearted man! how unconcerned he left me!  
 Did he once sigh? bestow one pitying look?  
 Once shed a tear? or speak one soft, kind word?  
 Did he so much as feign one moment's sorrow,  
 To calm my griefs, and mitigate his falsehood?  
 Why am I still thus anxious for his life?  
 Why do I start at his impending fate?  
 Shall he, then, live? Shall the base traitor live  
 To laugh at my distress? No, let him perish!  
 Be quick, Orestes! Execute my orders!—  
 Alas! my orders! Oh, preposterous guilt!  
 Can I decree the death of him I love?  
 Was it for this my soul delighted in him?  
 Was it for this I left my father's court?  
 Have I, then, crossed so many realms and seas  
 To murder Pyrrhus?—

[*Cleone enters.*

O Cleone, help me!

What have I done? Is Pyrrhus yet alive?  
 What say'st thou? Answer me: where is the king?

CLEONE.

Madam, I saw the cruel prince set forward,  
 Triumphant in his looks, and full of joy.

Still as he walked his ravished eyes were fixed  
On the fair captive; while through shouting crowds  
She passed along with a dejected air,  
And seemed to mourn her Hector to the last.

## HERMIONE.

Insulting tyrant! I shall burst with rage!  
But say, Cleone, didst thou mark him well?  
Was his brow smooth? Say, did there not appear  
Some shade of grief, some little cloud of sorrow?  
Did he not stop? Did he not once look back?  
Didst thou approach him? Was he not confounded?  
Did he not—Oh, be quick, and tell me all!

## CLEONE.

Madam, the tumult of his joy admits  
No thought but love. Unguarded he marched on,  
'Midst a promiscuous throng of friends and foes.  
His cares all turn upon Astyanax,  
Whom he has lodged within the citadel,  
Defended by the strength of all his guards.

## HERMIONE.

Enough! he dies! the traitor!—Where's Orestes?

## CLEONE.

He's in the temple with his whole retinue.

## HERMIONE.

Is he still resolute? Is he still determined?

## CLEONE.

Madam, I fear——

HERMIONE.

How! Is Orestes false?  
Does he betray me too?

CLEONE.

A thousand doubts  
Perplex his soul, and wound him with remorse:  
His virtue and his love prevail by turns.  
He told me Pyrrhus should not fall ignobly,—  
Pyrrhus, the warlike son of great Achilles.  
He dreads the censure of the Grecian states,  
Of all mankind, and fears to stain his honor.

HERMIONE.

Poor timorous wretch! 'Tis false! He basely fears  
To cope with dangers and encounter death;  
'Tis that he fears!—Am I bright Helen's daughter?  
To vindicate her wrongs all Greece conspired;  
For her, confederate nations fought, and kings were slain,  
Troy was o'erthrown, and a whole empire fell:  
My eyes want force to raise a lover's arm  
Against a tyrant that has dared to wrong me!

CLEONE.

Madam, like Helen, trust your cause to Greece.

HERMIONE.

No! I'll avenge myself: I'll to the temple;  
I'll overturn the altar, stab the priest;  
I'll hurl destruction like a whirlwind round me!  
They must not wed! they must not live! they shall not!—  
Let me begone! I have no time to lose!  
Stand off! hold me not! I am all distraction!—  
O Pyrrhus! tyrant! traitor! thou shalt bleed!

[*Orestes enters.*]

ORESTES.

Madam, 'tis done; your orders are obeyed:  
The tyrant lies expiring at the altar.

HERMIONE.

Is Pyrrhus slain?

ORESTES.

Even now he gasps in death.

Our Greeks, all undistinguished in the crowd,  
Flocked to the temple, and dispersed themselves  
On every side the altar. I was there:  
Pyrrhus observed me with a haughty eye,  
And, proud to triumph over Greece in me,  
From his own brows he took the diadem  
And bound it on the temples of his captive:  
"Receive," said he, "my crown! receive my faith!  
Mine and my people's sovereign reign forever!  
From this blest hour, a father to your son,  
I'll scourge his foes: henceforward be he styled  
The Trojan king: I swear it at the altar,  
And call the gods to ratify my vows!"  
His subjects with loud acclamations shook  
The spacious dome. Our Greeks, enraged, cried out,  
"Revenge! revenge!" broke through the thronging press,  
And rushed tumultuous on the unguarded king:  
Their eager fury left no work for me.  
Pyrrhus awhile opposed their clashing swords,  
And dealt his fatal blows on every side  
With manly fierceness, till, oppressed by numbers,  
Streaming with blood, all over gashed with wounds,  
He reeled, he groaned, and at the altar fell.—  
Haste, madam; let us fly! Haste to our ships!  
They lie unmoored: our friends attend us there.

HERMIONE.

What have they done?

ORESTES.

Madam, forgive their rage!

I own your vengeance had been more complete  
Had Pyrrhus fallen by me, and had he known  
Hermione chastised him by my arm.

HERMIONE.

Peace, monster, peace! Go, tell thy horrid tale  
To savages, and howl it in the deserts!  
Wouldst thou impute to me thy barbarous guilt?  
Me wouldst thou make the accomplice of thy crimes?  
Hence to thy Greeks, and boast thy foul exploits!  
My soul abhors them! I disclaim the deed!  
Begone! I know thee not, thou fell barbarian!  
What had he done? What could provoke thy madness  
To assassinate so great, so brave a man?  
Who set thee on?

ORESTES.

Oh, grant me patience, Heaven!

With your own lips did you not curse the tyrant,  
Pronounce his death, and urge me to destroy him?

HERMIONE.

What if, transported by my boundless passion,  
I could not bear to see him wed another,—  
Were you to obey a jealous woman's frenzy?  
You should have dived into my inmost thoughts:  
My heart, though full of rage, was free from malice,  
And all my anger was excess of love.  
Why did you take me at my word? You saw

The struggles of my soul ; you heard me rave :  
You should have questioned me a thousand times,  
Yet still have doubted, and still questioned on,  
Before you ventured on a life so precious.

ORESTES.

Hear me but speak : Heaven knows, against my will——

HERMIONE.

Why did you not return ? why not consult me  
A second time, and, undetermined still,  
Again return, and still find new delays ?  
What had your rash, officious Greeks—dire bloodhounds !—  
To do with my revenge ? What drew you hither ?  
To bring on me the vengeful woes that haunt you ?  
Are these the fruits of your detested love ?  
Your fatal embassy, your hateful presence,  
Drove Pyrrhus to my rival, and destroys  
Both him and me. He might have loved me still,  
Had you ne'er interposed.—Avaunt ! Begone !  
And leave me in Epirus. I renounce  
My friends, my country, Greece, and all mankind :  
But chiefly I renounce thee, monster ! thee !

[*Exit.*

ORESTES.

Am I awake ?—Where am I ?—Soft, my soul !  
Be not too rash.—Was that Hermione ?  
Why should her anger thunder against me ?  
Was not this blood shed all by her command ?—  
I am indeed a most outrageous monster,  
A ruffian, murderer, a base assassin !  
And all to please a false, ungrateful woman.  
Henceforward let the laws of nations cease,  
And let the pale that severs right and wrong,



Things sacred and profane, be broken down :  
 Gods in their temples, kings upon their thrones,  
 Are not in safety, while Orestes lives.  
 Oh, never more shall my torn mind be healed,  
 Nor taste the gentle comforts of repose !  
 A dreadful band of gloomy cares surround me,  
 And lay strong siege to my distracted soul !

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## THE ANNOYANCES OF TRAVEL IN CHINA.

ÉVARISTE RÉGIS HUC.

[The Abbé Huc, a French Catholic missionary to China and Tartary, was born at Toulouse in 1813. He went to China in 1839, learned the language of that country, and labored there as a missionary. In 1845 he visited Lassa, the capital of Thibet, his journey to which is described in his highly amusing and interesting "Travels in Tartary, Thibet, and China," which was translated into English by W. Hazlitt, Jr., and attained a wide popularity. In 1854 he published "The Chinese Empire," a work equally entertaining. His latest work was "Christianity in China, Tartary, and Thibet." He died in 1860.

We select a characteristic chapter from "The Chinese Empire," which needs the following introduction. The travellers, M. Huc and his friend, had been given as conductor a mandarin named Ting, whose chief aim in life seemed to be to conduct as much as possible of their money into his own pocket. He began by providing them with broken-down palanquins and an inadequate number of bearers. He next cheated them into proceeding by water, a voyage which was promised to be delightful, but proved very much the contrary. Reaching the town of Kien-tcheou, the travellers were, much against their own wishes, taken to the Hotel of Accomplished Wishes, instead of to the communal palace, a hotel provided for great mandarins when travelling, and in which they had designed to lodge. They quietly decided to get even with Master Ting, and with his fellow-mandarins, who had played them this last trick.]

DAY had scarcely dawned when Master Ting took it upon him to interrupt our first sleep, to announce to us that it was time to set off.

"Take yourself off, Master Ting," said we, "as quickly as you can; and, moreover, if any one else has the impudence to come disturbing us, we will get you degraded."

The door closed, and we turned round and went to sleep again, for we were worn out with fatigue. At noon we rose, quite refreshed, and ready to begin the war with the mandarins.

We turned our steps towards a neighboring apartment, from which proceeded a whispering sound, as of a conversation carried on in a low voice. We opened the door, and found ourselves in the presence of a numerous and brilliant assembly, composed of the principal magistrates of the town. After saluting the company with the utmost solemnity, we perceived in the middle of the room a table, on which were arranged some little dishes for a dessert, the prelude *obligato* of every Chinese repast. Without any other explanation, we drew forward an arm-chair and begged the company to be good enough to be seated. Our assurance seemed to create some astonishment; but a great fat mandarin, the prefect of the town, pointed out the places of honor, and invited us to take them, which we immediately did without hesitation. This was not very modest on our part, nor quite conformable to the Chinese rites; but we needed, for the moment, to make an imposing impression.

The guests were numerous. The dessert was attacked in silence, every one contenting himself with exchanging a few forms of politeness in a low voice. They glanced at us by stealth, as if to make out from our countenances the nature of our sentiments. There was evidently a feeling of general embarrassment. At length a young civil

functionary, probably the boldest of the troop, ventured to reconnoitre the ground.

"Yesterday," said he, "was a disagreeable day; the navigation of the Blue River must have been far from pleasant; but to-day the weather is splendid. It is a pity that you did not set out at an early hour in the morning; you would have arrived at Tehoung-tching before nightfall. Tehoung-tching is the best town in the province."

"Certainly," repeated the others in chorus; "there is nothing comparable to Tehoung-tching. One finds there everything one can wish for. What a difference between this country and that! Here poverty is excessive: we live only in privation."

"It is not yet very late," resumed the young functionary; "you can get as far this evening as the communal palace on the road, pass the night there, and arrive tomorrow at Tehoung-tching before noon."

"Oh," added another, "the thing is easy enough; for the road is as flat as my hand, and the country is enchantingly beautiful; you travel constantly under the shade of large trees."

"Have the bearers of the palanquins been told?" cried the fat prefect of the town, addressing the numerous domestics who filled the hall. "Quick! let some one go and see for them, for our two illustrious guests are determined to set off as soon as they have eaten their rice. They are in a great hurry, and cannot honor us any longer with their presence."

"Wait a moment," said we: "we are in no hurry. It does not appear that any one here is acquainted with our affairs. In the first place, we have to change palanquins. Those that were given us at Tching-tou-fou will not do. Eh? Master Ting! Is it not here that we were to get the good palanquins with four bearers?"

"No, no!" cried all the mandarins in concert. "A little place like this! How in the world could you find good palanquins ready here? You must order them beforehand."

"Very well; order them, then. We are in no hurry. Whether we get to Canton a moon sooner or later makes very little difference to us. In the mean time we can amuse ourselves here, by visiting the town and its environs."

"In such a poor place as this," said the prefect, "there are no skilful workmen to be found. Nobody here knows how to make any other palanquins than those little bamboo ones for two bearers. The people of this part of the country know nothing of luxury; very few of them have enough to live on. You must go to Tchoung-tching to find great manufactories."

"Yes, yes! you must go to Tchoung-tching," was echoed from all quarters; "Tchoung-tching is the place for fine palanquins. Every one knows that the mandarins, for eighteen provinces around, all send for their palanquins to Tchoung-tching."

"Is that true?" said we, turning to Master Ting.

"Certainly it is true. Who here would dare to utter lies?"

"In that case, then, find a man who understands these things, and send him directly to Tchoung-tching to get some palanquins. We will wait here. We need a little rest, and we will profit by this opportunity. We speak calmly; but this decision is irrevocable. We shall not alter it."

The mandarins looked at one another quite stupefied.

During the whole of this interesting discussion the dinner had been going on; and, having taken our last cup

of tea, we rose to return to our chamber and leave the mandarins to settle the matter among them.

They had a long debate, which ended in the Chinese fashion, by sending deputations to endeavor to make us change our minds. First came the civil mandarins, then the military ones, then both orders united; but all found us inflexible. They invented the most absurd tales; they heaped lie on lie to prove to us that we must set out immediately. But to all this we had but one answer: "When men like us take a resolution, it is irrevocable."

At last it was announced to us that palanquins had been brought, and they begged us to come down into the court-yard to examine them. We made no objections, and, after casting a glance at them, said, "Very well; let them be bought."

But thereupon arose a new question. The mandarins looked at one another, and asked, "Who is to pay?" The discussion became lively, and, although we were quite uninterested in it, we asked permission to state our opinion.

"It is very evident," said we, "that the town of Kien-teheou is not obliged to furnish us with palanquins."

"That is conformable to reason," exclaimed eagerly the mandarins of Kien-teheou.

"That ought to have been done at Tching-tou-fou, whence we began our journey; but it would seem that the person who procured us palanquins there did not act in conformity with the rules of honor."

"That's the thing," cried the mandarins; "doubtless he kept for himself a part of the money that was allotted for them."

"Well, we must repair this error, and it does not seem to us that there is any great difficulty. Yesterday, in our passage on the Blue River, we made two days' journey. Master Ting got the money for two stages, and only had

to pay for the hire of a boat. It does seem to us, therefore, that he both can and ought to pay the price of the palanquins."

The mandarins of Kien-tcheou burst out laughing, and said our solution of the problem was capital. Master Ting was foaming with rage, and uttering yells as if his inside were being torn out.

"Compose yourself," said we, "and pay the dealer the price of these palanquins with a good grace; otherwise we must immediately write to the viceroy that you made us travel on the Blue River." This threat had a wonderful effect, and our conductor began mournfully to count out the cash.

The evening had come, and still there was no talk of our going away; but the mandarins of Kien-tcheou appeared greatly diverted at the misadventure of Master Ting, not at all suspecting that their turn was coming next.

On the following day, as soon as it was broad daylight, Master Ting presented himself very modestly, to ask whether he might send for the bearers, and at the same time he delivered to us some visiting-cards, by which the principal mandarins of the town expressed to us their good wishes for our journey.

We replied that he might send the bearers; because it was our intention to go to the communal palace and pass the day there, as we declined lodging at the Hotel of Accomplished Wishes. Our conductor, who had not yet recovered from the shock of the evening before, looked at us with so astonished a face that we were obliged to repeat our words with a little more emphasis. The moment he was sure of our meaning he left the room and gave the alarm to the mandarins, who came running one after the other to assure themselves of the truth of the incredible report.



It was the prefect of the town whom we most wished to see; so, as soon as he arrived, we mentioned that he ought to have received from Sse-tcheouen a despatch in which it was directed that we were to be lodged in the communal palace; and we could not understand why, at Kien-tcheou, the orders of the viceroy had not been executed; that, for various reasons, we wished to quit the hotel and go and pass a day at the communal palace: first, not to establish a bad precedent, and create the temptation to do elsewhere what had been done here; secondly, because, being obliged to write afterward to the viceroy, to give him an account of the manner in which we had been treated on the road, it would be painful to us to have to point out that at Kien-tcheou they had not executed his orders. "Besides," we added, "the route we have before us is long and fatiguing; we suffered much inconvenience on the Blue River, and should be very glad of a day's rest.

All these were excellent reasons, but the prefect could see nothing but the expense of entertaining so numerous a party for a whole day at the palace. He did not dare give his true reason, however, and say at once that it would cost too much: the Chinese always prefer less angular methods; a lie is much more convenient. The prefect declared that we should be conferring on him infinite happiness by remaining another day at Kien-tcheou. Men from the great kingdom of France!—that was indeed a rarity! Moreover, our presence could not fail to bring good fortune to the country; but the communal palace was uninhabitable, it was in so horrible a state that a man of the lowest class could not be lodged in it. It was full of workmen and of the materials for repairs that were about to be made in it. Beside this, there were in the grand saloon seven or eight coffins, containing the dead

bodies of official persons of the district, waiting till the members of their respective families should come and take them away to bury them in their native places.

The prefect calculated a good deal on the moral effect of this last argument. While he was speaking in the most sombre and lugubrious manner of these coffins and dead bodies, he looked attentively at our faces, to see whether he had not alarmed us. But we were rather more inclined to laugh; for we were convinced there was not one word of truth in all that he had been saying.

We replied, in a somewhat ironical tone, that, since probably the viceroy was not aware of the communal palace having been converted into a cemetery, it would be well to write to him to that effect; since if he happened to travel this way himself he might not, perhaps, find it pleasant to take up his abode among coffins and dead bodies; but that so far as we were concerned it did not make the slightest difference, as we were not much afraid of the living, and not at all of the dead. We should go to the palace, therefore, and did not doubt but that we should be able to make ourselves very comfortable there. The prefect did his utmost to deter us from this "almost insane" project; and at last, to have done with him, we told him that he might settle the matter at his good pleasure, provided only that he would write and sign a statement that we, having wished to rest for a day at the communal palace of Kien-teheou, had not been allowed to do so on account of its being in an uninhabitable state. The prefect perfectly understood our meaning, and, turning to some subaltern officers who were in waiting, he said, "I am of the same way of thinking as our guests: it is absolutely necessary that they should have a day of repose. Let orders be immediately sent to the Koung-kouan to take away the coffins and put things as they ought to be,

and let the guardians take care not to be again guilty of the same fault." Ten minutes afterwards we were proceeding in state, in our new palanquins, to the communal palace. As we went out we just whispered in the ear of Master Ting, "Remember, if we are not properly treated, we will remain two days instead of one." Strange country, in which it is necessary to behave in this way in order not to be oppressed and ill-treated yourself.

It would have been really a pity to leave Kien-tcheou without seeing this magnificent palace; and when we had gone over it we could not help thinking that the mandarins had been unwilling to let us come in, lest, charmed by its beauty and convenience, we should be unwilling to go out again. After traversing a vast court planted with trees, we ascended to the main building by thirty beautiful cut stone steps. The apartments were spacious, lofty, exquisitely clean, and deliciously cool and fresh; the furniture was richly ornamented with gilding, in an infinite variety of patterns; the hangings were of gorgeous red or yellow silk, the carpets made of woven bamboo-peeling and painted in the liveliest colors; there were antique bronzes, immense porcelain urns, vases of the most elegant forms, in which flowers and shrubs of the most whimsical appearance were growing: such were the ornaments that we found in this superb abode. Behind the house was an immense garden, in which Chinese industry had exhausted its resources to imitate the freedom and even the capricious sports of nature. It would be difficult to give an exact idea of these curious creations, the taste for which prevailed for a long time in Europe, and on which the rather unsuitable name of English garden has been bestowed by us. . . .

The garden of the communal palace was one of the finest we had seen in the Celestial Empire. We passed

the remainder of the morning in it, and were never tired of admiring the patience of the Chinese in cutting, out of shrubs and fragments of rock, all the eccentric figures suggested by their whimsical and fertile imaginations.

We were seated under the portico of a miniature pagoda, when Master Ting came to inform us that dinner was ready. The principal functionaries of the place, in rich and brilliant costume, were already assembled in the hall, and their reception of us was most amiable and gracious. We overwhelmed each other with compliments and courtesy, and invited each other reciprocally to the most honorable places. To put an end to this polite contest, we said that the Koung-kouan being the house of the traveller, we ought to be considered as at home, and should, therefore, treat our guests according to the rites. We assigned, therefore, to each of the company a place according to his rank, reserving the lowest for ourselves, and this proceeding was very graciously received. They began to think we were not quite such uncivilized barbarians as they had taken us to be the evening before.

The banquet was splendid, and served according to all the formalities of Chinese etiquette. On the part of the guests there could be nothing more desired; indeed, they were so excessively amiable that we could not for a moment doubt their having the most lively and earnest desire to get rid of us on the next day.

We will not try to describe a Chinese dinner, not but that it might present some details capable of interesting Europeans, but they are already pretty well known, and we should fear of tiring the reader's patience too far. . . . All the inhabitants of the Celestial Empire, without exception, are gifted with a remarkable aptitude for cooking. If you want a cook, it is the easiest thing in the world to supply the want: you have but to take the first Chinese

you can catch, and after a few days' practice he will acquit himself of his duties to admiration.

What appears most surprising is the extreme simplicity of means with which these marvels are accomplished. One single iron pot suffices to execute promptly the most difficult combinations. The mandarins are in general pretty much of *gourmands*, and carry the business and refinements of the table to a tolerably high pitch. They have in their service cooks who possess a vast store of receipts, and secrets to disguise dishes in a thousand ways and change their natural flavor; and when they desire to show off their skill, they really perform surprising feats. The cook at Kien-tcheou gave us some most incontestable proofs of talent, and his dinner merited and received the praises of all the guests. During the whole day the mandarins of Kien-tcheou behaved in the most admirable manner, and on the following morning we resolved, by way of return, to afford them the satisfaction of seeing us go away. We parted most excellent friends, but without any very particular wish to meet again.

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## THE LAST OF AN OLD FAMILY.

JULES SANDEAU.

[Léonard Sylvain Jules Sandeau, the author of our present selection, was born at Aubusson in 1811, and began his literary career in 1831 with a novel entitled "Rose et Blanche," which he wrote in conjunction with George Sand. Of his later works we may name "Mariana," "Mlle. de la Seiglière," "Sacs et Parchemins," and "La Maison de Penarvan." He died in 1883. He had the distinction of being the first novelist who was admitted on this ground into that exclusive body the French Academy, of which he became a member in 1858. Nor

was this admission in any sense a matter of favor, but was solely based on Sandeau's merit as a novelist. His works, indeed, are of a high order among modern French novels, being careful and scholarly, exact in style and correct in sentiment, and quite free from that immorality which defaces the productions of so many of his contemporaries. Their interest does not depend upon the drawing of unhealthy and aberrant types of humanity and upon situations of questionable tendency, but upon a strong painting of the conflicts of the human heart under the complex conditions of modern society. Several of his stories are based on the hostility between the decaying aristocracy and the new-rich of France, and the situations thence arising are handled with great skill and power. One of these is "*La Maison de Penarvan*," from which our selection is taken. The Marchioness de Penarvan, buried in her crumbling château, had enslaved her daughter to her aristocratic pride, until the girl, who has been sent to Bordeaux to contract a noble alliance, falls in love instead with a rich merchant, whom she marries in spite of her mother's displeasure. The haughty old lady is unforgiving in her anger, locks herself up alone with her pride, and waits in silent heart-torment until with her death the ancient line of Penarvan shall vanish from the earth. The finale of this story is admirably narrated by the novelist. We give it in the gracefully-rendered version of Helen and Alice Zimmern.]

ON leaving the chapel, the newly-married couple entered a carriage and set out for Villa Caverley. In an hour's time the horses stopped before the door of a dwelling hidden in the profoundest darkness. They alighted, and Henry, intoxicated with joy, led his young wife into a silent, deserted house, where there was not a single servant to receive them. Paula, also intoxicated with love and happiness, could hardly support herself, and walked along with her head resting on her husband's shoulder. Slowly they ascended, between two hedges of flowers, the steps of a marble staircase, lighted by alabaster lamps. After passing through several rooms, in which were displayed the riches of the four quarters of the globe,—carpets from Persia and India, mirrors from Venice, masterpieces of art,



valuable pictures, Grecian statues, glittering armor, family china,—after passing through a vast greenhouse, in which were displayed all the glories of tropical nature, Caverley lifted a heavy curtain and offered Paula a golden key.

Paula opened a cedar-wood door; she entered, and when she had gone a few steps,—when she had taken in at one glance all the luxury piled about her, the cups overflowing with pearls and diamonds, the cashmeres, the velvets, the lace thrown over the furniture, when this handsome young man bent a knee before her, and said to her, “Oh, my dear Paula, oh, my only joy, I am here in your house!”—she suddenly thought of her mother, in the sadness, the misery, the neglect, in which she had left her; she pictured her alone in her bare cold room, without even her pride remaining to her to sustain her, for this her only support had just fallen into dust. She remembered the two tears that she fancied she had seen steal from under her eyelids; she uttered a cry, and, thunderstruck by remorse, fell fainting into the arms of Henry, who was only just in time to save her.

From this time forth there commenced for this unfortunate woman a torment hitherto unknown,—the torment of love and riches. She had, as punishment, all that gives happiness here below. In attaining happiness she had fallen, crushed by the effort she had made to obtain it. Her existence was now nothing but expiation, without intermission or respite. Young, beautiful, adored, in the midst of all the goods the world envies, all her thoughts turned to her mother in the old castle she had quitted. She suffered from nostalgia after trouble and poverty. She lived in the most rigid seclusion, far from the town, far from gayety, ashamed of her wealth, casting it from her in disgust. She had despoiled her room of all the luxury and splendor which seemed to mock the marchioness's

poverty. The damp, dark house in which her youth had expanded now revealed to her only its poetry; she saw only the great virtues of the mother who had so long oppressed her; she ceaselessly recalled the two tears that moistened her dry eyelids,—the only ones she had ever seen in her eyes,—and Paula felt them fall like two leaden drops on to her heart. It was in vain that Caverley, in despair, overwhelmed her with the most patient and delicate tenderness. “I love you,” said she, in passionate tones. “My life dates from the day when I first saw you. I love you, and to this day I still bless the hour when first I saw you; but do not be angry with me because I am not happy. I should die if I left you, and I cannot live if my mother does not forgive me.” And when Henry tried to calm her by reminding her of all that she had suffered, “Ah,” said she, “I lacked patience; I did not try the right way; I did not wait long enough. I should have softened her; she would, perhaps, have ended by loving me.”

They wrote, but only the abbé replied. His despairing letters left them no hope. They never tired of writing, and never received any other answer. They travelled; they visited Greece and Italy. Everywhere Paula carried the picture of her mother growing old in neglect. Before the marvels of art and the beauties of nature she wept over the ruins where she had suffered so much. She became a mother, and her sadness increased. When she brought a daughter into the world she had asked herself, with horror, whether this child would not grow up for her punishment. The joys of maternity had even increased her remorse, by revealing to her, in their full extent, the sacred rights, the imprescriptible rights, that mothers have over their children. This had given an opportunity for turning, with another cry, to the marchioness. The mar-

chioness did not answer; she opened none of the letters, and never was Paula's name permitted to be spoken before her. They spent more than a year on the shores of Lake Como. The better Paula knew Henry, the more her love for him increased; her grief grew with her love; the more reasons she had for being happy, the more wretched did she feel herself. Her happiness caused her misery. A slow fever was secretly undermining her constitution. They returned to France, sad and discouraged.

Sorrow has its selfishness, which delicate spirits avoid with as much care as the selfishness of happiness. Paula at last felt that the burden of her fault had weighed long enough on the man she loved: she determined to appear in society. The Hôtel Caverley was once more opened; she did the honors there with simplicity; all Bordeaux fêted her, and overwhelmed her with homage and respect. Paula experienced again on her husband's arm the reception she had received on the prince's. She wore neither diamonds nor jewels, and, as formerly, appeared adorned merely by her grace and beauty. And yet, in spite of her endeavors to deceive Henry and to deceive herself, in spite of the embraces of her daughter, she remained a prey to the same sadness, struggled under the restraint of the same remorse, and Henry could easily see that his dear Paula was not happy.

Madame de Soleyre also knew it. Formerly Paula had only spoken to her of her mother at long intervals, and never without fear; now she spoke of her at all times; and when Madame de Soleyre, persuaded by her questions, related the adventurous youth of that beautiful Renée whom she had known so heroic and so proud, Paula, overcome by these stories, smiled at the poetic figure whose greatness she accused herself of not having appreciated. One evening, returning from a ball, she threw herself on a

sofa, and gave vent to the grief she had been stifling all through the evening. Caverley was present: he sat down beside her, and said,—

“What is the matter with you? What do you want? Speak. What can I do for you?”

“Listen, Henry,” said Paula. “I want to see my mother again. Even if she drives me away, if she curses me, if I were to die at her feet, I must see her again!”

“But, my dear unhappy little wife,” said Henry, “how could you get to her?”

“Oh, I will hide myself in the park. I will wait: perhaps I shall see her pass.”

“We will set out to-morrow,” said Henry.

“How good you are, and how I love you!” exclaimed she, throwing herself into his arms.

Two days after, one evening at the end of October, they got down at a second-rate inn at Tiffauges; they had brought with them their daughter, who had completed her third year. It was too late to send word to the abbé: as soon as they arrived they took the road to the manor. Having slipped into the park, through one of the many breaches in the surrounding wall, they stepped on in the twilight, along the leafless alleys. Henry led the child, Paula walked on in front and showed the way.

“She is there! she is there!” exclaimed she, suddenly perceiving a lighted window through the darkness.

They possessed love, beauty, youth; they possessed villas, a palace, and boats which furrowed the seas; and their only dream, their only ambition, was to penetrate into that ruin exposed to all the winds, whose door was closed against them.

Another window shone on the same side of the house: it belonged to the little abode where dwelt the good Pymil. What was he doing at this time? Was he praying for

his little Paula? Was he working at his history? When Paula was little, it was her custom to call the abbé by clapping her hands three times. She made a few steps forward, and clapped three times. Immediately the window was opened, and a tall phantom leaned over the balcony to give one eager look out into the mist.

"Abbé! my abbé!" said Paula, in a moaning voice.

The phantom vanished. Less than a minute after, the abbé was pressing Paula to his heart, and was drawing them secretly, like three fugitives, into his room.

"You here, my daughter? and you, sir, you?"

"I am dying, abbé, I am dying! Take pity on me; help me to see my mother; make her pardon us: we can no longer live like this."

The abbé had taken the little girl; he kept her on his knee, and she smiled at him.

"Ah, sir, ah, my friend," exclaimed Caverley, "save her, save us!"

The abbé was silent, and looked at the child.

"What is she doing?" asked Paula. "What is passing in her heart? Does she allow you to speak to her of us? Has she spoken to you of me?"

For some time they continued to question, to implore, and the abbé did not answer.

"Then it is all over, abbé, all over forever!" exclaimed Paula, in a paroxysm of despair; "and I am quite dead to her!"

The abbé had made the little one fold her hands. He said to her,—

"Do you love God, my child?"

"Oh, yes!" answered she.

"Well, then," said the abbé, "say to him, 'O God, come to me!'"

"O God, come to me!" repeated the child.

The abbé rose and took the child in his arms.

"Come, then," exclaimed he; "and may God inspire you!"

Surrounded, as in former times, by the portraits of her ancestors, by the light of a miserly lamp, near two fire-brands smoking at the back of the hearth, sat the marchioness in her old oaken arm-chair. Her thin features, her hollow eyes, told of the inner struggles she had endured, of the silent, secret, unconfessed labor that for four years was passing within her. She was now merely the ghost of herself, but she still retained something majestic and proud: she seemed conquered, not submissive. Everything about her was gone to ruin, everything in her was suffering and moaning; but her pride stood upright, like a citadel that is attacked, undermined, assailed on all sides, which still stands firm, fights, resists, and refuses to capitulate, while below it the besieged town, destroyed by bullets, devastated by death and famine, implores for pity and mercy and wishes but to surrender. Never yet had loneliness and *ennui* weighed on her heart with so heavy a burden as on this October evening. She was leaning on her elbow, her head resting on her hand, when the door half opened, and a child glided in. Alarmed by the tall figure near the chimney-corner, the child, who had entered smiling, stopped frightened in the middle of the room.

"Who are you?" asked the marchioness, who did not even know that Paula was a mother.

"I am a little girl."

"Come here, my child."

The child took courage, advanced, and went to place its hands on the arm of the chair where its grandmother was seated.

"What are you called?" asked the marchioness, softened by this pretty face.



"I am called Renée."

The marchioness started, turned an ardent gaze on the child, and recognized Paula's features. She understood; she guessed everything.

"Go away," said she, in a dull voice; "go back to your mother; return to Madame Caverley."

Frightened by the expression and by the tones, rather than by the words, which she could not understand, the child turned to the door, and went away trembling. She walked with little steps, and the marchioness followed her with her eyes. And as the child moved away she saw her whole existence unroll itself before her; she saw her husband, so tender, so charming, whom she had sent to death; she saw her daughter, so beautiful, so affectionate, who would have cared for her so tenderly, for whom she wore mourning. She now recognized all the joys she had not acknowledged, all the happiness she had cast from her. The little fair head was slowly disappearing in the darkness; and the marchioness felt that it was life leaving her once more which was leaving her never to return. She cast a look of distress at the portraits of her ancestors; and she thought she saw so many minotaurs who had devoured her youth and her destiny.

Meantime, the child was departing. She was near the half-open door; and still Renée hesitated. As she passed through the door-way, the child turned round.

"It is not true, then," said she, in her silvery voice, "that you are my other mamma?"

Pride was overcome, and the heart found vent. Renée had given a cry; she threw herself like a lioness on her grand-daughter, raised her in her arms, and, inundating her with tears, covering her with kisses,—

"Stay, stay!" exclaimed she; "stay, life! stay, happiness!"

Less than a year after, it would have been useless to seek on the banks of the Sèvre for the ruins of the old manor: the castle of Penarvan had returned to the period of its glory. As by the touch of a magic wand, the walls, the front, the turrets, had risen again; the escutcheons had reappeared over the gates; the long grass no longer grew in the chief court-yard. The horses strutted in the stables, the dogs barked in the kennels, the carriages filled the coach-house. In the gorgeously-decorated drawing-room, the ancestors, relined and restored, appeared rejuvenated in their new frames. Everywhere, within and without, movement had taken the place of stillness; everywhere life had displaced death. The farms which had been burnt down were built up again, the ancient domain had been restored, the factories of ropes and sails once more enlivened the banks of the river. The time of threadbare cassocks was past; the chapel altar had recovered its ancient glory; the manorial seat was restored; and on Sundays and fête-days the abbé officiated in great pomp. Everywhere joy, ease, happiness; everywhere respect for the past joined to the activity of labor.

One hot summer afternoon the Marchioness de Penarvan, her grand-daughter, and the abbé were all three assembled in that room full of portraits where we have so often seen them. In spite of the years that had passed, the marchioness was still beautiful: she retained her lovely fair hair, in which shone not a single white thread. The abbé had grown somewhat stouter. On his knees sat little Renée, and he was teaching her to read out of his wonderful history. This child had become the idol of the abbé; she was happiness for the last years of the good Pyrmil. Above all, she was the passion, the first and only passion, of the marchioness. Renée loved the little Renée with all the tenderness she had never yet felt for any one; she had

taken possession of the child, she had brought into this love the despotism of her character.

Paula and Henry were setting out on horseback for a ride in the neighborhood; the marchioness went to the window, and followed them with her eyes to the end of the avenue.

"Abbé," said she, making a sign to him. The abbé hastened to her side, and Renée pointed to them with a gesture that seemed to say, "See how beautiful and charming they are."

"Well," said the abbé, half aloud, with an air that he tried to make sly and cunning, "it is I who married them."

"Ah, rogue, traitor!" said the marchioness, pulling his ear. "Ah, abbé, abbé, you have never done anything else! You have always plotted against me."

How the good abbé laughed and chuckled and rubbed his hands!

"Come," added the marchioness, gayly, "the family will be complete to-night: we expect Madame de Soleyre."

The abbé had once more taken the child and recommenced his lesson.

"Really, abbé," said the marchioness, "you have no pity: you will bore that child."

"By no means! Mdle. Renée reveals the most excellent disposition."

"Come, abbé, come, that is enough. But, by the bye, how far is this endless history?"

"This endless history is finished, madame," replied the abbé, somewhat piqued. "No later than yesterday I wrote the last lines of the chapter consecrated to the marquis your husband."

"You are not so far as you think: your history is not complete."

"Alas, madame, I know it but too well! There still remains that unfortunate prelate."

"Even without the prelate, your history is not complete. There is still something wanting."

"Something wanting? What is it, madame?"

"Well, myself, abbé: do you not consider me anything?"

"I only write the history of the dead," said the abbé, smiling; "and I reckon, madame, on never writing yours."

"I will dictate it to you. Take a pen. Write."

The abbé, somewhat surprised, took a pen and placed himself ready to write.

"As a heading," said the marchioness, "Louise Charlotte Antoinette Renée, Marchioness de Penarvan, last of the name."

"Last of the name!" repeated the abbé, like an echo.

"Next line," said the marchioness. "She lived wrapped in the glory of her family, and recognized, although somewhat late, that if it is good to honor the dead, it is very sweet to love the living."

"Is that all, madame?"

"That is all, my dear abbé," answered the marchioness, drawing her grandchild towards her and kissing her affectionately. "However, you may add, if you like,—

"Here endeth the history of the House of Penarvan."

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## THE VALUE OF SATIRE.

NICOLAS BOILEAU.

[Boileau, or, to give him his full name, Nicolas Boileau-Despréaux, an eminent French satirist, was born at Paris or in its vicinity in 1636, and made his first appearance in literature with a beautifully-written satirical poem, entitled "Adieu of a Poet to the City of Paris,"

He afterwards published a series of "Satires" and "Epistles," which are greatly admired. Among his best works are "The Reading-Desk" ("Le Lutrin") and "The Art of Poetry," the latter of which is considered as the model of Pope's "Essay on Criticism." "Le Lutrin" is the most popular of Boileau's poems, and is one of the finest mock-heroic poems in European literature. The selection we present is from the "Ninth Satire," and forms a portion of a translation published in the "North American Review."]

WHY are my ears so frequently assailed  
With cries of authors and of fools impaled?  
When will your zeal some due cessation find?  
Come, now,—I'm serious,—answer me, my mind!  
"My stars!" you answer, "what a mighty fuss!  
Why do you let your spleen transport you thus?  
Must I be hung for having given, once  
Or twice, a passing comment on a dunce?  
Where is the man who, when a coxcomb brags  
Of having written a mere piece of rags,  
Does not exclaim, 'You good-for-nothing fool!  
You tiresome dunce! you vile translating tool!  
Why should such nonsense ever see the day,  
Or why such wordy nothings make display?'  
"Must this be slander called, or honest speech?  
No, slander steals more softly to the breach.  
Thus, were it made a doubt for what pretence  
M—— built a convent at his own expense,—  
'M——?' cries the slanderer, with a solemn whine,  
'Why, don't suspect him,—he's a friend of mine.  
I knew him well before his fortunes grew,—  
As fine a lackey as e'er brushed a shoe.  
His pious heart and honorable mind  
Would give to God—his filchings from mankind.'  
"There is a sample of your slanderer's art,  
Which stabs, with vast politeness, to the heart.

The generous soul, to such intrigues unknown,  
Detests the soft, backbiting, double tone.  
But surely, to expose a wretched verse,  
Hard as a stone, and dismal as a hearse,  
To draw a line 'twixt merit and pretence,  
To throttle him who throttles common sense,  
To joke a would-be wit who wears out you,—  
This every reader has a right to do.

“A fool at court may every day judge wrong,  
And pass unpunished through the tasteless throng,  
Preferring (so all standards they disturb)  
Theophilus to Racan and Malherbe,  
Or e'en pretend an equal price to hold  
For Tasso's tinsel as for Maro's gold.

“Some understrapper, for a dozen sous,  
Who shrinks not from the scorn of public view,  
May go and take his station at the pit,  
And cry down *Attila*\* with vulgar wit;  
Unfit the beauties of the Hun to feel,  
He chides those *Vandal* verses of Corneille.

“There's not a varlet author in this town,  
No drudge of pen and ink, no copyist clown,  
Who is not ready to assume his stand,  
And sternly judge all writings, scale in hand.  
Soon as the anxious bard his fortune tries,  
He is the slave of every dunce who buys.  
He truckles low to everybody's whim;  
His works must combat for themselves and him.  
In preface meek, he gets upon his knees,  
To beg *his* candor—whom his verses tease;  
In vain,—no mercy let the author hope,  
When even his judge stands ready with the rope.

---

\* One of Corneille's best dramas.



“ And must *I* only hold my peace the while?  
If men *are* fools, shall I not dare to smile?  
What harm have my well-meaning verses done,  
That furious authors thus against me run?  
So far from filching their hard-gotten fame,  
I but stepped in, and built them up a name.  
Had not my verses brought their trash to light,  
It would have sunk, long since, to hopeless night.  
Where’er my friendly notice had not reached,  
Who would have known Cotin had ever preached?  
By satire’s dashes fools are glorious made,  
As pictures owe their brilliancy to shade.  
In all the honest censures I have brought,  
I have but freely uttered what I thought;  
And they who say I hold the rod too high,  
Even they in secret *think* the same as I.

“ Still some will murmur, ‘ Sure, he was to blame ;  
Where was the need of calling folks by name ?\*  
Attacking Chapelain, too !—so good a man !—  
Whom Balzac† always praises when he can.  
’Tis true, had Chapelain taken my advice,  
He ne’er had versified, at any price ;  
In rhyme he to himself’s the worst of foes :  
Oh, had he always been content with prose !”

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\* One day the Abbé Victoire met Boileau, and said to him, “ Chapelain is one of my friends, and I don’t like to have you call him by name in your Satires. It is true that if he had taken my advice he would never have written poetry. Prose is much better for his talents.” “ There it is, there it is !” said our poet. “ What do I say more than you ? Why am I reproached for saying in verse what everybody else says in prose ? I am but the secretary of the public.”

† Balzac was a nobleman, and a very popular writer of letters. Out of about twenty of his volumes, six were filled with letters to Chapelain and encomiums on his works.

“Such is the cant in which they talk away.  
But is it not the very thing *I* say?  
When to his works I put my pruning-knife,  
Pray, do I throw rank poison on his life?  
My Muse, though rough, adopts the candid plan  
Still to disjoin the poet from the man.  
Grant him what faith and honor are his due,  
Allow him to be civil, modest, true,  
Complaisant, soft, obliging, and sincere,—  
From me not even a scruple shall you hear.  
But when I see him as a model shown,  
And raised and worshipped on the poet’s throne,  
Pensioned far more than wits of greater might,\*  
My bile o’erflows, and I’m on fire to write.  
If I’m forbidden what I think to say  
In print, then, like the menial in the play,  
I’ll go and dig the earth, and whisper there,  
That even the reeds may publish to the air,  
Till every grove, and vale, and thicket hears,  
*Midas, King Midas, has an ass’s ears.*  
How have my writings done him any wrong?  
His powers how frozen, or how chilled his song?  
Whene’er a book first takes the vender’s shelf,  
Let every comer judge it for himself.  
Bilaine† may save it from his bookshop’s dust;  
Can he prevent a critic’s keen disgust?  
A minister may plot against *The Cid*,‡  
And every breath of rapture may forbid;

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\* Chapelain had, in different sinecures and pensions, about eight thousand livres per annum.

† Bilaine was a famous bookseller, who kept his shop in the grand hall of the palace.

‡ Corneille having obtained the representation of his famous drama of “*The Cid*,” a party was formed against it, at the head of which

In vain,—all Paris, more informed and wise,  
Looks on *Ximena* with *Rodrigo's* eyes.\*  
The whole Academy may run it down,—  
Still shall it charm and win the rebel town.  
But when a work from Chapelain's mint appears,  
Straightly his readers all become Linières ;†  
In vain a thousand authors laud him high,—  
The book comes forth, and gives them all the lie.  
Since, then, he lives the mark of scorn and glee  
To the whole town,—pray, without chiding me,  
Let him accuse his own unhappy verse,  
Whereon Apollo has pronounced a curse ;  
Yes, blame that Muse that led his steps astray,  
His German Muse, tricked out in French array.  
Chapelain ! farewell, for ever and for aye !"

Satire, they tell us, is a dangerous thing ;  
Some smile, but most are outraged at its sting ;  
It gives its author everything to fear,  
And more than once made sorrow for Regnier.‡  
Quit, then, a path whose wily power decoys  
The thoughtless soul to too ill-natured joys ;  
To themes more gentle be your Muse confined,  
And leave poor Feuillet§ to reform mankind.

---

was the great Cardinal Richelieu, prime-minister of France. He obliged the French Academy to criticise that play, and their strictures were printed under the title of "Sentiments of the French Academy respecting *The Cid*."

\* *Ximena* and *Rodrigo*,—the heroine and the hero of "*The Cid*."

† Linière was an author who wrote severely against Chapelain's "*Maid of Orleans*."

‡ Regnier was the first who wrote satires in France. While very young, his verses provoked for him so many enemies that his father was obliged to chastise him.

§ Feuillet was a preacher excessively severe in his manners and

“What! give up satire? thwart my darling drift?  
How shall I, then, employ my rhyming gift?  
Pray, would you have me daintily explode  
My inspiration in a pretty ode,  
And, vexing Danube in his course superb,  
Invoke his reeds with pilferings from Malherbe?\*

Save groaning Zion from the oppressor's rod,  
Make Memphis tremble, and the crescent nod,  
And, passing Jordan, clad in dread alarms,  
Snatch (undeserved!) the Idumean palms?†  
Or, coming with an eclogue from the rocks,  
Pipe, in the midst of Paris, to my flocks,  
And, sitting (at my desk) beneath a beech,  
Make Echo with my rustic nonsense screech?  
Or, in cold blood, without one spark of love,  
Burn to embrace some Iris from above,  
Lavish upon her every brilliant name,—  
Sun, Moon, Aurora,—to relieve my flame,  
And, while on good round fare I daily dine,  
Die in a trope, or languish in a line?  
Let whining fools such affectation keep,  
Whose drivelling minds in luscious dulness sleep.

“No, no! Dame Satire, chide her as you will,  
Charms by her novelties and lessons still.  
She only knows, in fair proportions meet,  
Nicely to blend the useful with the sweet,

---

alarming in his exhortations. He affected singularity in his public performances.

\* These lines allude to the writings of one Périer, who borrowed and spoiled sentences from Malherbe.

† It is possible that in these few lines he alludes to Tasso's “Jerusalem,” whose popularity at that time might have roused Boileau's jealousy for the ancients and caused in his mind a reaction both unfavorable and unjust to the Italian poet.

And, as good sense illuminates her rhymes,  
Unmasks and routs the errors of the times,—  
Dares e'en within the altar's bound to tread,  
And strikes injustice, vice, and pride with dread.

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## A FIGHT WITH ROBBERS.

PIERRE AUGUSTE BEAUMARCHAIS.

[Pierre Auguste Caron de Beaumarchais, a French writer of versatile genius, was born at Paris in 1732. He for a time followed his father's occupation of watchmaker, but gained admission to court through his skill in music, and acquired a large fortune in business with the financier Duverny. At the opening of the American Revolution he became the secret agent of the French government to supply the colonies with arms and ammunition, and made much money in this office. He first appeared as an author in a series of "Mémoires," suggested by some lawsuits in which he was engaged, and ridiculing the administration of justice with a wit and sarcasm which excited the jealousy of Voltaire. He is principally known in literature, however, by his operative comedies, the most famous of which are "The Barber of Seville" and "The Marriage of Figaro." Beaumarchais lived through the French Revolution, to which his political writings had greatly contributed, and died in Paris in 1799. From one of his letters we select the following vivid description of an exciting and perilous adventure, which almost robbed the world of our author ere he had given to it any of his admirable comedies.]

In a boat on the Danube, near Ratisbon,  
August 15th, 1774.

BEFORE entering into the matter with you, my friend, I ought to warn you that, being in a six-oared boat on a river which hurries me along, the shake of each stroke of

the oar gives my body, and especially my arm, a compound movement, which disturbs my pen, and will give my writing in a moment the uncertain character which you will find in it; for I have made the rowing cease that I might write this preamble, in order that the difference between it and that which follows may convince you that the badness of my writing arises from an external cause, and not from any internal disorder caused by my sufferings.

This settled, try to read me, and pay attention.

My situation recalls to my mind the state in which a philosopher, whose genius both you and I admire, once found himself in the same place. Descartes relates that, descending the Danube in a bark, and reading quietly, seated on the prow, he heard the sailors, who did not suppose he understood German, distinctly plan to assassinate him. He put on a bold face, he says, looked to see if his arms were in a good state.—in a word, looked so courageous that these people, all whose movements he followed, did not dare to execute their evil design.

I, who do not possess in such a high degree as he did the perfection of philosophy, but who pique myself also on method and courage in my actions, find myself in a boat on the Danube, absolutely not being able to bear the movement of my post-chaise, because they dared to execute on me yesterday what they did not dare a century ago to do to him.

Yesterday, then, at three o'clock in the afternoon, near Neuschtat, some five leagues from Nuremberg, passing in a chaise, with a single postilion and my English servant, through a forest of fir-trees, I got down for a moment, and my chaise went on slowly, as it had often done when I had got out. After a short time I began to try and overtake it, when a man on horseback, stopping my way,



jumped down and came in front of me. He said some German words that I did not understand, but as he had a long knife or poniard in his hand I judged that he wished for my purse or my life. I felt in my front pocket, and this made him think that I had heard him and that he was already master of my gold. He was alone; instead of my purse I drew out my pistol, which I presented at him without speaking, raising my stick with the other hand to parry a blow if he tried to strike me; then, drawing back against a great fir-tree, and going behind it slowly, I placed the tree between him and me. There, not being any longer afraid of him, I looked to see if my pistol was primed. This confident behavior had positively stopped him short. I had already gained a second and a third fir-tree backward, always going behind them as I reached them, my stick held up in one hand and my pistol in the other, pointed at him. I was performing a pretty safe manœuvre, which would soon lead me out into the road, when a man's voice made me turn my head: it was a great rascal in a blue waistcoat without sleeves, carrying his coat on his arm, who was running towards me behind. The increasing danger made me collect all my wits quickly; I considered that, the danger being greater of allowing myself to be seized behind, I must get before the tree again and get rid of the man with the dagger, and then go immediately after the other brigand. All this was considered and executed like lightning. Running, then, to within my arm's length of the first robber, I fired at him with my pistol, which unfortunately did not go off. I was lost: the man, feeling his advantage, came up to me. I kept him off, however, with my stick, retreating to my tree and feeling for my other pistol in my left pocket, when the second robber, having come up to me behind, in spite of my having my back against a fir-tree,

seized me by the shoulder, and threw me down backwards; the first then struck me with his long knife with all his might in the middle of my chest. It was all over with me; but, to give you an idea of the combination of incidents to which, my friend, I owe the joy of being able to write to you again, you must know that I wear on my chest an oval box of gold, pretty large and very flat, in the shape of a lozenge, hung round my neck by a little chain of gold,—a box that I had had made in London, and containing a paper so precious to me that I never travel without it. In passing through Frankfort I had had a pad of silk fixed to this box, because, when I was very hot, if the metal touched the skin suddenly it hurt me a little.

Now, by accident, or rather by a good fortune that never abandons me in the midst of the greatest evils, the blow of the dagger aimed violently at my chest had fallen on this box, which is pretty large, at the moment that, dragged from the side of the tree by the violence of the second robber, which made me lose my footing, I fell backwards. All this combined caused the knife, instead of cutting open my heart, to slip on the metal, cutting the cushion of it, bursting the box, and cutting deep furrows in it; then, scratching the upper part of my chest slightly, it pierced my chin underneath, and came out at the lower part of my right cheek.

If I had lost my senses in that extreme peril, it is certain, my friend, that I should have also lost my life. "I am not dead," I said, springing up again with all my might; and, seeing that the man who had struck me was the only one armed, I sprang on him like a tiger, at all risks, and, seizing his wrist, tried to snatch his long knife from him, which he drew back violently, cutting the whole palm of my left hand to the bone, in the thick part of the

thumb. But the effort that he made in drawing back his arm, added to that which I made myself on him in front, knocked him over in his turn; a great kick with my boot, directed against his wrist, made him drop the dagger, which I picked up, springing on him with both knees on his chest. The second bandit, more cowardly still than the first, seeing me ready to kill his comrade, instead of helping him, sprang on the horse that was grazing ten paces off, and fled as fast as possible. The villain that I held under me, and whom I was blinding with the blood that streamed from my face, seeing himself abandoned, made an effort that turned him over just when I was going to strike him, and, raising himself up on his two knees, with clasped hands, cried to me lamentably, "*Monsieur! mon omi!*" and many German words, by which I comprehended that he was begging for his life. "*Infamous scoundrel!*" I said, and, my first impulse still remaining, I was going to kill him. A second contrary but very rapid feeling made me think that to cut the throat of a man on his knees, with clasped hands, was a kind of assassination,—a cowardly action, unworthy of a man of honor. However, that he might remember it well, I intended at least to wound him severely; he threw himself on the ground, crying out, "*Mein Gott!*"

Try to follow my mind through all these impulses, that were as rapid as they were opposite to one another, my friend, and you will perhaps be able to imagine how, from the greatest danger from which I had ever saved myself, I became, in the twinkling of an eye, bold enough to hope to tie this man's hands behind his back, and to lead him thus bound to my chaise: all this was but as a flash of lightning. My resolution taken, with one blow I quickly cut his strong chamois belt behind with his knife, which I held in my right hand, an act that his lying flat on the

ground made very easy. But, as I did it with as much violence as speed, I hurt his back very much: this made him utter a great cry as he raised himself from his knees, clasping his hands again. In spite of the excessive pain that I felt in my face, and especially in my left hand, I am convinced that I should have dragged him away, for he made no resistance; when having pulled out my handkerchief, and thrown thirty feet off the knife, which was in my way, for I had my second pistol in my left hand, I was getting ready to bind him. But this hope did not last long. I saw in the distance the other robber, accompanied by some rascals of his own species. I was obliged to think of my own safety again. I confess I felt then the fault I had committed in throwing away the knife; I should have killed the man without scruple, at that moment, and he would have been one enemy less. But, not wishing to empty my second pistol, the only means of offence that remained to me against those who attacked me, for my stick was at most defensive, in the fury that seized me afresh I violently struck the mouth of the kneeling man with the end of my pistol, and knocked in his jaw and broke several of the front teeth, which made him bleed like a bull: he thought he was killed, and fell down. At that instant the postilion, uneasy at my delay, and thinking I had lost my way, came into the wood to seek me. He had sounded the little horn that the German postilions all carry slung across their shoulder; this noise, and the sight of him, stopped the course of the villains, and gave me time to retreat, holding my stick up and my pistol in front, without having been robbed. When they saw me on the road, they dispersed, and my lackey saw, as well as the postilion, the rogue in the blue waistcoat, with his coat on his arm, passing close to them and my chaise, and crossing the road quickly; it was he who

knocked me down; perhaps he hoped to examine my carriage since he had missed my pockets. I went at once to Nuremberg, where I learned that a few days before these same robbers, in the same place, had stopped the post-cart and had robbed different travellers of forty thousand florins.

This accident has made so much noise in the country that probably some of the newspapers will mention it. But, as they apparently will only give an abridgment of the affair, I take advantage of the leisure of a quiet passage on a very beautiful river, whose winding course, changing at each moment the aspect of the shores, rejoices my eyes and calms my ideas enough to enable me to give you these details. If they are rather disconnected, you will be indulgent, when you think that I am stifled in breathing, and that I am in pain all over, without counting the shootings of my wounds, which would not allow me to bear any longer the shaking of the chaise; and this has made me gain the Danube by the shortest road.

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## THE LAST HOURS OF LOUIS XVI.

AMABLE GUILLAUME DE BARANTE.

[The author of our present selection, Amable Guillaume Prosper Brugière, Baron de Barante, was born at Riom in 1782. He became Secretary to the Minister of the Interior under Louis XVIII., and was made a peer of France in 1819. He died in 1866. Barante was an historian and miscellaneous writer of skill and excellence, his principal works being "Picture of French Literature in the Eighteenth Century," "Literary Miscellanies," and "History of the Dukes of Burgundy." He also wrote a "History of the National Convention." His historical works are of high repute. We give in illustration his vivid account of the last day in prison and the execution of Louis XVI.]

THEY came to announce to him that the queen and his family were coming down. The king went hastily into the dining-room. His composure was so perfect that, seeing they had put a bottle of iced water on the table, he said, "The queen does not drink it; it does not agree with her: bring another bottle."

About eight o'clock, the door opened; the queen held her son by the hand; Madame Royale and Madame Elizabeth followed her; all of them rushed into the arms of the king. For some minutes the silence was only interrupted by sobs. The king sat down with the queen on his left hand, Madame Elizabeth on his right, Madame Royale before him. The young prince was at the king's knees. Every moment they got up to embrace him.

This melancholy conversation was constantly interrupted by bursts of tears. Such a story can have no other historian than the only witness who has survived for a long succession of miseries. "We found my father much changed; he wept over us from grief, but not from fear of death; he described his trial to my mother, excusing the ruffians who were causing his death. He repeated that they had wished to have recourse to the primary assemblies; but that had not been his advice, because it would cause disturbance in the State. He then gave some religious admonitions to my brother, recommended him especially to pardon those who had caused his death, and gave him his blessing as well as to me. My mother earnestly wished that we might be permitted to pass the night with my father. He refused, telling her that he needed quiet; she asked him at least to let her come the next day, and he consented."

At a quarter-past ten, the king rose. The queen, the children, and Madame Elizabeth advanced towards the door, uttering disconsolate moans. "Yes," said the king,



"I will see you to-morrow at eight o'clock." "You promise," said they all together. "Yes." "Why not at seven?" said the queen. "Well, yes, at seven," he replied. "Farewell!" He pronounced this farewell in such a touching tone that the sobs increased. Madame Royale fainted at the king's feet. He pressed them again to his heart, and tore himself from their embraces. "Farewell! farewell!" he said, as he returned to his room. "Ah, monsieur, what an interview!" said he, as he met the Abbé Edgeworth again. "Why must I love so much, and be so tenderly loved? But it is over: let us forget all the rest, and think only of the one matter of salvation."

It was late in the night when the king and Abbé Edgeworth separated. The confessor went into the cabinet, and the king went to bed. "You will wake me at five o'clock to-morrow," he said to Cléry; then he fell asleep.

He was awakened by the noise which Cléry made in lighting the fire. "Is it five o'clock?" said he: "I have slept; I needed it, my day yesterday tired me. Where is M. de Firmont?" "On my bed." "And you, where did you pass the night?" "On this chair." "I am sorry for that." And he held out his hand to him.

He dressed himself in the dressing-room, while they were preparing an altar to celebrate mass; he listened to it kneeling. He received the communion, and then remained some time in prayer. A moment after, Abbé Edgeworth, who had left the room, returned, and found him in the dressing-room near the stove, having some difficulty in warming himself. "Nature suffers," said he; then he added, "My God, how happy I am in having preserved my religion! What should I be now without it? *With* it death seems sweet to me. Yes, there is an incorruptible Judge on high, who will grant me the justice that men refuse me here below."

The day began to dawn; they heard the drums beat to call the men to arms in the streets around the Temple. "It is doubtless the National Guard assembling," said the king. Soon he distinguished the feet of horses in the court. "They are coming near," he said, with the same composure.

The Abbé Edgeworth entreated him to spare the queen the anguish of a last farewell. "You are right; it would be her death-blow; I will deprive myself of this consolation; she will hope some moments longer."

The commissioners entered the room. The king requested that they would give Cléry some scissors to cut off his hair. They refused. One of the municipal authorities had proposed that Cléry should accompany Louis in order to undress him on the scaffold. "The executioner is good enough for him," replied another commissioner. The king insisted upon it. "All that was very well when you were king, but you are so no longer." "See how these men treat me," said he to the Abbé Edgeworth; "but I must learn to bear everything."

At nine o'clock the doors were opened with a great noise; Santerre entered, followed by a numerous train. The king was in the dressing-room with his confessor. He went out. "You come for me?" "Yes," replied Santerre. "I am engaged; wait for me; I shall be with you in a minute." He pronounced these words simply, but with a tone of royal authority, and returned to the Abbé Edgeworth.

He knelt down. "All is finished, sir; give me your blessing, and pray God to support me to the end."

He then returned to the room, holding a paper in his hand. It was his will. "I beg you," he said to one of the municipal authorities, "to deliver this paper to the queen, —to my wife," he said, correcting himself. This man was

a priest, named Roux, so violent and gross in his revolutionary ardor that he was often disowned by the Jacobins and the Montagnards; it was he whom the Commune had commissioned to preside at the execution. "That is not my business," replied he. "I am here to conduct you to the scaffold."

The king delivered his will to another member of the municipality. "You can read it; there are some arrangements which I wished to make known to the Commune. Gentlemen," said he, addressing all the commissioners, "I should wish Cléry to stay with my son, who is accustomed to his attendance. I hope that the municipality will grant my request." He pressed Cléry's hand, and, turning to Santerre, said, "Let us go."

On the staircase he met his jailer, with whom two days before he had had a rather sharp altercation. "I was a little too hot the day before yesterday: do not bear a grudge against me for it."

He crossed the first court on foot, turning round sometimes to look at the tower, as if to say farewell to those dearest to him in the world. A carriage was waiting for him in the second court. He got into it with the confessor; two gendarmes placed themselves on the seat in front.

Measures had been taken to prevent all attempts at a rescue: a great display of armed men secured quiet. The Commune had ordered all the National Guard to meet in their sections; the absent were considered conspirators. Silence and stillness were commanded in all the streets where the procession passed. The public markets were not to be held that day. Cannons were pointed before the streets which joined the Boulevards; others were fastened and drawn with a great noise behind the carriage.

The day was foggy, dark, and cold ; a gloomy silence reigned as the carriage passed along. The shops were closed ; nobody appeared at the windows.

The king had taken the breviary from Abbé Edgeworth, and was reading the prayers for the dying.

Just as the carriage passed the St. Denis gate, some young men crossed the road of the boulevard, crying, "Those who wish to save the king, follow us !" Nobody followed them ; the soldiers charged on them ; they escaped by the cross-roads. Their attempt was unobserved. Contemporary witnesses say nothing about it. It is attested by the documents of the revolutionary tribunal, which a year after condemned a young man named Devaux for this act.

The drive lasted an hour ; at ten minutes past ten the carriage stopped on the Place Louis XV., which was then called the Place de la Révolution. The scaffold had been placed near to the entrance to the Champs-Élysées, in the middle of a wide open space, surrounded by rows of troops and cannons. The executioner came to open the door. "Gentlemen," said the king in a firm voice, pointing to the Abbé Edgeworth before he got out, "I commend this gentleman to you. Take care that after my death he receives no insult ; I charge you to watch over him." "Yes, yes, we will take care of him, let us alone," replied they, brutally.

When the king had got out of the carriage, the executioners surrounded him, and wished to take off his coat ; he pushed them away, and undressed himself ; he unfastened his collar, and turned back his shirt. They wished to tie his hands.

"What do you mean to do ?" he said, vehemently. "To tie your hands," they said. "I will not consent to it," replied the king. The executioners seemed determined to

use violence. He looked at his confessor, as if to consult him. "Sire," said the Abbé Edgeworth to him, "it will be one more resemblance to the divine Saviour!"

He raised his eyes to heaven with a look of bitter grief.

"Nothing but His example would induce me to submit to this insult. Do what you will," said he to the executioners: "I will drink the cup to the dregs."

The steps to the scaffold were difficult to ascend; he leaned on the arm of M. Edgeworth, crossed the scaffold with a firm step, and asked if the drums were going to beat all the time. Just as they were about to bind him to the fatal plank, he advanced, and looked with an air of authority on the drummers below him. They stopped for a moment, and he cried, in a loud voice, "People, I die innocent."

Santerre, who was looking on near at hand, immediately commanded the drums not to stop. Then, turning towards the men who surrounded him on the scaffold, the king said, "Gentlemen, I am innocent of the crimes with which they charge me, and I pray God that my blood may not be visited on France."

The report which the executioner gave to his superiors corresponds with the account of the confessor. It terminates thus:

"To speak the truth, he bore all this with a calmness and firmness which astonished us all. I am convinced that he derived this firmness from the principles of religion, of which no one appeared more persuaded than he."

The crowd which filled that vast place remained silent. At a sitting of the Jacobins the evening before, Robespierre had recommended that from each section some safe men should be sent to be present at the execution and to preserve order and tranquillity. When the king's head fell,

these men, who formed the front ranks around the scaffold, cried out, "*Vive la République!*" The second ranks repeated it more feebly; the further off the spectators were, the more feeble became the acclamations, and the voices became hesitating, so that towards the middle of the Place, and in the Rue Royale, this thronging crowd was mute and terrified; every one returned to his home slowly, and as if overwhelmed with a melancholy terror.

Meanwhile, the executioner had held up the head of the king, and showed it to the eager Jacobins, some of whom dipped their handkerchiefs in the blood of the tyrant, others consecrated in the same way the point of their pike or sword; they were rejoicing in their triumph.

The members of the Convention had assembled in great numbers at nine o'clock in the morning, waiting for this news; they were troubled by the liveliest apprehension; they had just heard that Lepelletier de Saint-Fargeau had been stabbed the night before in a café of the Palais Royal in revenge for his vote of death. Several of them had been threatened or insulted; they exaggerated the feeling of grief and indignation that had been manifested by some few isolated persons more enlightened and more imprudent than the generality of honest men; they were afraid that the execution of their sentence would not be accomplished without disorder. It was, therefore, a real satisfaction to them when an assistant of Santerre soon after entered the hall of the Committee of Legislation, where they were assembled, to announce to them that all was over, and that the public tranquillity had not been disturbed. Thus reassured, they testified great satisfaction, and many of them cried, "*Vive la République!*"



## SHAKESPEARE.

HIPPOLYTE ADOLPHE TAINÉ.

[Taine, who within recent years has brought himself to so high a standing among French critics and historians, was born at Vouziers in 1828. His writings are numerous and diversified, including a valuable treatise on "Intelligence," some important historical works, and "The French Philosophers of the Nineteenth Century," a "History of English Literature," and other critical productions. From the "English Literature" we select a portion of the essay on Shakespeare, in which Taine's critical insight and the exuberant fulness of his style are well shown. The translation is by Van Laun.]

I AM about to describe an extraordinary species of mind, perplexing to all the French modes of analysis and reasoning, all-powerful, excessive, equally master of the sublime and the base; the most creative that ever engaged in the exact copy of the details of actual existence, in the dazzling caprice of fancy, in the profound complications of superhuman passions; a nature poetical, not shackled by its morality, inspired, superior to reason by the sudden revelations of his seer's-madness; so extreme in joy and pain, so abrupt of gait, so stormy and impetuous in his transports, that this great age alone could have cradled such a child.

Of Shakespeare all came from within,—I mean from his soul and his genius; external circumstances contributed but slightly to his development. He was intimately bound up with his age; that is, he knew by experience the manners of country, court, and town; he had visited the heights, the depths, the middle regions, of the condition of mankind; nothing more. For the rest, his life was commonplace;

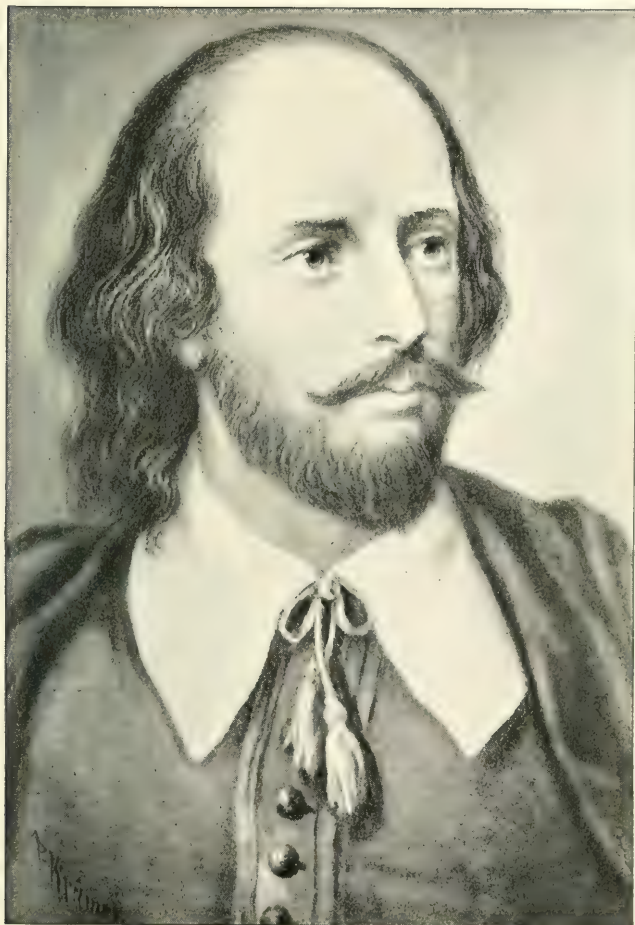
the irregularities, troubles, passions, successes, through which he passed were, on the whole, such as we meet with everywhere else. . . .

Was Shakespeare, like Voltaire, a common-sense man, though of an imaginative brain, keeping a sound judgment under the sparkling of his genius, prudent from scepticism, economical through lack of independence, and capable, after going the round of human ideas, of deciding, with *Candide*, that the best thing one can do is "to cultivate one's garden"?

I would rather think, as his full and solid head suggests, that by the mere force of his overflowing imagination he escaped, like Goethe, the perils of an overflowing imagination; that in depicting passion he succeeded, like Goethe, in quelling passion in his own case; that the lava did not break out in his conduct, because it found issue in his poetry; that his theatre redeemed his life; and that having passed, by sympathy, through every kind of folly and wretchedness that is incident to human existence, he was able to settle down amidst them with a calm and melancholy smile, listening, for distraction, to the aerial music of the fancies in which he revelled. I am willing to believe, lastly, that in frame as in the rest he belonged to his great generation and his great age; that with him, as with Rabelais, Titian, Michael Angelo, and Rubens, the solidity of his muscles balanced the sensibility of his nerves. Of all this we can but conjecture: if we would see the man more closely we must seek him in his works.

Let us, then, look for the man in his style. The style explains the work; while showing the principal features of the genius, it infers the rest. When we have once grasped the dominant faculty, we see the whole artist enveloped like a flower.

Shakespeare imagines with copiousness and excess; he



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.



spreads metaphors profusely over all he writes; every instant abstract ideas are changed into images; it is a series of paintings which is unfolded in his mind. He does not seek them, they come of themselves; they crowd within him, covering his arguments; they dim with their brightness the pure light of logic. He does not labor to explain or prove; picture on picture, image on image, he is forever copying the strange and splendid visions which are engendered one within another and are heaped up within him. Compare to our dull writers this passage, which I take at hazard from a tranquil dialogue :

“The single and peculiar life is bound,  
With all the strength and ardor of the mind,  
To keep itself from noyance; but much more  
That spirit upon whose weal depend and rest  
The lives of many. The cease of majesty  
Dies not alone, but, like a gulf, doth draw  
What's near it with it: it is a massy wheel,  
Fix'd on the summit of the highest mount,  
To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser things  
Are mortised and adjoined; which when it falls,  
Each small annexment, petty consequence,  
Attends the boisterous ruin. Never alone  
Did the king sigh, but with a general groan.”

Here we have three successive images to express the same thought. It is a whole blossoming; a bough grows from the trunk, from that another, which is multiplied into numerous fresh branches. Instead of a smooth road, traced by a regular line of dry and well-fixed stakes, you enter a wood, crowded with interwoven trees and luxuriant bushes, which conceal you and close your path, which delight and dazzle your eyes by the magnificence of their verdure and the wealth of their bloom. This is because objects were taken into his mind organized and

complete; they pass into ours disjoined, decomposed, fragmentarily. He thought in the lump, we think piecemeal; hence his style and our style,—two languages not to be reconciled. We employ but general terms, which every mind can understand, and regular constructions, into which any mind can enter; we attain justness and clearness, not life. Shakespeare lets justness and clearness look out for themselves, and attains life. From amidst his complex conception and his colored semi-vision he grasps a fragment, a quivering fibre, and shows it: it is for you from this fragment to divine the rest. This is why Shakespeare is strange and powerful, obscure and original, beyond all poets of his or any other age; the most immoderate of all violators of language, the most marvellous of all creators of souls, the farthest removed from regular logic and classical reason, the one most capable of exciting in us a world of forms and of placing living beings before us. . . . His master-faculty is an impassioned imagination, freed from the fetters of reason and morality. He abandons himself to it, and finds in man nothing that he would care to lop off. He accepts nature, and finds it beautiful in its entirety. He paints it in its littleness, its deformities, its weaknesses, its excesses, its irregularities, and in its rages; he exhibits man at his meals, in bed, at play, drunk, mad, sick; he adds that which passes behind the stage to that which passes on the stage. He does not dream of ennobling, but of copying human life, and aspires only to make his copy more energetic and more striking than the original.

Hence the morals of this drama; and, first, the want of dignity. Dignity arises from self-command. A man selects the most noble of his acts and attitudes, and allows himself no other. Shakespeare's characters select none, but allow themselves all. His kings are men, and fathers



of families. The terrible Leontes, who is about to order the death of his wife and his friend, plays like a child with his son,—caresses him, gives him all the pretty little pet names which mothers are wont to employ; he dares be trivial; he gabbles like a nurse; he has her language and fulfils her offices. . . .

There are a score of such passages in Shakespeare. The great passions with him, as in nature, are preceded or followed by trivial actions, scraps of talk, commonplace sentiments. Strong emotions are accidents in our life: to drink, to eat, to talk of indifferent things, to carry out mechanically an habitual duty, to dream of some stale pleasure or some ordinary annoyance, that is the business of our lives. Shakespeare paints us as we are; his heroes bow, ask people for news, speak of rain and fine weather, as often and as casually as ourselves, on the very eve of falling into the extremity of misery or of plunging into fatal resolutions. Hamlet asks what's o'clock, finds the wind biting, talks of feasts and music heard without; and this quiet talk, so little in harmony with action, so full of slight, insignificant facts which chance alone has raised up, lasts until the moment when his father's ghost, rising in the darkness, reveals the assassination which it is his duty to avenge.

The manners of that stage are unbridled, like those of the age, and like the poet's imagination. To copy the common actions of every-day life, the puerilities and feeblenesses to which the greatest continually sink, the transports which degrade them, the indecent, harsh, or foul words, the atrocious deeds in which license revels, the brutality and ferocity of primitive nature, is the work of a free and unencumbered imagination. To copy this hideousness and these excesses with a selection of such familiar, significant, precise details that they reveal under

every word of every personage the complete condition of civilization, is the work of a concentrated and all-powerful imagination. This species of manners and this energy of description indicate the same faculty, unique and excessive, which the style had already indicated.

On this common background stand out a population of distinct living figures, illuminated by an intense light, in striking relief. This creative power is Shakespeare's great gift, and it communicates an extraordinary significance to his words. He had the prodigious faculty of seeing in the twinkling of an eye a complete character, body, mind, past and present, in every detail and every depth of his being, with the exact attitude and the expression of face which the situation demanded. These characters are all of the same family. Good or bad, gross or delicate, refined or awkward, Shakespeare gives them all the same kind of spirit which is his own. He has made of them imaginative people, void of will or reason, impassioned machines, vehemently hurled one upon another, who were the representation of whatever is most natural and most abandoned in human nature.

[The critic proceeds to describe the various characters drawn by Shakespeare,—the stupid people, the wits, the villains, the heroes, etc.,—with a rich suggestiveness which we should be glad to follow but for the length of his descriptions. He introduces his criticism of the comedy characters with the following comparison.]

If Racine or Corneille had framed a psychology, they would have said, with Descartes, Man is an incorporeal soul, served by organs, endowed with reason and will, living in palaces or porticos, made for conversation and society, whose harmonious and ideal action is developed by discourses and replies, in a world constructed by logic beyond the realms of time and space.

If Shakespeare had framed a psychology, he would have said, with Esquirol, Man is a nervous machine, governed by a mood, disposed to hallucinations, transported by unbridled passions, essentially unreasoning, a mixture of animal and poet, having no rapture but mind, no sensibility but virtue, imagination for prompter and guide, and led at random, by the most determinate and complex circumstances, to pain, crime, madness, and death.

Could such a poet always confine himself to the imitation of nature? Will this poetical world which is going on in his brain never break loose from the world of reality? Is he not powerful enough to follow his own? He is; and the poetry of Shakespeare naturally finds an outlet in the fantastical. This is the highest grade of unreasoning and creative imagination. Despising ordinary logic, it creates therefrom another: it unites facts and ideas in a new order, apparently absurd, at bottom legitimate; it lays open the land of dreams, and its dreams deceive us like the truth.

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What a soul! what extent of action; and what sovereignty of a unique faculty! what diverse creations, and what persistence of the same impress! There they all are reunited, and all marked by the same sign, void of will and reason, governed by mood, imagination, or pure passion, destitute of the faculties contrary to those of the poet, dominated by the corporeal type which his painter's eyes have conceived, endowed by the habits of mind and by the vehement sensibility which he finds in himself. Go through the groups, and you will only discover in them divers forms and divers states of the same power. Here, the flock of brutes, dotards, and gossips, made up of a mechanical imagination; further on, the company of men of wit, animated by a gay and foolish imagination;

then, the charming swarm of women whom their delicate imagination raises so high and their self-forgetting love carries so far; elsewhere the band of villains, inspired by the artist's animation; in the centre the mournful train of grand characters, whose excited brain is filled with sad or criminal visions, and whom an inner destiny urges to murder, madness, or death. Ascend one stage, and contemplate the whole scene: the aggregate bears the same mark as the details. The drama reproduces promiscuously uglinesses, basenesses, horrors, unclean details, profligate and ferocious manners, the whole reality of life just as it is when it is unrestrained by decorum, common sense, reason, and duty. Comedy, led through a phantasmagoria of pictures, gets lost in the likely and the unlikely, with no other check but the caprice of an amused imagination, wantonly disjointed, and romantic, an opera without music, a concerto of melancholy and tender sentiments, which bears the mind into the supernatural world, and brings before our eyes on its fairy wings the genius which has created it. Look, now. Do you not see the poet behind the crowd of his creations? They have heralded his approach; they have all shown somewhat of him. Ready, impetuous, impassioned, delicate, his genius is pure imagination, touched more vividly and by slighter things than ours. Hence his style, blooming with exuberant images, loaded with exaggerated metaphors, whose strangeness is like incoherence, whose wealth is superabundant, the work of a mind which at the least incitement produces too much and leaps too far. Hence his implied psychology, and his terrible penetration, which, instantaneously perceiving all the effects of a situation and all the details of a character, concentrates them in every response, and gives his figure a relief and a coloring which create illusion. Hence our emotion and tender-

ness. We say to him, as Desdemona to Othello, "I love thee for the battles, sieges, fortunes thou hast passed, and for the distressful stroke that thy youth suffered."

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## POEMS OF HUMOR.

## VARIOUS.

[Scattered through the literature of France, from the era of the Fabliaux down to the present time, are many humorous ditties, of which we have already given some examples, and of which we here gather a few more from the neatly-rendered translations of Walter Besant. Marc-Antoine Saint-Amant, born at Rouen in 1594. and a poet both grave and gay of vein, is the author of the succeeding two poems, the first of melancholy tone, the second full of bacchanalian gayety.]

## IN PRAISE OF TOBACCO.

Upon a fagot seated, pipe in lips,  
    Leaning my head against the chimney wall,  
    My heart sinks in me, down my eyelids fall,  
As all alone I think on life's eclipse.

Hope, that puts off to-morrow for to-day,  
    Essays to change my sadness for a while,  
    And shows me, with her kind and youthful smile,  
A fate more glorious than men's words can say.

Meantime the herb in ashes sinks and dies ;  
Then to its sadness back my spirit flies,  
    And the old troubles still rise up behind.  
Live upon hope and smoke your pipe : all's one.  
It means the same when life is passed and done :  
    One is but smoke, the other is but wind.

## INVOCATION TO BACCHUS.

In idle rhymes we waste our days,  
With yawning fits for all our praise,  
While Bacchus, god of mirth and wine,  
Invites us to a life divine.  
Apollo, prince of bards and prigs,  
May scrape his fiddle to the pigs;  
And for the Muses, old maids all,  
Why, let them twang their lyres, and squall  
Their hymns and odes on classic themes,  
Neglected by their sacred streams.  
As for the true poetic fire,  
What is it but a mad desire?  
While Pegasus himself, at best,  
Only a horse must be confessed;  
And he must be an ass indeed  
Who would bestride the wingéd steed.

Bacchus, thou who watchest o'er  
All feasts of ours, whom I adore  
With each new draught of rosy wine  
That makes my red face like to thine,—  
By thy ivied coronet,  
By this glass with rubies set,  
By thy thyrsis,—fear of earth,—  
By thine everlasting mirth,  
By the honor of the feast,  
By thy triumphs, greatest, least,  
By thy blows not struck, but drunk,  
With king and bishop, priest and monk,  
By the jesting, keen and sharp,  
By the violin and harp,  
By thy bells, which are but flasks,  
By our sighs, which are but masks



Of mirth and sacred mystery,  
By thy panthers fierce to see,  
By this place so fair and sweet,  
By the he-goat at thy feet,  
By Ariadne, buxom lass,  
By Silenus on his ass,  
By this sausage, by this stoup,  
By this rich and thirsty soup,  
By this pipe from which I wave  
All the incense thou dost crave,  
By this ham, well spiced, long hung,  
By this salt and wood-smoked tongue,  
Receive us in the happy band  
Of those who worship glass in hand,  
And, to prove thyself divine,  
Leave us never without wine.

[From Vincent Voiture, a famous poet and wit, born at Amiens in 1598, and a favorite member of the witty circle of the Hôtel Rambouillet, we give a poem in ridicule of a pretender to poetry named Neufgermain, the butt of all the wits of the Hôtel. Voiture imagines a rebellion of all those letters of the alphabet which had not the honor of forming part of the name of this illustrious bard.]

Well you know, illustrious band,  
Servants ever true and tried  
(Yours the aid that in my hand  
Placed the sceptre and the pride),  
Consultation long we had  
Ere that noble name we made.

By a forethought quite divine,  
In the name, whose echoes sound  
Like a trumpet clear and fine,  
Vowels four their place have found.

But, my consonantal friends,  
Here my godlike forethought ends.

B and C with S and L,  
P and T with them combined,  
Share of glory claim as well  
In this name a place to find ;  
Even, I regret to say,  
Useless U must join the fray.

B, who makes our Blessings real,  
B, without whose potent arm  
Beauty we could never feel ;  
C, too, queen of every Charm,  
Swear to seek the shades below  
If they must this fame forego.

Then comes P, with haughty eye,—  
He alone makes half a Pope,—  
Prayer gives up, and Piety,  
If we grant him not his hope :  
Nothing more remains but this,—  
Patience—with Paralysis.

T comes next,—and this is grave,  
For our Thunder T doth lead,—  
Threatens too our ranks to leave :  
Why, if P and T secede,  
Power and Thunder both are gone,  
Leaving us an empty throne.

Come, then, be contented all,  
Nothing else I see but this :  
Call him—as the letters fall,  
See you, each, that none doth miss—

Call him, though the name be quaint,  
Sir Bdelneufghermicropsaint.

[Paul Scarron, the light-hearted cripple, from whose prose humor we have already made a selection, was not less gay and humorous in his poetry, in which field of literature he occasionally worked. Indeed, fun was so thoroughly native to the temperament of this "emperor of the burlesque" that in his comedies his only difficulty, apparently, was to invent serious characters. The comic characters seemed to spring into life without effort. We quote his adieu to a flirt.]

Adieu, fair Chloris, adieu ;  
'Tis time that I speak.  
After many and many a week  
( 'Tis not thus that at Paris we woo ),  
You pay me for all with a smile  
And cheat me the while.  
Speak now. Let me go.  
Close your doors, or open them wide,  
Matters not, so that I am outside ;  
Devil take me if ever I show  
Love or pity for you or your pride.

To laugh in my face,  
It is all that she grants me  
Of pity or grace :  
Can it mean that she wants me ?  
This for five or six months is my pay.  
Now hear my command :  
Shut your doors, keep them tight night and day,  
With a porter at hand  
To keep every one in ;  
Well I know my own mind.  
The devil himself, if once you begin  
To go out, couldn't keep me behind.

[The following is his much better known sonnet descriptive of the Paris of the seventeenth century.]

Houses in labyrinthine maze ;  
The streets with mud bespattered all ;  
Palace and prison, churches, quays,  
Here stately shop, there shabby stall ;  
Passengers black, red, gray, and white,  
The pursed-up prude, the light coquette ;  
Murder and Treason dark as night ;  
With clerks, their hands with ink-stains wet ;  
A gold-laced coat without a sou,  
And trembling at a bailiff's sight ;  
A braggart shivering with fear ;  
Pages and lackeys, thieves of night ;  
And 'mid the tumult, noise, and stink of it,  
There's Paris. Pray, what do you think of it ?

[Jean François Regnard, the comic poet, next to Molière, yet far below him in merit, and also a writer of graceful prose, of which we have already given an example from his Swedish travels, is the author of the following pretty love-song, which seems to have been inspired more by the spirit of fun than by that of affection.]

#### THE FAIR TONTINE.

Upon her face  
A thousand dimples smile for me,  
Of love the work, of love the grace ;  
Beside the rest you cannot see  
Upon her face.

Her pretty lips  
Are full of laughter and of mirth,  
And all her words our wit eclipse :  
Love makes his palace upon earth  
Her pretty lips.

Her rounded throat  
Of marble seems, that lies beneath.  
No mortal yet has dared to note,  
Save with the eyes of love and faith,  
Her rounded throat.

Her tender voice  
So sweetly strikes on lover's ear:  
And when she sings, the notes rejoice  
Once more the harmony to hear  
Of her sweet voice.

Then, all around,  
Drink, drink a glass to fair Tontine.  
Perhaps our lady may be found  
To love—such things have sometimes been—  
Us all around.

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## CHARACTERS.

JEAN DE LA BRUYÈRE.

[Of the life of La Bruyère we know very little. He was born in 1645 near Dourdan, in Normandy, and spent his life at the Hôtel de Condé, at Versailles, dying in 1696. The work by which he is known in literature is "The Characters of Theophrastus, translated from the Greek, with the Characters or Manners of this Age." The satiric characters drawn by La Bruyère are said by Hallam to surpass incomparably those of Theophrastus, though the latter are of no small merit, and his work is ranked among the best books in the French language. No other French author has so ably painted the manners and customs of that nation. We give a few illustrative examples.]

RUFFIN is beginning to grow gray ; but he is healthy, and his fresh complexion and lively eye promise him still some twenty years of life ; he is gay, jovial, familiar, indifferent ; he laughs with all his heart, and he laughs all alone, without any reason ; he is pleased with himself, his family, his little fortune ; he says he is happy. He loses his only son, a very hopeful young man, and who might have been one day the honor of his family ; he surrenders to others the trouble of lamenting for him, saying, " My son is dead ; it will kill his mother : " and he is comforted. He has no passions, he has neither friends nor foes, he dislikes nobody, everybody pleases him, everything suits him ; he speaks to any one whom he sees for the first time with the same freedom and confidence as he does to those whom he calls his old friends, and he soon imparts to him his puns and his little stories. You may come up to him and you may leave him without his paying any attention to the fact, and the same story that he has begun to tell to one person he will finish to the person who takes his place.

N—— is less weakened by age than by illness, for he is not more than sixty-eight ; but he has gout and nephritic colic, his face is thin, his complexion is greenish and betokens decay. He has his land marled, and he reckons that for fifteen years he will be obliged to manure it ; he plants a young wood that in less than twenty years he hopes will give him pleasant shade. He has a freestone house built in —— Street, made firm at the corners with iron bands, and of which he affirms, coughing, in a faint weak voice, that we shall never see the end. He walks every day about his workshops, leaning on the arm of a valet, who helps him along : he shows his friends what he has done, and tells them what he intends to do. It is not for his children that he builds, for he has none, nor for his



heirs, vile persons that they are, quarrelling among themselves and with him; it is for himself, and he will die to-morrow.

MENALQUE comes down-stairs, opens the door to go out, and shuts it again, for he perceives that he is in his night-cap. On examining himself closer, he finds that he has only half shaved, that his sword hangs on his right side, and his stockings are turned down over his heels. If he walks abroad, he feels all at once a violent blow on his chest or face; he does not guess what it can be, till, arousing himself and opening his eyes, he finds himself before the shaft of a cart, or behind a carpenter's long plank, that a workman is carrying on his shoulders.

He has been seen to knock his forehead against that of a blind man; he gets entangled in his legs, they both tumble down, one on one side, and the other on the other; and several times he has happened to find himself face to face with a prince, and just in his way; he recollects himself with difficulty, and has only time to squeeze close against a wall to make room for him.

He enters a room and passes under a lustre, on which his wig is caught and remains hanging; all the courtiers look and laugh. Menalque looks too, and laughs louder than any. He looks all round the assembly to see who is showing his ears and wants a wig. If he goes into the town, after having proceeded some little distance, he thinks he has gone wrong, and is vexed; he asks the passers-by where he is, and they tell him precisely the name of his own street; then he enters his house, but comes out again in a hurry, thinking he has made a mistake. He writes a long letter, and thinks he has sanded it several times, but always throws the sand into the inkstand. This is not all; he writes a second letter, and, after having sealed them, he

makes a mistake in the addresses. A duke receives one of these two letters, and on opening it reads these words: "M. Olivier, do not fail, as soon as you receive this, to send me my supply of hay." His farmer receives the other; he opens it, and gets it read: they find, "My lord, I have received, with blind submission, the orders that it has pleased your highness," etc. He meets a young widow by chance; he speaks to her of her late husband, and asks how he died; at these words the woman's grief is renewed; she weeps and sobs, and does not forget to go over all the details of her husband's illness from the time that he was quite well just before his fever till his last moments. "Madame," asks Menalque, who has apparently listened with emotion, "is that all that is the matter with you?"

He is never really with those with whom he seems to be. He calls his lackey, very gravely, "Sir," and his friend "La Verdure;" he says "Your Reverence" to a prince of the blood, and "Your Highness" to a Jesuit. He finds himself with a magistrate; this gentleman, grave by character, venerable from age and dignity, questions him on an event, and asks him if it is so. Menalque answers, "Yes, miss." Once he was returning from the country; his own footmen undertook to rob him, and succeeded; they got down from his carriage, put the end of a torch to his throat, and demanded his purse, and he gave it up to them. Arrived at home, he related his adventure to a friend, who did not fail to question him about all the circumstances; he said to them, "Ask my people: they were there."

ARRIAS has read everything and seen everything, and he intends every one to know it; he is a universal genius, and he gives himself out as such; he would rather tell a falsehood than be silent or appear ignorant of anything.

A nobleman from a Northern court is mentioned at table ; he begins to speak, and interrupt those who are to tell what they know about him. He discusses this distant country as if it were his native land ; he discourses about the manners of the court, about the women of the country, of its laws and customs ; he tells little anecdotes about it, and laughs till he is ready to burst. Some one ventures to contradict him, and clearly proves that what he says is not true. Arrias does not trouble himself about that ; on the contrary, he fires up at the interruption. " I advance nothing," he says, " I relate nothing, that I do not know on good authority ; I heard this from Séthon, the French ambassador at this court, who returned to Paris some days ago, whom I know well, whom I have asked a great many questions, and who has hidden nothing from me." He resumes his narrative with greater confidence than he began it, till one of the company says to him, " It is Séthon himself to whom you are speaking, and who has just arrived from his embassy."

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## THE DESCENT OF TELEMACHUS INTO TARTARUS.

FRANÇOIS DE FÉNELON.

The eminent author of our present selection, François de Salignac de la Mothe Fénelon, Archbishop of Cambrai, and an illustrious orator and author, was born at the château de Fénelon, in Périgord, in 1651. His earliest literary production was an argument against the Protestant religion, and after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, in 1685, he was sent by Louis XIV. to convert the Protestants of Poitou. In this mission he employed only mild and persuasive measures. In 1689 he was appointed preceptor to the Duke of Burgundy, the grandson of the king, and the presumptive heir to the throne. This prince had a vio-

lent temper, which Fénelon set himself, with great success, to improve. For this purpose he composed his "Dialogues of the Dead," and other works, principal among them being "*Les Aventures de Télémaque*," in which the character of a virtuous prince, exposed to the greatest perils and temptations, and successfully resisting them, is drawn with inimitable skill and ability.

Fénelon also wrote several important works on theological subjects, and a number of political treatises. He died in 1715. He ranks among the most graceful and imaginative of the prose authors of France, while his literary style is of unsurpassed excellence. As for his opinions, Macaulay says, "There was one Frenchman who has discovered those principles which it now seems impossible to miss,—that the many are not made for the use of the one; that the truly great government is not that which concentrates magnificence in a court, but that which diffuses happiness among a people." This is the lesson taught on every page of the prose epic of Fénelon, "*The Adventures of Telemachus, Son of Ulysses*," which displays a power of invention not surpassed by that of the great masters of epic poetry. The author follows the classical epic method by conducting his hero into Tartarus and Elysium in search of his father Ulysses, whom he has vainly sought upon the earth. We select, from Dr. Hawkesworth's translation, the description of this adventure.]

HE determined to descend into hell, by a celebrated avenue, not far from the camp. The avenue was near a city called Acherontia, from a dreadful cavern that led down to the banks of Acheron, an infernal river, which the gods themselves attest with reverence and dread. The city was built upon the summit of a rock, like a nest upon the top of a tree. At the foot of the rock was the cavern, which no man ventured to approach: the shepherds were always careful to turn their flocks another way; and the sulphurous vapor that exhaled, by this aperture, from the Stygian fens, contaminated the air with a pestilential malignity: the neighboring soil produced neither herb nor flower; and in this place the gentle gales of the zephyr, the rising beauties of the spring, and the rich gifts of

autumn, were alike unknown. . . . A thick black smoke frequently issued from the cavern, in a cloud that covered the earth with untimely darkness in the midst of day ; at these seasons the neighboring people doubled their sacrifices, to propitiate the infernal gods ; yet the infernal gods were frequently inexorable, and would accept no sacrifice but youth in its sweetest bloom and manhood in its ripest vigor, which they cut off by a fatal contagion.

[Telemachus, protected by Minerva, and his coming announced to Pluto by Mercury, advanced upon his daring enterprise.]

As he drew near to the cavern he heard the subterraneous empire roar : the earth trembled under his feet, and the heavens seemed to rain down fire upon his head. A secret horror thrilled to his heart, and his limbs were covered with a cold sweat ; yet his fortitude sustained him, and, lifting up his hands and eyes to heaven, " Great gods," said he, " I accept these omens, and believe them to be happy ; fulfil them, and confirm my hope ! " His breast glowed with new ardor as he spoke, and he rushed forward to the mouth of the pit.

The thick smoke, which rendered it fatal to all who approached it, immediately disappeared, and the pestilential stench was, for a while, suspended. He entered the cavern alone ; for who would have dared to follow him ? . . . In a few minutes he perceived a feeble and dusky light, like that which is seen at midnight upon the earth ; he could also distinguish airy shades that fluttered round him, which he dispersed with his sword ; and soon after he discovered the mournful banks of the Styx, whose waters, polluted by the marshes they cover, move slowly in a sullen stream, that returns in perpetual eddies upon itself. Here he perceived an innumerable multitude of



those who, having been denied the right of sepulture, presented themselves to inexorable Charon in vain. Charon, whose old age, though vigorous and immortal, is always gloomy and severe, kept them back with menaces and reproach; but he admitted the young Greek into his bark as soon as he came up.

The ear of Telemachus, the moment he entered, was struck with the groans of inconsolable grief. "Who art thou?" said he to the complaining ghost, "and what is thy misfortune?" "I was," replied the phantom, "Nabopharzan, the King of Babylon the great. All the nations of the East trembled at the sound of my name; and I compelled the Babylonians to worship me in a temple of marble, where I was represented by a statue of gold, before which the most costly perfumes of Ethiopia were burnt night and day. No man contradicted me without instant punishment; and every invention was upon the stretch to discover some new pleasure that might heighten the luxury of my life. I was then in the full bloom and vigor of youth, and life, with all its pomps and pleasures, was still before me; but, alas! a woman whom I loved with a passion which she did not return, too soon convinced me that I was not a god: she gave me poison, and I am now nothing. Yesterday they deposited my ashes, with great solemnity, in a golden urn; they wept, they tore their hair, and seemed ready to throw themselves upon the funeral pile, that they might perish with me; they are now surrounding the superb mausoleum, in which they placed my remains, with all the external parade of sorrow; but secretly and in sincerity I am regretted by none. Even my family hold my memory in abhorrence; and here I have been already treated with the most mortifying indignity!" . . .

During this relation Nabopharzan wept with the effemi-



nate pusillanimity of a man enervated by good fortune, unacquainted with adversity, and, therefore, a stranger to fortitude. There were with him some slaves, who had been put to death to honor his funeral, and whom Mercury had delivered to Charon with their king, giving them, at the same time, an absolute power over him who had been their tyrant upon earth. The shades of these slaves no longer feared the shade of Nabopharzan; they held him in a chain and treated him with the most cruel indignity. "As men," said one of them, "had we not the same nature with thee? How couldst thou be so stupid as to imagine thyself a god, and forget that thy parents were mortal?"—"His unwillingness to be taken for a man," said another, "was right; for he was a monster, without humanity."—"Well," said another, "what are become of your flatterers now? Poor wretch! there is now nothing that thou canst either give or take away: thou art now become the slave even of thy slaves. The justice of the gods is slow, but the criminal is, at last, certainly overtaken."

Nabopharzan, stung with these insults, threw himself upon his face in an agony of rage and despair; but Charon bade the slaves pull him up by his chain. "He must not," said he, "be allowed the consolation even of hiding his shame; of which all the ghosts that throng the borders of the Styx must be witnesses, that the gods, who so long suffered this impious tyrant to oppress the earth, may at last be justified. Yet this, O scourge of Babylon, is but the beginning of sorrows: the judgment of Minos, impartial and inexorable, is at hand."

The bark now touched the dominions of Pluto; and the ghosts ran down in crowds to the shore, gazing with the utmost curiosity and wonder at the living mortal who stood distinguished among the dead in the boat; but the moment Telemachus set his foot on the shore they

vanished, like the shades of night before the first beams of morning.

[Telemachus, directed by Charon, advanced to the palace of Pluto, and, with trembling limbs and faltering tongue, told him his errand.]

Pluto was seated upon a throne of ebony ; his countenance was pale and severe, his eyes hollow and ardent, and his brow contracted and menacing. The sight of a mortal still breathing the breath of life was hateful to his eyes, as the day is hateful to those animals that leave their recesses only by night. At his side sat Proserpine, who seemed to be the only object of his attention, and to soften him into some degree of complacency ; she enjoyed a beauty that was perpetually renewed ; but there was mingled with her immortal charms something of her lord's inflexible severity.

At the foot of the throne sat the pale father of destruction, Death, incessantly whetting a scythe which he held in his hand. Around this horrid spectre hovered repining Cares and injurious Suspicions ; Vengeance, distained with blood and covered with wounds ; causeless Hatred ; Avarice, gnawing her own flesh, and Despair, the victim of her own rage ; Ambition, whose fury overturns all things like a whirlwind, and Treason, thirsting for blood, and not able to enjoy the mischief she produces ; Envy, shedding round her the venom that corrodes her heart, and sickening with rage at the impotence of her malice, and Impiety, that opens for herself a gulf without bottom, in which she shall plunge at last without hope. Besides these were nameless spectres without number, all hideous to behold ; phantoms that represent the dead, to terrify the living ; frightful dreams ; and the horrid vigils of disease and pain. By these images of woe was Pluto surrounded, and such were the attendants that filled his palace.

[Pluto would tell him nothing of his father, but simply permitted him to continue his search, directing him to seek first in that part of Tartarus where wicked kings are punished, and afterwards in that part of Elysium where good kings are rewarded. Telemachus at once obeyed, passing onward with great rapidity.]

He soon perceived the gloomy tract of Tartarus, at a small distance before him: from this place ascended a black cloud of pestilential smoke, which would have been fatal in the realms of life. This smoke hovered over a river of fire, the flames of which, returning upon themselves, roared in a burning vortex, with a noise like that of an impetuous torrent precipitated from the highest rock: so that in this region of woe no other sound could be distinctly heard.

Telemachus, secretly animated by Minerva, entered the gulf without fear. The first object that presented was a great number of men who, born in a mean condition, were now punished for having sought to acquire riches by fraud, treachery, and violence. Among them he remarked many of those impious hypocrites who, affecting a zeal for religion, played upon the credulity of others and gratified their own ambition. These wretches, who had abused virtue itself, the best gift of heaven, to dishonest purposes, were punished as the most criminal of men: the child who had murdered his parents, the wife who had imbrued her hands in a husband's blood, and the traitor who had sold his country in violation of every tie, were punished with less severity than these. . . . Such was the decree pronounced by the judges of the dead; because hypocrites are not content to be wicked upon the common terms; they would be vicious with the reputation of virtue, and by an appearance of virtue, which at length is found to be false, they prevent mankind from putting confidence in the true. The gods, whose omniscience they mock, and whose honor

they degrade, take pleasure in the exertion of all their power to avenge the insult.

After these appeared others, to whom the world scarce imputes guilt, but whom the divine vengeance pursues without pity: the liar, the ungrateful, the parasite, who lavishes adulation upon vice, and the slanderer, who falsely detracts from virtue; all who judge rashly of what they know but in part, and thus injure the reputation of the innocent. . . .

The next objects that Telemachus perceived, as he went on, were kings that had abused their power. An avenging fury held up before them a mirror, which reflected their vices in all their deformity: in this they beheld their undistinguishing vanity, that was gratified by the grossest adulation; their want of feeling for mankind, whose happiness should have been the first object of their attention; their insensibility to virtue, their dread of truth, their partiality to flatterers, their dissipation, effeminacy, and indolence; their causeless suspicions; their vain parade and ostentatious splendor,—an idle blaze in which the public welfare is consumed; their ambition of false honor, procured at the expense of blood, and their inhuman luxury, which extorted a perpetual supply of superfluous delicacies from the wretched victims of grief and anguish. . . . At the same time another fury tauntingly repeated all the praises which sycophants had lavished upon them in their lives, and held up another mirror, in which they appeared as flattery had represented them. The contrast of these pictures, widely different, was the punishment of their vanity, and it is remarkable that the most wicked were the objects of the most extravagant praise; because the most wicked are most to be feared, and because they exact with less shame the servile adulation of the poets and orators of their time.

Their groans perpetually ascended from this dreadful abyss, where they saw nothing but derision and insult, of which they were themselves the objects; where everything opposed, repulsed, and confounded them. As they sported with the lives of mankind upon the earth, and pretended that the whole species were created for their use, they were, in Tartarus, delivered over to the capricious tyranny of slaves, who made them taste all the bitterness of servitude in their turn: they obeyed with unutterable anguish, and without hope that the iron hand of oppression would lie lighter upon them. Under the strokes of these slaves, now their merciless tyrants, they lay passive and impotent, like an anvil under the hammer of the Cyclops, when Vulcan urges their labor at the flaming furnaces of Mount *Ætna*. . . .

Around these wretched princes there still hovered, like owls in the twilight, causeless jealousies and vain alarms; mistrust and dread, which revenge upon kings their disregard of mankind; avarice, insatiable of wealth; false honor, ever tyrannical and oppressive; and effeminate luxury, a deceitful demon, that aggravates every evil and bestows only imaginary good.

[Leaving Tartarus, with its horrors, behind him, Telemachus entered Elysium, the abode of the happy, his heart growing lighter as he advanced. He quickly reached the region of which he was in search.]

In this place resided all the good kings who had governed mankind from the beginning of time. They were separated from the rest of the just; for, as wicked princes suffer more dreadful punishment than other offenders in Tartarus, so good kings enjoy infinitely greater felicity than other lovers of virtue in the fields of Elysium.

Telemachus advanced towards these happy and illus-

trious beings, whom he found in groves of delightful fragrance, reclining upon the downy turf, where the flowers and herbage were perpetually renewed; a thousand rills wandered through these scenes of delight, and refreshed the soil with a gentle and unpolluted wave; the song of innumerable birds echoed in the grove; and while Spring strewed the ground with her flowers, Autumn loaded the tree with her fruit. In this place the burning heat of the dog-star was never felt, and the stormy north was forbidden to scatter over it the frosts of winter. Neither war, that is athirst for blood; nor envy, that wounds with an envenomed tooth, like the vipers that are wreathed round her arms and fostered in her bosom; nor jealousy, nor distrust, nor fears, nor vain desires, invade these sacred domains of peace; the day is here without end, and the shades of night are unknown. Here the bodies of the blest are clothed with a pure and lambent light as with a garment; a light not resembling that vouchsafed to mortals upon earth, which is rather darkness visible, but a celestial radiance, without a name; an emanation that penetrates the grossest body with more subtlety than the rays of the sun penetrate the purest crystal, which rather strengthens than dazzles the sight, and diffuses through the soul a serenity which no language can express. By this ethereal essence the blessed are sustained in everlasting life; it pervades them; it incorporates with them, as food incorporates with the mortal body; they see it, they feel it, they breathe it, and it produces in them an inexhaustible source of serenity and joy. It is a fountain of delight, in which they are absorbed as fishes are absorbed in the sea: they wish for nothing, and, having nothing, they possess all things. This celestial light satiates the hunger of the soul; every desire is precluded; and they have a fulness of joy that sets them above all that mor-



tals seek with such restless ardor to fill the vacuity that aches forever in their breast. All the delightful objects that surround them are disregarded, for their felicity springs up within, and, being perfect, can derive nothing from without: so the gods, satiated with nectar and ambrosia, disdain, as gross and impure, all the dainties of the most luxurious table upon earth. From these seats of tranquillity all evils fly to a remote distance; death, disease, poverty, and pain, regret and remorse, fear, and even hope, which is sometimes not less painful than fear itself, animosity, disgust, and resentment, are forever denied access. . . .

In this sacred and supreme delight whole ages glide away unperceived, and seem shorter than the happiest hours upon earth; and gliding ages still leave their happiness entire. They reign together, not upon thrones, which the hand of man can overturn, but in themselves, with a power that is absolute and immutable, not derived from without, nor dependent upon a despicable and wretched multitude. The gods themselves have placed upon their heads diadems of everlasting splendor, the symbols and the pledge of happiness and immortality.

Telemachus, who looked round these happy fields for his father in vain, was so struck with the calm but sublime enjoyments of the place that he was now grieved not to find him among the dead, and lamented the necessity he was himself under of returning back to the living. "It is here alone," said he, "that there is life: the shadow only, and not the reality, is to be found upon earth."

## LA HARPE.

CHARLES AUGUSTIN SAINTE-BEUVE.

[Sainte-Beuve, one of the most eminent of French critical writers, was born at Boulogne-sur-Mer in 1804. He was educated in medicine, but early began a literary life with those contributions to the *Globe*, the *Revue des deux Mondes*, and other Parisian newspapers, to which he owes his high reputation as a critic and essayist. He is the author of numerous works, of which we may name "Historical and Critical Picture of French Poetry and the French Theatre in the Sixteenth Century," "Literary Portraits," "History of Port-Royal," and the series of able critiques entitled "Causeries de Lundi." He died in 1869. As an example of Sainte-Beuve's manner we select one of his literary portraiture.]

Duclos has ended his history of Louis XI. by saying, "Considering everything, he was a king." Gaillard, remembering this expression, has tried to apply it to La Harpe, and he says that, "Putting everything together, he was a man." Certainly, taking everything into account, and especially in relation to his contemporaries, he was *somebody*, this M. de La Harpe; and I think I have made this pretty evident in my first critique. However, several of the essential qualities of a manly character—moderation, judgment, a power of stopping at the right time, of retracing his steps wisely, of remembering the past—were wanting in him, and his last eleven or twelve years show that impossibility of ripening which is the character of some lively organizations.

Voltaire, among all the praises that he lavished on his disciple, has let drop a terrible saying, in which he fathoms La Harpe, going to the very bottom of the man himself: "He is an oven that is always hot and cooks nothing."

The fact is that with La Harpe there was at all times an expenditure of heat perfectly unproductive, and out of proportion with the result.

At first he lets himself be carried away by the Revolution: nothing was more simple, or even more legitimate and excusable, for the beginning. But La Harpe did not stop at the great days, or what might pass for such; his enthusiasm lived on to the 10th of August, to the 2d of September, to the 21st of January. A series of extracts have been made from his articles in the *Mercure*, from which it is evident that till 1793, and even to the beginning of 1794, he came up to all that could then be desired of him in extravagant declamation. He did not cease to denounce, in terms worthy of the old and fiery Raynal, "the superstition which," he would say, "*transforms man into a beast*;" the fanaticism which "*makes a wild beast of him*;" the despotism that "*makes him a beast of burden*." But once thrown into prison, detained at the Luxembourg, La Harpe, with that excessive self-love which one recognizes in him, was more astonished than any other would have been at being impeached; the idea of death appeared to him; his imagination pictured it; he became the prey of a great tumult; and in this overthrow of his whole being he felt a change take place within him: he received the thunder-clap, that which is called the touch of mercy, which subdued him, and turned him round.

"I was in my prison, alone in a little room, and deeply sad. For some days I had been reading the Psalms, the Gospels, and some good books. Their effect had been rapid, though gradual. Already I was returning to the faith; I saw a new light, but it terrified and alarmed me by showing me an abyss, that of forty years' wandering. I saw all the evil and no remedy. There was nothing about me that offered me the help of religion. On one side, my

life was put before my eyes, so that I saw it in the light of divine truth; and, on the other, death,—the death I was expecting every day, such a death as one then received. The priest no longer appeared on the scaffold to comfort him who was going to die: he only mounted it to die himself. Full of these afflicting thoughts, my heart was subdued and made supplication to God, whom I had just found again, and whom I hardly knew as yet. I said to him, ‘What must I do? What will become of me?’ I had the ‘Imitation’ on my table, and I had been told that in this excellent book I should often find the answer to my thoughts. I opened it at hazard, and in so doing my eye fell on these words: ‘Here am I, my son! I come to thee, because thou hast called upon me.’ I read no more; the sudden impression that I experienced is beyond all expression, and it is no more possible for me to describe than to forget it. I fell on my face on the ground, bathed in tears, choked with sobs, uttering cries and broken words. My heart was comforted and enlarged, and at the same time it felt ready to break. Assailed by a crowd of ideas and feelings, I wept for some time without retaining any remembrance of my situation, except that beyond all comparison it was the most powerful and delicious that my heart ever felt. ‘Here am I, my son,’ did not cease to echo in my soul, and to shake powerfully all my faculties.”

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### TARTARIN OF TARASCON.

ALPHONSE DAUDET.

[Alphonse Daudet, one of the most popular and meritorious of recent French novelists, was born in 1840, and has been a journalist of Paris since 1857. Among his best-known works are “Fromont jeune

et Risler aîné," "The Nabob," "Kings in Exile," and "Jack," the latter a saddening but truthful and powerful story of life. The first and last-named of these works are considered his masterpieces. They are strongly realistic, and full of vivid descriptions of Parisian life in the middle and lower classes, yet free from that depth of offensiveness into which the Zola school of realists sink. In style and literary finish Daudet has a master-hand. Our selection is from his "Tartarin of Tarascon," a story full of rich humor and satire, in which the intention of the author seems to have been to follow the lead of Cervantes in producing a Quixote of the multitudinous modern tales of adventure, many of which are as full of extravagance as the romances of chivalry which Cervantes assailed. We give some chapters from the home life of Tartarin before he went to Africa on his memorable lion-hunt.]

My first visit to Tartarin of Tarascon has remained a never-to-be-forgotten date in my life: although quite ten or a dozen years ago, I remember it better than yesterday.

At that time the intrepid Tartarin lived in the third house on the left as the town begins, on the Avignon road, —a pretty little villa in the local style, with a front garden and a balcony behind, the walls glaringly white and the venetians very green, and always about the door-steps a brood of little Savoyard shoeblackguards, playing hopscotch, or dozing in the broad sunshine with their heads pillowed on their boxes.

Outwardly the dwelling had no remarkable features, and none would ever believe it the abode of a hero; but when you stepped inside, ye gods and little fishes! what a change! From turret to foundation-stone—I mean, from cellar to garret—the whole building wore a heroic front; even so the garden!

Oh, that garden of Tartarin's! there's not its match in Europe! Not a native tree was there,—not one flower of France; nothing but exotic plants, gum-trees, gourds,

cottonwoods, cocoa and cacao, mangoes, bananas, palms, a baobab, nopals, cacti, Barbary figs—well, you would believe yourself in the very midst of Central Africa, ten thousand leagues away. It is but fair to say that these were none of full growth; indeed, the cocoa-palms were no bigger than beet-root, and the baobab (*arbos gigantea*,—"giant-tree," you know) was easily enough circumscribed by a window pot; but, notwithstanding this, it was rather a sensation for Tarascon, and the townsfolk who were admitted on Sundays to the honor of contemplating Tartarin's baobab went home chokeful of admiration.

Try to conceive my own emotion, which I was bound to feel on that day of days when I crossed through this marvellous garden, and that was capped when I was ushered into the hero's sanctum.

His study, one of the lions—I should say, lion's dens—of the town, was at the end of the garden, its glass door opening right on to the baobab.

You are to picture a capacious apartment adorned with fire-arms and steel blades from top to bottom: all the weapons of all the countries in the wide world,—carbines, rifles, blunderbusses, Corsican, Catalan, and dagger knives, Malay kreeses, revolvers with spring-bayonets, Carib and flint arrows, knuckle-dusters, life-preservers, Hottentot clubs, Mexican lassos,—now, can you expect me to name the rest? Upon the whole fell a fierce sunlight, which made the blades and the brass butt-plates of the muskets gleam as if all the more to set your flesh creeping. Still, the beholder was soothed a little by the tame air of order and tidiness reigning over the arsenal. Everything was in place, brushed, dusted, labelled, as in a museum; from point to point the eye descried some obliging little card reading:



*Poisoned Arrows!*

*Do not touch!*

Or,

*Loaded!*

*Take care, please!*

If it had not been for these cautions I never should have dared venture in.

In the middle of the room was an occasional table, on which stood a decanter of rum, a siphon of soda-water, a Turkish tobacco-pouch, "Captain Cook's Voyages," the Indian tales of Fenimore Cooper and Gustave Aimard, stories of hunting the bear, eagle, elephant, and so on. Lastly, beside the table sat a man of between forty and forty-five, short, stout, thick-set, ruddy, with flaming eyes and a strong stubbly beard; he wore flannel tights, and was in his shirt-sleeves; one hand held a book, and the other brandished a very large pipe with an iron bowl-cap. Whilst reading heaven only knows what startling adventure of scalp-hunters, he pouted out his lower lip in a terrifying way, which gave the honest phiz of the man living placidly on his means the same impression of kindly ferocity which abounded throughout the house.

This man was Tartarin himself,—the Tartarin of Tarascon,—the great, dreadnaught, incomparable Tartarin of Tarascon.

[The author goes on to say that Tarascon lies in the south of France, that its worthy inhabitants had gone stark mad on the subject of hunting, but that as all the game, down to the very blackbirds and rabbits, had taken notice and quit, no more exciting sport was left to the gallant Tarasconians than cap-popping,—that is, flinging their caps into the air and driving shot through them. The man who lodged most shot in his cap was honored as king of the hunt. Tartarin was the acknowledged monarch of this exciting sport, as also of

ballad-singing, another Tarasconian custom. The people almost worshipped the great Tartarin. The army, the legislature, the masses, all swore by Tartarin.]

Along the water-side, when Tartarin came home from hunting on Sunday evenings, with his cap on the muzzle of his gun, and his fastian shooting-jacket belted in tightly, the sturdy river-lightermen would respectfully bob, and, blinking towards the huge biceps swelling out his arms, would mutter among one another in admiration,—

“Now, there’s a powerful chap, if you like! he has double muscles!”

“*Double muscles!* Why, you never heard of such a thing outside of Tarascon!”

For all this, with all his numberless parts, double muscles, the popular favor, and the so precious esteem of brave Commandant Bravida, ex-captain (in the Army Clothing Factory), Tartarin was not happy; this life in a petty town weighed upon him and suffocated him.

The great man of Tarascon was bored in Tarascon.

The fact is, for a heroic temperament like his, a wild adventurous spirit, which dreamt of nothing but battles, races across the pampas, mighty battues, desert sands, blizzards, and typhoons, it was not enough to go out every Sunday to pop at a cap, and the rest of the time to ladle out casting-votes at the gunmaker’s. Poor dear great man! If this existence were only prolonged, there would be sufficient tedium in it to kill him with consumption.

In vain did he surround himself with baobabs and other African trees, to widen his horizon, and some little to forget his club and the market-place; in vain did he pile weapon upon weapon, and Malay kreese upon Malay kreese; in vain did he cram with romances, endeavoring, like the immortal Don Quixote, to wrench himself by the vigor of his fancy out of the talons of pitiless reality.

Alas! all that he did to appease his thirst for deeds of daring only helped to augment it. The sight of all the murderous implements kept him in a perpetual stew of wrath and exaltation. His revolvers, repeating rifles, and ducking-guns shouted "Battle! battle!" out of their mouths. Through the twigs of his baobab the tempest of great voyages and journeys soughed and blew bad advice. To finish him came Gustave Aimard, Mayne Reid, and Fenimore Cooper.

Oh, how many times did Tartarin with a howl spring up on the sultry summer afternoons, when he was reading alone amidst his blades, points, and edges! how many times did he dash down his book and rush to the wall to unhook a deadly arm! The poor man forgot he was at home in Tarascon, in his underclothes, and with a handkerchief round his head. He would translate his readings into action, and, goading himself with his own voice, shout out, whilst swinging a battle-axe or tomahawk,—

"Now, only let 'em come!"

"Them"? Who were they?

Tartarin did not himself any too clearly understand. "They" was all that should be attacked and fought with, all that bites, claws, scalps, whoops, and yells,—the Sioux Indians dancing round the war-stake to which the unfortunate pale-face prisoner is lashed; the grizzly of the Rocky Mountains, who wobbles on his hind legs and licks himself with a tongue full of blood; the Touareg, too, in the desert, the Malay pirate, the brigand of the Abruzzi: in short, "they" was warfare, travel, adventure, and glory.

But, alas! it was to no avail that the fearless Tarasconer called for and defied *them*; never did they come. Odsboddikins! what would they have come to do in Tarascon?

Nevertheless, Tartarin always expected to run up against them, particularly some evening in going to the club.

Little, indeed, beside Tartarin of Tarascon, arming himself *cap-à-pie* to go to his club at nine, an hour after the retreat had sounded on the bugle, was the Templar Knight preparing for a sortie upon the infidel, the Chinese *tiger* equipping himself for combat, or the Comanche warrior painting up for going on the war-path.

"All hands make ready for action!" as the men-of-war's-men say.

In his left hand Tartarin took a steel-pointed knuckleduster; in the right he carried a sword-cane; in his left pocket a life-preserver; in the right a revolver. On his chest, betwixt outer and under garment, lay a Malay kreese. But never any poisoned arrows: they were weapons altogether too unfair.

Before starting, in the silence and obscurity of his study, he exercised himself for a while warding off imaginary cuts and thrusts, lunging at the wall, and giving his muscles play; then he took his master-key and went through the garden leisurely; without hurrying, mark you. "Cool and calm,—British courage, that is the true sort, gentlemen." At the garden end he opened the heavy iron door violently and abruptly, so that it should slam against the outer wall. If "they" had been skulking behind it, you may wager they would have been jam. Unhappily, they were not there.

The way being open, out Tartarin would sally, quickly glancing to the right and left ere banging the door to and fastening it smartly with double-locking. Then, on the way.

Not so much as a cat upon the Avignon road; all the doors closed, and no lights in the casements. All was

black, except for the parish lamps, well spaced apart, blinking in the river-mist.

Calm and proud, Tartarin of Tarascon marched on in the night, ringing his heels with regularity, and sending sparks out of the paving-stones with the ferule of his stick. Whether in avenues, streets, or lanes, he took care to keep in the middle of the road,—an excellent method of precaution, allowing one to see danger coming, and, above all, to avoid any droppings from windows, as happens after dark in Tarascon and the Old Town of Edinburgh. On seeing so much prudence in Tartarin, pray do not conclude that Tartarin had any fear: dear, no! he was only on his guard.

The best proof that Tartarin was not scared is that, instead of going to the club by the shortest cut, he went over the town by the longest and darkest way round, through a mass of vile, paltry alleys, at the mouth of which the Rhone could be seen ominously gleaming. The poor knight constantly hoped that beyond the turn of one of these cut-throats' haunts "they" would leap from the shadow and fall on his back. I warrant you "they" would have been warmly received, though; but, alack! by reason of some nasty meanness of destiny, never indeed did Tartarin of Tarascon enjoy the luck to meet any ugly customers,—not so much as a dog or a drunken man,—nothing at all!

Still, there were false alarms somewhiles. He would catch a sound of steps and muffled voices.

"Ware hawks!" Tartarin would mutter, and stop short, as if taking root on the spot, scrutinizing the gloom, sniffing the wind, even gluing his ear to the ground in the orthodox Red Indian mode. The steps would draw nearer, and the voices grow more distinct, till no doubt was possible. "They" were coming; in fact, here "they" were!

Steady, with eye afire and heaving breast, Tartarin would gather himself like a jaguar in readiness to spring forward whilst uttering his war-cry, when, all of a sudden, out of the thick of the murkiness he would hear honest Tarasconian voices quite tranquilly hailing him with,—

“Halloo, you! By Jove! it’s Tartarin! Good-night, old fellow!”

Maledictions upon it! it was the chemist Bezuquet, with his family, coming from singing their family ballad at Costecalde’s.

“Oh, good-even, good-even!” Tartarin would growl, furious at his blunder, and plunging fiercely into the gloom with his cane waved on high.

On arriving in the street where stood his club-house, the dauntless one would linger yet a moment, walking up and down before the portals ere entering. But finally, weary of awaiting “them,” and certain “they” would not show “themselves,” he would fling a last glare of defiance into the shades and snarl wrathfully,—

“Nothing, nothing at all! there never is nothing!”

Upon which double negation, which he meant as a stronger affirmative, the worthy champion would walk in to play bezique with the commandant.

[But a startling sensation was preparing for Tarascon. Suddenly, while Tartarin was examining a needle-gun at the gunmaker’s, an excited cap-hunter burst in with the wild howl of “A lion! A lion!” The effect may be imagined. And it failed to calm down when it was announced that this lion was not at large, but in the lion’s cage of a menagerie, which had just reached Tarascon. It was a lion from the Atlas Mountains! Never before had such an event happened in Tarascon. Tartarin stood like one in a dream of doughty deeds, while his great soul slowly floated to the surface of the situation.]

Suddenly a flush of blood flew into his face. His eyes flashed. With one convulsive movement he shouldered



the needle-gun, and, turning towards the brave commandant Bravida (formerly captain—in the Army Clothing Department, please to remember), he thundered to him,—

“Let’s go have a look at him, commandant.”

[On reaching the menagerie they found it full of people, with a “double-muscled” heroine of the booth doing the honors.]

The entrance of Tartarin with the gun on his shoulder was a damper.

All our good Tarasconians, who had been quite tranquilly strolling before the cages, unarmed and with no distrust, without even any idea of danger, felt momentary apprehension, naturally enough, on beholding their mighty Tartarin rush into the enclosure with his formidable engine of war. There must be something to fear when a hero like he was came weaponed: so, in a twinkling, all the space along the cage fronts was cleared. The youngsters burst out squalling for fear, and the women looked around for the nearest way out. The chemist Bezuquet made off altogether, alleging that he was going home for his gun.

Gradually, however, Tartarin’s bearing restored courage. With head erect, the intrepid Tarasconian slowly and calmly made the circuit of the booth, passing the seal’s tank without stopping, glancing disdainfully on the long box filled with sawdust in which the boa would digest his raw fowl, and going to take his stand before the lion’s cage.

A terrible and solemn confrontation, this!

The lion of Tarascon and the lion of Africa face to face!

On the one part, Tartarin erect, with his hamstrings in tension, and his arms folded on his gun-barrel; on the other, the lion, a gigantic specimen, humped up in the straw, with blinking orbs and brutish mien, resting his

huge muzzle and tawny full-bottomed wig on his forepaws. Both calm in their gaze.

Singular thing! whether the needle-gun had given him "the needle," if the popular idiom is admissible, or that he scented an enemy of his race, the lion, who had hitherto regarded the Tarasconians with sovereign scorn and yawned in their faces, was all at once affected by ire. At first he sniffed; then he growled hollowly, stretching out his claws; rising, he tossed his head, shook his mane, opened a capacious maw, and belched a deafening roar at Tartarin.

A yell of fright responded, as Tarascon precipitated itself madly towards the exit, women and children, lightermen, cap-poppers, even the brave commandant Bravida himself. But alone Tartarin of Tarascon had not budged. There he stood, firm and resolute, before the cage, lightnings in his eyes, and on his lip that gruesome grin with which all the town was familiar. In a moment's time, when all the cap-poppers, some little fortified by his bearing and the strength of the bars, reapproached their leader, they heard him mutter, as he stared Leo out of countenance,—

"Now, this is something like a hunt!"

All the rest of that day, never a word further could they draw from Tartarin of Tarascon.

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### VER-VERT THE PARROT.

JEAN BAPTISTE LOUIS GRESSET.

[This agreeable and humorous poet was born at Amiens in 1709. He entered the order of Jesuits, but the free tone of his poems, such as "Ver-Vert" and other humorous productions, brought him under

the censure of the order. At the age of twenty-six he withdrew from the priesthood, and quickly became the favorite of Parisian society, through his varied and agreeable talents. He died in 1777. In addition to his poems, he wrote several dramas, of which "*Le Méchant*" is esteemed an excellent picture of manners. The translation of "*Ver-Vert*" which we give, from *Fraser's Magazine*, is a very free one,—"upset into English verse," as the translator remarks. It has, however, perhaps in consequence of this, much freshness and spirit.]

## HIS ORIGINAL INNOCENCE.

Alas! what evils I discern in  
Too great an aptitude for learning!  
And fain would all the ills unravel  
That aye ensue from foreign travel:  
Far happier is the man who tarries  
Quiet within his household *lares*.  
Read, and you'll find how virtue vanishes,  
How foreign vice all goodness banishes,  
And how abroad young heads will grow dizzy,  
Proved in the underwritten *Odyssey*.

In old Nevers, so famous for its  
Dark, narrow streets and Gothic turrets,  
Close on the brink of Loire's young flood,  
Flourished a convent sisterhood  
Of Ursulines. Now, in this order  
A parrot lived as parlor-boarder,—  
Brought in his childhood from the Antilles,  
And sheltered under convent mantles.  
Green were his feathers, green his pinions,  
And greener still were his opinions:  
For vice had not yet sought to pervert  
This bird, who had been christened *Ver-Vert*;  
Nor could this wicked world defile him,  
Safe from its snares in this asylum.

Fresh, in his teens, frank, gay, and gracious,  
And, to crown all, somewhat loquacious ;  
If we examine close, not one, or he,  
Had a vocation for a nunnery. . . .

Quick at all arts, our bird was rich at  
That best accomplishment called chit-chat ;  
For, though brought up within the cloister,  
His beak was not closed like an oyster,  
But trippingly, without a stutter,  
The longest sentences would utter.  
Pious withal, and moralizing,  
His conversation was surprising ;  
None of your equivoques, no slander,—  
To such vile tastes he scorned to pander ;  
But his tongue ran most smooth and nice on  
“ *Deo sit laus*” and “ *Kyrie eleison* ;”  
The maxims he gave with best emphasis  
Were Suarez’ or Thomas à Kempis’.  
In Christmas carols he was famous,  
“ *Orate, fratres*” and “ *Oremus* ;”  
If in good humor, he was wont  
To give a stave from “ *Think well on’t*,”  
Or, by particular desire, he  
Would chant the hymn of “ *Dies iræ*.”  
Then in the choir he would amaze all,  
By copying the tone so nasal  
In which the sainted sisters chanted,—  
At least, that pious nun my aunt did.

#### HIS FATAL RENOWN.

The public soon began to ferret  
The hidden nest of so much merit,

And, spite of all the nuns' endeavors,  
The fame of Ver-Vert filled all Nevers ;  
Nay, from Moulines folks came to stare at  
The wondrous talent of this parrot ;  
And to fresh visitors *ad libitum*  
Sister Sophie had to exhibit him.  
Dressed in her tidiest robes, the virgin,  
Forth from the convent cells emerging,  
Brings the bright bird, and for his plumage  
First challenges unstinted homage ;  
Then to his eloquence adverts :  
" What preacher's can surpass Ver-Vert's ?  
Truly, in oratory, few men  
Equal this learned catechumen,  
Fraught with the convent's choicest lessons,  
And stuffed with piety's quintessence ;  
A bird most quick of apprehension,  
With gifts and graces hard to mention :  
Say, in what pulpit can you meet  
A Chrysostom half so discreet,  
Who'd follow, in his ghostly mission,  
So close the fathers and tradition ?"  
Silent, meantime, the feathered hermit  
Waits for the sister's gracious permit,  
When, at a signal from his Mentor,  
Quick on a course of speech he'll enter :  
Not that he cares for human glory,  
Bent but to save his auditory ;  
Hence he pours forth with so much unction  
That all his hearers feel compunction.

[Unhappily for Ver-Vert, his fame spread so widely that some nuns of Nantz requested a visit from him. This, after some debate, was granted. But the voyage thither proved fatal to the pious parrot's innocence of spirit.]

## HIS EVIL VOYAGE.

*En ce tems là*, a small canal-boat,  
Called by most chroniclers the "Talbot,"  
(Talbot, a name well known in France!)  
Travelled between Nevers and Nantz.  
Ver-Vert took shipping in this craft,  
'Tis not said whether fore or aft;  
But in a book as old as Massinger's  
We find a statement of the passengers:  
These were—two Gascons and a piper,  
A sexton (a notorious swiper),  
A brace of children, and a nurse,  
But, what was infinitely worse,  
A dashing Cyprian, while by her  
Sat a most jolly-looking friar.

For a poor bird brought up in purity  
'Twas a sad augur for futurity  
To meet, just free from his indentures,  
And in the first of his adventures,  
Such company as formed his hansel,—  
Two rogues! a friar!! and a damsel!!!  
Birds the above were of a feather;  
But to Ver-Vert 'twas altogether  
Such a strange aggregate of scandals  
As to be met but among Vandals.  
Rude was their talk, bereft of polish,  
And calculated to demolish  
All the fine notions and good-breeding  
Taught by the nuns in their sweet Eden.  
No Billingsgate surpassed the nurse's,  
And all the rest indulged in curses:  
Ear hath not heard such vulgar gab in  
The nautic cell of any cabin.



Silent and sad, the pensive bird,  
Shocked at their guilt, said not a word.

Now he of orders gray, accosting  
The parrot green, who seemed quite lost in  
The contemplation of man's wickedness  
And the bright river's gliding liquidness,—  
"Tip us a stave," quoth Tuck, "my darling!  
Aren't you a parrot or a starling?  
If you don't talk, by the holy poker!  
I'll give your ugly neck a choker!"  
Scared by this threat from his propriety,  
Our pilgrim, thinking with sobriety  
That if he did not speak they'd make him,  
Answered the friar, "*Pax sit tecum!*"  
Here our reporter marks down after  
Poll's maiden speech, "loud roars of laughter;"  
And, sure enough, the bird so affable  
Could hardly use a phrase more laughable. . . .

Poll's brief address met lots of cavillers:  
Badgered by all his fellow-travellers,  
He tried to mend a speech so ominous  
By striking up with "*Dixit Dominus.*"  
But louder shouts of laughter follow;  
This last roar beats the former hollow,  
And shows that it was bad economy  
To give a stave from Deuteronomy.

Posed, not abashed, the bird refused to  
Indulge a scene he was not used to;  
And, pondering on his strange reception,  
"There must," he thought, "be some deception

In the nuns' views of things rhetorical,  
And Sister Rose is not an oracle :  
True wit, perhaps, lies not in matins, .  
Nor is their school a school of Athens."

Thus in this villanous receptacle  
The simple bird at once grew sceptical.  
Doubts lead to hell. The Arch-deceiver  
Soon made of Poll an unbeliever ;  
And, mixing thus in bad society,  
He took French leave of all his piety. . . .

Meantime the river wafts the barge,  
Fraught with its miscellaneous charge,  
Smoothly upon its broad expanse,  
Up to the very quay of Nantz.  
Fondly within the convent bowers  
The sisters calculate the hours,  
Chiding the breezes for their tardiness,  
And, in the height of their foolhardiness,  
Picturing the bird as fancy painted,—  
Lovely, reserved, polite, and sainted,—  
Fit *Ursuline*; and this, I trow, meant,  
Enriched with every endowment.  
Sadly, alas! these nuns anointed  
Will find their fancy disappointed,  
When, to meet all those hopes they drew on,  
They'll find a regular Don Juan!

#### THE AWFUL DISCOVERY.

Scarce in the port was this small craft  
On its arrival telegraphed,  
When, from the boat home to transfer him,  
Came the nuns' portress, Sister Jerome.

Well did the parrot recognize  
The walk demure and downcast eyes;  
Nor aught such saintly guidance relished  
A bird by worldly arts embellished;  
Such was his taste for profane gayety,  
He'd rather, much, go with the laity.  
Fast to the bark he clung; but, plucked thence,  
He showed dire symptoms of reluctance,  
And, scandalizing each beholder,  
Bit the nun's cheek, and eke her shoulder!  
Thus a black eagle once, 'tis said,  
Bore off the struggling Ganymede.  
Thus was Ver-Vert, heart-sick and weary,  
Brought to the heavenly monastery.  
The bell and tidings both were tolled,  
And the nuns crowded, young and old,  
To feast their eyes, with joy uncommon, on  
This wondrous, talkative phenomenon.

Round the bright stranger, so amazing  
And so renowned, the sisters, gazing,  
Praised the green glow which a warm latitude  
Gave to his neck, and liked his attitude.  
Some by his gorgeous tail are smitten,  
Some by his beak so beauteous bitten!  
And none e'er dreamed of dole or harm in  
A bird so brilliant and so charming. . . .

Meantime, the abbess, to draw out  
A bird so modest and devout,  
With soothing air and tone caressing  
The pilgrim of the Loire addressing,  
Broached the most edifying topics  
To start this native of the tropics;

When, oh, surprise! the pert young Cupid  
Breaks forth, "*Morbleu!* those nuns are stupid!"  
Showing how well he learned his task on  
The packet-boat from that vile Gascon.  
"Fie! brother Poll!" with zeal outbursting,  
Exclaimed the abbess, Dame Augustin;  
But all the lady's sage rebukes  
Brief answer got from Poll,—"*Gadzooks!*" . . .

Scared at the sound, "Sure as a gun,  
The bird's a demon!" cried the nun.  
"Oh, the vile wretch! the naughty dog!  
He's surely Lucifer *incog*.  
What! is the reprobate before us  
That bird so pious and decorous,—  
So celebrated?" Here the pilgrim,  
Hearing sufficient to bewilder him,  
Wound up the sermon of the beldam  
By a conclusion heard but seldom,—  
"*Ventre Saint Gris!*" "*Parbleu!*" and "*Sacre!*"  
Three oaths! and every one a whacker!

Still did the nuns, whose conscience tender  
Was much shocked at the young offender,  
Hoping he'd change his tone, and alter,  
Hang breathless round the sad defaulter;  
When, wrathful at their importunity,  
And grown audacious from impunity,  
He fired a broadside—holy Mary!—  
Drawn from hell's own vocabulary;  
Forth, like a Congreve rocket, burst,  
And stormed and swore, flared up and cursed!  
Stunned at these sounds of import Stygian,  
The pious daughters of religion

Fled from a scene so dread, so horrid,  
But with a cross first signed their forehead.  
The younger sisters, mild and meek,  
Thought that the culprit spoke in Greek ;  
But the old matrons and "the bench"  
Knew every word was genuine French,  
And ran in all directions, pell-mell,  
From a flood fit to overwhelm hell.  
'Twas by a fall that Mother Ruth  
Then lost her last remaining tooth.  
"Fine conduct this, and pretty guidance!"  
Cried one of the most mortified ones ;  
"Pray, is such language and such ritual  
Among the Nevers nuns habitual ?  
'Twas in our sisters most improper  
To teach such curses,—such a whopper !  
He shan't by me, for one, be hindered  
From being sent back to his kindred !"  
This prompt decree for Poll's proscription  
Was signed by general subscription.  
Straight in a cage the nuns insert  
The guilty person of Ver-Vert ;  
Some young ones wanted to detain him,  
But the grim portress took the paynim  
Back to the boat, close in his litter :  
'Tis not said *this* time that he *bit* her.

[Returned to Nevers, Poll's wickedness horrified his ancient friends,  
and he was put under strict penance and discipline.]

Taught by his jailer and adversity,  
Poll saw the folly of perversity,  
And by degrees his heart relented :  
Duly, in fine, the lad repented.

His Lent passed on, and Sister Bridget  
Coaxed the old abbess to abridge it.

The prodigal, reclaimed and free,  
Became again a prodigy,  
And gave more joy, by works and words,  
Than ninety-nine canary-birds,  
Until his death, which last disaster  
(Nothing on earth endures!) came faster  
Than they imagined. The transition  
From a starved to a stuffed condition,  
From penitence to jollification,  
Brought on a fit of constipation.  
Some think he would be living still  
If given a *vegetable pill*;  
But from a short life, and a merry,  
Poll sailed one day per Charon's ferry.

By tears from nuns' sweet eyelids wept,  
Happy in death this parrot slept;  
For him Elysium oped its portals,  
And there he talks among immortals.  
But I have read that, since that happy day  
(So writes Cornelius à Lapidé,  
Proving, with commentary droll,  
The transmigration of the soul),  
Still Ver-Vert this earth doth haunt,  
Of convent bowers a visitant,  
And that gay novices among  
He dwells, transformed into a tongue!



## THE BURNING OF MOSCOW.

LOUIS ADOLPHE THIERS.

[Thiers, one of the most eminent of French historians and statesmen, was born at Marseilles in 1797. He early turned his attention to literature, the first volume of his "History of the French Revolution" being published in 1823, and the final one in 1832. His political life began in 1830, and he continued to hold prominent positions in the French cabinet until the *coup d'état* of Louis Napoleon, whose course he opposed. In 1871, on the reorganization of the French republic, he was elected President, and held that office till 1873. He died in 1877. In addition to his "French Revolution," he wrote a "History of the Consulate and the Empire," in twenty volumes. These works occupy the highest rank among historical writings by French authors. We select from the last-named a vividly-drawn picture of the conflagration of Moscow.]

At last, having reached the summit of a hill, the army suddenly discovered below them, and at no great distance, an immense city shining with a thousand colors, surmounted by a host of gilded domes, resplendent with light; a singular mixture of woods, lakes, cottages, palaces, churches, bell-towers, a town both Gothic and Byzantine, realizing all that the Eastern stories relate of the marvels of Asia. While the monasteries, flanked with towers, formed the girdle of this great city, in the centre, raised on an eminence, was a strong citadel, a kind of capitol, whence were seen at the same time the temples of the Deity and the palaces of the emperors, where above embattled walls rose majestic domes, bearing the emblem that represents the whole history of Russia and her ambition, the cross over the reversed crescent. This citadel was the Kremlin, the ancient abode of the Czars.

The imagination, and the idea of glory, being both excited by this magical spectacle, the soldiers raised one shout of "Moscow! Moscow!" Those who had remained at the foot of the hill hastened to reach the top; for a moment all ranks mingled, and everybody wished to contemplate the great capital, towards which we had made such an adventurous march. One could not have enough of this dazzling spectacle, calculated to awaken so many different feelings. Napoleon arrived in his turn, and, struck with what he saw, he—who, like the oldest soldiers in the army, had successively visited Cairo, Memphis, the Jordan, Milan, Vienna, Berlin, and Madrid—could not help experiencing deep emotion.

Arrived at this summit of his glory, from which he was to descend with such a rapid step towards the abyss, he experienced a sort of intoxication, forgot all the reproaches that his good sense, the only conscience of conquerors, had addressed to him for two months, and for a moment believed still that his enterprise was a great and marvellous one,—that to have dared to march from Paris to Smolensk, from Smolensk to Moscow, was a great and happy rashness, justified by the event. Certain of his glory, he still believed in his good fortune, and his lieutenants, as amazed as he, remembering no more their frequent discontents during this campaign, gave vent to those victorious demonstrations in which they had not indulged at the termination of the bloody day of Borodino. This moment of satisfaction, lively and short, was one of the most deeply felt in his life. Alas! it was to be the last!

Murat received the injunction to march quickly, to avoid all disorder. General Durosnel was sent forward to hold communication with the authorities, and lead them to the conqueror's feet, who desired to receive their homage and calm their fears. M. Denniée was charged to go and pre-

pare food and lodging for the army. Murat, galloping at the head of the light cavalry, arrived, at length, across the faubourg of Drogomilow, at the bridge of the Moskowa. There he found a Russian rear-guard, who were retreating, and inquired if there was no officer there who knew French. A young Russian, who spoke our language correctly, presented himself immediately before this king, whom hostile nations knew so well, and asked what he wanted. Murat having expressed a wish to know which was the commander of this rear-guard, the young Russian pointed out an officer with white hair, clothed in a bivouac-cloak of long fur. Murat, with his accustomed grace, held out his hand to the old officer, who took it eagerly. Thus national hatred was silenced before valor. Murat asked the commander of the enemy's rear-guard if they knew him. "Yes," replied the latter, "we have seen enough of you under fire to know you." Murat seeming struck with the long fur mantle, which looked as if it would be very comfortable for a bivouac, the old officer unfastened it from his shoulders to make him a present of it. Murat, receiving it with as much courtesy as it was offered, took a beautiful watch and presented it to the enemy's officer, who received this present in the same way as his had been accepted. After these acts of courtesy, the Russian rear-guard filed off rapidly to give ground to our vanguard. The King of Naples, followed by his staff and a detachment of cavalry, went down into the streets of Moscow, traversed alternately the poorest and the richest quarters, rows of wooden houses crowded together, and a succession of splendid palaces rising from amidst vast gardens: he found everywhere the most profound silence. It seemed as if they were penetrating into a dead city, whose inhabitants had suddenly disappeared. The first sight of it, surprising as it was, did not remind us of our entry into

Berlin or Vienna. Nevertheless, the first feeling of terror experienced by the inhabitants might explain this solitude. Suddenly some distracted individuals appeared; they were some French people, belonging to the foreign families settled at Moscow, and asked us in the name of heaven to save them from the robbers who had become masters of the town. They were well received, but we tried in vain to remove their fears. We were conducted to the Kremlin, and had hardly arrived in sight of these old walls than we were exposed to a discharge of shot. It came from bandits let loose on Moscow by the ferocious patriotism of the Count of Rostopchin. These wretched beings had invaded the sacred citadel, had seized the guns in the arsenal, and were firing on the French who came to disturb them after their few hours' reign of anarchy. Several were sabred, and the Kremlin was relieved of their presence. But on making inquiry we learned that the whole population had fled, except a small number of strangers, or of Russians acquainted with the ways of the French and not fearing their presence. This news vexed the leaders of our vanguard, who were flattering themselves that they would see a whole population coming before them, whom they would take pleasure in comforting and filling with surprise and gratitude. They made haste to restore some order to the different quarters of the town, and to pursue the thieves, who thought they should much longer enjoy the prey that the Count of Rostopchin had given up to them.

The next morning, September 15, Napoleon made his entry into Moscow, at the head of his invincible legions, but he crossed a deserted town, and for the first time his soldiers, on entering a capital, found none but themselves to be witnesses of their glory. The impression that they experienced was sad. Napoleon, arrived at the Kremlin,

hastened to mount the high tower of the great Ivan, and to contemplate from that height his magnificent conquest, across which the Moskowa was slowly pursuing its winding course. Thousands of black birds, ravens and crows, as numerous here as the pigeons at Venice, flying around the tops of the palaces and churches, gave a singular aspect to this great city, which contrasted strangely with the brightness of its brilliant colors. A mournful silence, disturbed only by the tramp of cavalry, had taken the place of life in this city, which till the evening before had been one of the most busy in the world. In spite of the sadness of this solitude, Napoleon, on finding Moscow abandoned like the other Russian towns, thought himself happy nevertheless in not finding it burned up, and did not despair of softening little by little the hatred which the presence of his flags had inspired since Witebsk.

The army hoped, then, to enjoy Moscow, to find peace there, and, in any case, good winter cantonments if the war was prolonged. However, on the morrow after the day on which the entry had been made, columns of flame arose from a very large building which contained the spirits that the government sold on its own account to the people of the capital. People ran there, without astonishment or terror, for they attributed the cause of this partial fire to the nature of the materials contained in this building, or to some imprudence committed by our soldiers. In fact, the fire was mastered, and we had time to reassure ourselves.

But all at once the fire burst out at almost the same instant with extreme violence in a collection of buildings that was called the Bazaar. This bazaar, situated to the northeast of the Kremlin, comprised the richest shops, those in which were sold the beautiful stuffs of India and Persia, the rarities of Europe, the colonial commodities,

sugar, coffee, tea, and, lastly, precious wines. In a few minutes the fire had spread through the bazaar, and the soldiers of the guard ran in crowds and made the greatest efforts to arrest its progress. Unhappily, they could not succeed, and soon the immense riches of this establishment fell a prey to the flames. Eager to dispute with the fire the possession of these riches, belonging to no one at this time, and to secure them for themselves, our soldiers, not having been able to save them, tried to drag out some fragments.

They might be seen coming out of the bazaar, carrying furs, silks, wines of great value, without any one dreaming of reproaching them for so doing, for they wronged no one but the fire, the sole master of these treasures. One might regret it on the score of discipline, but could not cast a reproach on their honor on that account. Besides, those who remained of the people set them an example, and took their large share of these spoils of the commerce of Moscow. Yet it was only one large building—an extremely rich one, it is true—that was attacked by the fire, and there was no fear for the town itself. These first disasters, of little consequence so far, were attributed to a very natural and very ordinary accident, which might be more easily explained still, in the bustle of evacuating the town.

During the night of the 15th of September the scene suddenly changed. As if every misfortune was to fall at once on the old Muscovite capital, the equinoctial wind arose all at once with the double violence natural to the season and to level countries where nothing stops the storm. This wind, blowing at first from the east, carried the fire westward, along the streets situated between the roads from Tver and Smolensk, and which are known as the richest and most beautiful in Moscow, those of Tver-



skaia, Nikitskaia, and Povorskaia. In a few hours the fire, having spread fiercely among the wooden buildings, communicated itself from one to another with frightful rapidity. Shooting forth in long tongues of flame, it was seen invading other quarters situated to the west.

Rockets were noticed in the air, and soon wretches were seized carrying combustibles at the end of long poles. They were taken up; they were questioned with threats of death, and they revealed the frightful secret, the order given by the Count of Rostopchin to set fire to the city of Moscow, as if it had been the smallest village on the road from Smolensk. This news spread consternation through the army in an instant. To doubt was no longer possible, after the arrests made, and the depositions collected from different parts of the town. Napoleon ordered that in each quarter the corps fixed there should form military commissions, to try, shoot, and hang on gibbets the incendiaries taken in the act. He ordered likewise that they should employ all the troops there were in the town to extinguish the fire. They ran to the pumps, but there were none to be found. This last circumstance would have left no doubt, if there had remained any, of the frightful design that delivered Moscow to the flames.

In addition to the fact that the means for extinguishing the fire were wanting, the wind, which every moment increased in fury, would have defied the efforts of the whole army. With the violence of the equinox, from the east it passed to the northwest, and the stream of fire, changing its direction immediately, went to spread its ravages where the hand of incendiaries had not yet been able to carry it. This immense column of fire, beaten down by the wind on the roofs of buildings, surrounding them as soon as it touched them, increased every instant the conquests it made, spread the flames with frightful roaring, interrupted

by terrible explosions, and hurled burning beams into the distance, which spread the scourge where it was not, or fell like bombs into the middle of the streets. After having blown for some hours from the northwest, the wind, changing its direction again, and blowing from the southwest, carried the fire into new quarters, as if nature took a cruel pleasure in shaking out by turns ruin and death of every kind over this unhappy city, or rather on our army, which was only guilty, alas! of heroism, at least if Providence did not intend to visit on it the lawless designs of which it had been the unwilling instrument! Under this new impulse, given from the southwest, the Kremlin, till then spared, was suddenly endangered. Fiery sparks fell into the midst of the ammunition of the artillery spread on the ground, and threatened to set it on fire. More than four hundred wagons of ammunition were in the court of the Kremlin, and the arsenal contained some hundred thousand pounds of powder. A disaster was imminent, and Napoleon, with his guard and the palace of the Czars, might be blown into the air.

The officers who were with him, the soldiers of the artillery, knowing that his death would be theirs, surrounded him, and pressed him with earnest entreaties to come away from the burning crater. The danger was most threatening; the old artillerymen of the guard, although used to cannonades like those of Borodino, almost lost their presence of mind. General Lariboisière, approaching Napoleon, pointed out to him the anxiety of which he was the cause, and, with the authority of his age and devotion, told him that it was a duty to let them save themselves alone, without increasing their perplexity by the uneasiness that his presence excited. Besides, several officers sent to the neighboring quarters reported that the fire, rapidly increasing, hardly allowed one to cross

the streets or breathe, and that they must leave at once if they did not wish to be buried under the ruins of this ill-fated town.

Napoleon, followed by some of his lieutenants, went out of that Kremlin which the Russian army had not been able to prevent him from entering, but from which the fire expelled him after four-and-twenty hours of possession, descended to the quay of the Moskowa, found his horses ready there, and had much difficulty in crossing the town, which towards the northwest, whither he directed his course, was already in flames. The wind, which constantly increased in violence, sometimes caused columns of fire to bend to the ground, and drove before it torrents of sparks, smoke, and stifling cinders. The horrible appearance of the sky answered to the no less horrible spectacle of the earth. The terrified army went out of Moscow. The divisions of Prince Eugene and Marshal Ney, which had entered the evening before, turned back again on the roads of Zwenigorod and Saint Petersburg; those of Marshal Davoust returned by the road of Smolensk, and, except the guard left around the Kremlin to dispute its possession with the flames, our troops retired in haste, struck with horror, before this fire, which, after darting up towards the sky, seemed to bend down again over them as if it wished to devour them. A small number of the inhabitants who had remained in Moscow, and had hidden at first in their houses without daring to come out, now escaped from them, carrying away what was most dear to them,—women their children, men their infirm parents,—saving, if they could, their clothes, uttering sad groans, and often stopped by the robbers that Rostopchin had let loose upon us, and who made merry in the midst of the conflagration, like the spirit of evil in the midst of chaos.

## THE MARRIAGE OF MADEMOISELLE.

MARIE, MADAME DE SÉVIGNÉ.

[From the most vivacious, imaginative, and charming of the letter-writers of France, in the opinion of many the most admirable letter-writer that ever lived, we select several of her most vivacious and celebrated epistles. The authoress, Marie de Rabutin-Chantal, was born in Burgundy about 1626, and was married in 1644 to the dissolute Marquis de Sévigné, who was killed in a duel seven years afterwards, leaving a son and a daughter. It was to the latter, who married the Count de Grignan, that the greater number of Madame de Sévigné's letters were written. These letters "display a fertile imagination, a refined sensibility, a graceful and naïve vivacity, and are much admired for their charming and picturesque style." Madame de Sévigné died in 1696.]

TO M. DE COULANGES.

PARIS, Monday, 15th December, 1670.

I am going to announce to you the most astonishing, the most surprising, the most marvellous, the most miraculous, the most triumphant, the most astounding, the most unexampled, the most unique, the most extraordinary, the most incredible, the most unexpected, the most great, the most small, the most rare, the most common, the most celebrated, the most secret till to-day, the most brilliant, the most enviable thing in the world; in short, a thing for which one only finds one precedent in past history, and that precedent does not apply; a thing we could not believe at Paris, and how will it be possible to believe it at Lyons? a thing that made everybody cry, "Mercy!" a thing which overjoys Madame de Rohan and Madame de

Hauterive: a thing, in short, which is to happen on Sunday, when those who see it will fancy something the matter with their eyes,—a thing which is to take place on Sunday, and perhaps will not have taken place on Monday. I cannot bring myself to tell it. Guess! I will give you three trials. Do you give it up? Very well! then I must tell you. M. de Lauzun marries on Sunday, at the Louvre—guess who? I will give you four trials, I will give you ten, I will give you a hundred. I hear Madame de Coulanges say, “What a difficult thing to guess! Why, it is Madame de Vallière.” Not at all, madame. “Then it is Mademoiselle de Retz.” Not at all; you are extremely provincial. “Really, how silly we are!” say you: “it is Mademoiselle Colbert.” Still less. “Of course it is Mademoiselle de Créqui.” You are out again. So I have to tell you after all: he marries . . . on Sunday . . . at the Louvre . . . with the king’s permission . . . Mademoiselle, Mademoiselle de . . . Mademoiselle . . . Guess! Why, he marries Mademoiselle—upon my word, upon my word, upon my sacred word—MADEMOISELLE, the great Mademoiselle, Mademoiselle, the daughter of Monsieur that is dead, Mademoiselle, grand-daughter of Henri IV., Mademoiselle d’Eu, Mademoiselle de Dombes, Mademoiselle de Montpensier, Mademoiselle d’Orléans, Mademoiselle, cousin to the king, Mademoiselle, intended for the throne, Mademoiselle, the only match in France worthy of Monsieur. Here is a fine topic for conversation. If you cry out, if you go out of your senses, if you charge us with lying, if you say it is false, that we are laughing at you, that it is a fine hoax, that it is a very dull invention,—if, in short, you call us names, we shall say you are quite right, we have done the same as you. Farewell. The letters that arrive by this post will let you know whether we tell the truth or not.

TO M. DE COULANGES.

PARIS, Friday, December 19th, 1670.

What is called falling from the clouds is what happened yesterday evening at the Tuileries; but I must take up matters a little further back. I left you at the joy, the transports, the ravishments, of the princess and her fortunate lover. It was on Monday then that the thing was announced, as I told you. Tuesday was passed in talking, in astonishment, in compliments; Wednesday, Mademoiselle made a present to M. de Lauzun, with the view of conferring upon him the titles, names, and ornaments proper to be named in the marriage contract, which was drawn the same day. She gave him, then, as a first instalment, four duchies: the first is the county of Eu, which is the first peerage of France, and confers the highest rank; the duchy of Montpensier, of which he carried the name all yesterday; the duchy of St. Fargeau; the duchy of Châtellerault: all these reckoned at twenty-two millions. Then the contract was drawn, in which he took the name of Montpensier. On Thursday morning, which was yesterday, Mademoiselle hoped the king would sign the contract, as he had said; but about seven o'clock in the evening, the queen, Monsieur, and a number of grey-beards made his majesty understand that the affair would damage his reputation: so that, after sending for Mademoiselle and M. de Lauzun, the king announced to them, before the prince, that he absolutely forbade them to dream of the marriage. M. de Lauzun received the command with all the respect, all the submission, all the firmness, and all the despair which so great a fall demanded. As for Mademoiselle, giving way to her feelings, she burst into tears, cries, violent anguish, extravagant complaints, and all day she has kept her bed and swallowed nothing



but broth. What a fine dream! What a fine subject for a romance, or a tragedy; but, above all, what a fine subject to discuss and talk about eternally, which is what we do day and night, evening and morning, without end or intermission, and we hope you will do the same! *E fra tanto vi bacio le mani.*

[To the above may be added the following lively description of life at the court of Louis XIV.]

TO MADAME DE GRIGNAN.

PARIS, July 29th, 1676.

We have had a change of scene here which will gratify you as much as all the world. I was at Versailles last Saturday with the Villarses. You know the queen's toilet, the mass, and the dinner? Well, there is no need any longer of suffocating ourselves in the crowd to get a glimpse of their majesties at table. At three, the king, the queen, Monsieur, Madame, Mademoiselle, and everything else which is royal, together with Madame de Montespan and train, and all the courtiers, and all the ladies, all, in short, which constitutes the court of France, is assembled in that beautiful apartment of the king's, which you remember. All is furnished divinely, all is magnificent. Such a thing as heat is unknown; you pass from one place to another without the slightest pressure. A game at *reversi* gives the company a form and a settlement. The king and Madame de Montespan keep a bank together; different tables are occupied by Monsieur, the queen, and Madame de Soubise, Dangeau and party, Langlé and party; everywhere you see heaps of *louis d'ors*,—they have no other counters. I saw Dangeau play, and thought what fools we all were beside him. He dreams of nothing but what concerns the game; he wins where others lose; he neglects nothing, profits by every-

thing, never has his attention diverted; in short, his science bids defiance to chance. Two hundred thousand francs in ten days, a hundred thousand crowns in a month,—these are the pretty memoranda he puts down in his pocket-book. He was kind enough to say that I was partner with him, so I got an excellent seat. I made my obeisance to the king as you told me, and he returned it as if I had been young and handsome. The queen talked as long to me about my illness as if it had been a lying-in. The duke said a thousand kind things, without meaning a word he uttered. Marshal de Lorges attacked me in the name of the Chevalier de Grignan; in short, *tutti quanti* [the whole company]. You know what it is to get a word from everybody you meet. Madame de Montespan talked to me of Bourbon, and asked me how I liked Vichy, and whether the place did me good. She said that Bourbon, instead of curing a pain in one of her knees, did mischief to both. Her size is reduced by a good half, and yet her complexion, her eyes, and her lips are as fine as ever. She was dressed all in French point; her hair in a thousand ringlets, the two side ones hanging low on her cheeks, black ribbons on her head, pearls (the same that belonged to Madame de l'Hôpital), the loveliest diamond ear-rings, three or four bodkins,—nothing else on the head; in short, a triumphant beauty, worthy the admiration of all the foreign ambassadors. She was accused of preventing the whole French nation from seeing the king; she has restored him, you see, to their eyes; and you cannot conceive the joy it has given all the world, and the splendor it has thrown upon the court. This charming confusion, without confusion, of all which is the most select, continues from three till six. If couriers arrive, the king retires for a moment to read the despatches, and returns. There is always some music going on, to which he listens,

and which has an excellent effect. . . . They leave play at six. . . . Talking is incessantly going on, and there is no end of *hearts*. How many hearts have you? I have two; I have three; I have one; I have four; he has only three then, he has only four; and Dangeau is delighted with all this chatter; he sees through the game, he draws his conclusions, he discovers which is the person he wants. Truly he is your only man for holding the cards. At six the carriages are at the door. The king is in one of them, with Madame de Montespan, Monsieur and Madame de Thianges, and honest d'Henricourt in a fool's paradise on the stool. You know how these open carriages are made; they do not sit face to face, but all looking the same way. The queen occupies another, with the princess; and the rest come flocking after as it may happen. There are then the gondolas on the canal, and music; and at ten they come back, and then there is a play; and twelve strikes, and they go to supper, and thus rolls round the Saturday. If I were to tell you how often you were asked after, how many questions were put to me without waiting for answers, how often I neglected to answer, how little they cared, and how much less I did, you would see the *iniqua corte* [wicked court] before you in all its perfection. However, it never was so pleasant before, and everybody wishes it may last.

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## THE MONUMENTS OF ANCIENT EGYPT.

JEAN BAPTISTE, BARON FOURIER.

[Jean Baptiste Joseph, Baron Fourier, was born at Auxerre in 1768. He early devoted himself to the study of mathematics, ardently supported the Revolution, and was one of the savants chosen to accom-

pany Napoleon to Egypt. Here he made useful scientific studies, and afterwards wrote the historical preface to the "Description of Egypt" published by order of Napoleon. His great work is his "Analytical Theory of Heat," which is among the most valuable of French scientific productions. We append a short extract descriptive of the Egyptian architectural remains.]

EGYPT, who aspired to render her institutions immortal, and who bears the indelible impress of all the arts, will long oppose the severe and even excessive gravity of the most ancient models to the mobility and inconstancy natural to the human mind. In fact, the people the most anxious to produce durable works inhabited the country the most suited in the world to preserve them. These monuments were constructed several centuries before the foundation of the cities of Greece. They saw the grandeur of Tyre, Carthage, and Athens rise and fall. They bore already the name of the Egyptian antiquities in the time of Plato, and our successors will still admire them at a time when in all other parts of the globe there will remain no vestige of the buildings which now exist.

But the long continuance of these monuments is not only due to the properties of the climate: it results, above all, from the efforts of those who raised them; for the ruins of the Roman buildings on the banks of the Nile can hardly be discovered.

The early Egyptians only acknowledged as beautiful and truly worthy of attention that which is durable and hallowed by the sentiment of public utility. The object of their great works was at first to render their territory more salubrious, more fertile, and more extensive. They succeeded in drying up marshes and lakes, in reclaiming entire provinces of the Libyan desert, in compensating for the inequality of the inundations by a happy foresight and by marvellous deeds of art. They founded their towns

on immense embankments: turning aside at their will the course of the river, or dividing it into numerous channels, they saw rising from the midst of the waters, and created, so to speak, themselves, those beautiful plains of the Delta, which were soon to become so rich. The uniformity of the climate, the invariable order of the physical phenomena, concurred in impressing on these people that profound character of gravity and constancy which distinguishes their institutions. Not content with adorning the banks of the Nile with so many immortal monuments, they undertook prodigious works in the interior of the rocks which bounded their territory; and this subterranean Egypt equalled in magnificence that which they inhabited, and which had been enriched by all the arts. They considered as in some sort eternal whatever belonged to their religion and government; they were strengthened in this opinion by the continual sight of the great public monuments, which remained always the same, and which did not appear subject to the action of time. Their legislators had judged that this moral impression would contribute to the stability of their empire. It was for this reason that the people engraved on their temples and tombs the pictures of their gods and kings, their astronomical observations, their sacred precepts, the representation of their worship, and that of civil society.

These sculptures are the most ancient traces that man has left on the earth; they belong to that ancient Asiatic civilization which preceded all the historical times of Greece; they give us a glimpse of the spirit and manners of nations at that period. One cannot admire the works of Egypt, nor recall the periods of her glory, without thinking of the miseries that the loss of her laws, learning, and independence has caused her. We shall appreciate her institutions better; we shall regard them as a

moral source of prosperity, which was no less necessary to this country than the river which waters it; we shall compare, above all, the miserable condition into which she has fallen, with the opulence that a wiser administration would procure for her in a few years.

Thus the study of Egypt, so fruitful in great remembrances, warns us still that the development of intellect and industry is connected with the maintenance of public order; it makes us know better the value of laws, and of a steady and enlightened government; it suggests to us new reasons for loving them. This study can only inspire just and elevated ideas, turn us away from seeking after vain ornaments, and lead us back to unity and simplicity of purpose. It will make us see that solid and durable objects have a majesty which is peculiar to them, and that, if the ingenious elegance of form contributes to perfection, the idea of the truly beautiful necessarily includes those of stability and grandeur. It will show this principle in all its light, and ought to have a useful influence on the taste and works of the century.

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## THE STORMING OF THE REDOUBT.

PROSPER MÉRIMÉE.

[The author of the following selection, a distinguished novelist and historian, was born at Paris in 1803. His literary life began with translations from the Spanish drama, and in 1841 appeared his successful novel of "Colomba," his best-known production. He published numerous other works of fiction, travel, history, and poetry, all of which display an excellent talent for narration. He died in 1870. We give a translation of his "*L'Enlèvement de la Redoute*," a short tale in which the horrors of war are vividly depicted.]



ONE of my military friends, who died of fever in Greece some years ago, gave me an account one day of the first affair in which he had been engaged. I was so struck that I wrote it down from memory as soon as I had leisure. Here it is:

I rejoined the regiment on the evening of the 4th of September. I found the colonel in bivouac. He received me at first roughly enough; but when he had read the letter of recommendation from General B—— he changed his tone, and addressed some kind words to me.

He presented me to my captain, who returned at that instant from reconnoitring. This captain, whom I did not have much time to know, was a tall dark man, with a hard, repulsive physiognomy. He had been a common soldier, and had gained his epaulets and his cross on the field of battle. His voice, which was hoarse and weak, contrasted strangely with his almost gigantic stature. They told me that this odd voice was owing to a ball which had pierced him through and through at the battle of Jena. Learning that I came from the school of Fontainebleau, he made a grimace, and said, "My lieutenant died yesterday." . . . I understood that he meant to say, "You ought to take his place, and you are not capable of it." A sharp word came to my lips, but I restrained myself.

The moon rose behind the redoubt of Cheverino, situated within two cannon-shot of our bivouac. It was large and red, as it usually is when it rises. But this evening it appeared to me of an extraordinary size. For an instant the redoubt stood out in shadow on the shining disk of the moon. It resembled the cone of a volcano at the moment of eruption.

An old soldier, near whom I was standing, remarked the color of the moon. "It's very red," said he: "that's

a sign that we shall have to pay dear to get it, this famous redoubt!" I have always been superstitious, and this augury at that moment especially affected me. I lay down, but I could not sleep. I got up and walked for some time, looking at the immense line of fires which covered the heights beyond the village of Cheverino.

When I thought that the fresh and keen night air had cooled my blood enough, I returned to the fire; I wrapped myself carefully in my cloak, and shut my eyes, hoping not to open them before day. But sleep would not come. Insensibly my thoughts assumed a gloomy coloring. I said to myself that I had not a friend among the hundred thousand men that covered the plain. If I were wounded I should be in a hospital, treated without consideration by ignorant surgeons. All I had heard of surgical operations came into my mind. My heart beat violently, and mechanically I placed my handkerchief and pocket-book on my chest, as a kind of cuirass. Fatigue overwhelmed me, and I dozed every minute, and every minute some sinister thought reproduced itself with renewed force and woke me with a start. However, fatigue got the best of it, and when the *réveil* sounded I was fast asleep. We drew up in order of battle, the muster was called, then we piled arms, and everything announced that we were going to spend a quiet day.

About three o'clock an aide-de-camp arrived, bringing an order. We were commanded to take our arms again; our sharpshooters spread themselves over the plain; we followed them slowly, and at the end of twenty minutes we saw all the advanced guard of the Russians fall back and enter the redoubt. A battery of artillery came and established itself on our right, and another on our left, but both much in advance of us. They began a very lively fire on the enemy, who replied energetically, and

soon the redoubt of Cheverino disappeared under thick clouds of smoke.

Our regiment was almost sheltered from the fire of the Russians by a bend in the ground. Their bullets, rare moreover among us (for they fired, in preference, on our gunners), passed over our heads, or at most sent a little earth and small stones down upon us.

Directly the order to march forward had been given us, my captain looked at me so fixedly that I was forced to pass my hand over my young moustache with as easy an air as possible.

As to the rest, I was not afraid, and the only fear I had was that they should fancy I was frightened. These harmless bullets contributed besides to keep up my heroic calmness. My self-love told me that I was running into great danger, for at last I was under the fire of a battery. I was highly gratified at being so much at my ease, and I thought of the pleasure of relating the taking of the redoubt of Cheverino in Madame B——'s drawing-room in the Rue de Provence.

The colonel passed before our company. He addressed me: "Well, you will see some sharp work, for a beginning."

I smiled with a perfectly martial air, and brushed the sleeve of my coat, on which a bullet, falling thirty paces off, had sent a little dust.

It seems that the Russians perceived the bad success of their bullets, for they began to use shells instead, which could reach us more easily in the hollow where we were posted. A rather considerable explosion carried off my shako, and killed a man near me.

"I congratulate you," said the captain, as I came back from picking up my shako: "you are quit for the day." I knew this military superstition, that the axiom *non bis in*

*idem* finds its application as much on a field of battle as in a court of justice. I put on my shako proudly. "That's an unceremonious way of saluting people," said I, as gayly as I could. This bad joke, under the circumstances, seemed excellent. "I congratulate you," answered the captain: "you will have nothing more, and this evening you will command a company; for I know the oven is getting hot for me. Every time I have been wounded, the officer next to me has received some spent ball; and," he added, in a lower and almost bashful tone, "their names always began with P."

I tried to be strong-minded; many people would have done as I did; many people would have been as much struck as I was by these prophetic words. Conscript that I was, I felt that I could not confide my feelings to any one, and that I ought to appear always coldly intrepid.

At the end of half an hour the Russian fire diminished sensibly; then we left our covert, and marched on the redoubt. Our regiment was composed of three battalions. The second was ordered to turn the flank of the redoubt on the side of the gorge; the two others were to assault it. I was in the third battalion. Coming out from behind the kind of breastwork that had protected us, we were received with several discharges of musket-shot, which did little mischief in our ranks. The whistling of the balls surprised me: I often turned my head, and thus drew some jokes upon myself from my comrades, who were more used to the noise. On the whole, I said to myself, a battle is not such a terrible thing.

We advanced at a running pace, preceded by sharpshooters. All at once the Russians uttered three hurrahs, three distinct hurrahs, then remained silent, and did not fire. "I don't like this silence," said my captain: "that augurs nothing good for us." I found that our men were

rather too noisy, and I could not help drawing a comparison, in my own mind, between their tumultuous clamors and the imposing silence of the enemy.

We quickly reached the foot of the redoubt: the palisades had been broken down and the earth torn up by our bullets. The soldiers threw themselves on these new ruins, with cries of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" louder than could have been expected from men who had already shouted so much.

I looked up, and I never shall forget the sight I saw. The greater part of the smoke had risen, and remained suspended like a canopy twenty feet above the redoubt. Through a bluish vapor you saw the Russian grenadiers (behind their half-destroyed breastwork), their arms raised, motionless as statues. I think I can still see each soldier, with his left eye looking at us, and his right hidden by his raised musket. In an embrasure, a few feet from us, near a cannon, was a man holding a match.

I shuddered, and thought that my last hour was come.

"Now the dance is going to begin," cried my captain. "Good-night." These were the last words I ever heard him utter.

A rolling of drums was heard in the redoubt. I saw all the guns lowered. I shut my eyes, and I heard a frightful crash, followed by cries and groans. I opened my eyes, surprised to find myself still in the world. The redoubt was anew enveloped in smoke. I was surrounded by wounded and dead. My captain was stretched at my feet; his head had been smashed by a bullet, and I was covered with his blood and brains. Of all my company there only remained standing six men and myself.

To this carnage succeeded a moment of stupor. The colonel, putting his hat on the end of his sword, was the first to climb the breastwork, shouting "*Vive l'Empereur!*"

He was followed immediately by all the survivors. I have hardly any farther clear remembrance of what followed. We entered the redoubt, I do not know how. We fought hand to hand, in the midst of a smoke so thick that we could not see one another. I believe I struck, for my sword was all bloody.

At last I heard the cry of victory, and, the smoke clearing off, I perceived that the ground of the redoubt was quite hidden by dead bodies and blood. The cannon, particularly, were buried under a heap of corpses. About two hundred men in French uniforms were grouped without any order; some were loading their guns, others wiping their bayonets. Eleven Russian prisoners were with them. The colonel was lying bleeding on a broken cannon near the gorge. A few soldiers pressed round him: I approached. "Where is the oldest captain?" he asked a sergeant. The sergeant shrugged his shoulders in a very expressive manner. "And the oldest lieutenant?" "This gentleman who came yesterday," said the sergeant, in a perfectly calm tone. The colonel smiled bitterly. "Come, sir," he said to me, "you command in chief: have the gorge of the redoubt quickly fortified with these wagons, for the enemy is in force; but General C—— will support you." "Colonel," I said, "you are badly wounded." "Done for, my good fellow; but the redoubt is taken."

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## EARLY FRENCH LYRICS.

### VARIOUS.

[The early period of French song, in the centuries succeeding the lays of the Troubadours, affords many graceful poems, the work of a series of songsters of much poetical skill and merit. We transcribe a



few examples from the best-known of these poets. Charles, Duke of Orleans, the author of the graceful poems given below, was born in 1391. He was taken prisoner at the battle of Agincourt, and held captive in England for twenty-five years, solacing his captivity by the charms of poetry. He has a free and flowing diction, with much delicacy of sentiment and grace of style. The poems given are in the translation of H. W. Longfellow.]

## RONDEL.

Hence away, begone, begone,  
    Carking care and melancholy!  
    Think ye thus to govern me  
All my life long, as ye have done?  
    That shall ye not, I promise ye:  
    Reason shall have the mastery.  
So hence away, begone, begone,  
    Carking care and melancholy!

If ever ye return this way,  
    With your mournful company,  
A curse be on ye, and the day  
    That brings ye moping back to me!  
Hence away, begone, I say,  
    Carking care and melancholy!

## RENOUVEAU.

Now Time throws off his cloak again  
Of ermined frost, and cold, and rain,  
And clothes him in the embroidery  
Of glittering sun and clear blue sky.  
With beast and bird the forest rings,  
Each in his jargon cries or sings;  
And Time throws off his cloak again  
Of ermined frost, and cold, and rain.

River, and fount, and tinkling brook  
Wear in their dainty livery  
Drops of silver jewelry ;  
In new-made suit they merry look ;  
And Time throws off his cloak again  
Of ermined frost, and cold, and rain.

[François Villon, born at Paris in 1431, had a double celebrity, as a poet and as a rogue. He was dissipated and profligate, connected with the most abandoned young men of the capital, often repenting, yet always returning to his evil ways. He was at length, for a grave offence, sentenced to be hanged, but with unchecked gayety wrote his own epitaph and composed a ballad on the impending fate of himself and companions. He appealed, however, and his sentence was commuted to banishment. He afterwards declared that the finest thing he ever said were the words "I appeal." His life continued as dissolute as before, till his death, about the end of the century. We append Costello's translation of one of his most graceful poems.]

THE LADIES OF LONG AGO.

Tell me to what region flown  
Is Flora, the fair Roman, gone ?  
Where lovely Thais' hiding-place,  
Her sister in each charm and grace ?  
Echo, let thy voice awake  
Over river, stream, and lake :  
Answer, where does beauty go ?—  
Where is fled the south wind's snow ?  
  
Where is Eloïse the wise,  
For whose two bewitching eyes  
Hapless Abeillard was doomed  
In his cell to live entombed ?  
Where the queen, her love who gave,  
Cast in Seine, a watery grave ?  
Where each lovely cause of woe ?—  
Where is fled the south wind's snow ?

Where thy voice, O regal fair,  
Sweet as is the lark's in air?  
Where is Bertha? Alix? She  
Who Le Mayne held gallantly?  
Where is Joan, whom English flame  
Gave, at Rouen, death and fame?  
Where are all?—does any know?—  
Where is fled the south wind's snow?

[Somewhat later in date was the celebrated epigrammatist and lyric poet Clément Marot, born at Cahors in 1495. After a diversified life, he died at Turin in 1544. As a poet he had a lively fancy and much wit, writing in a simple and epigrammatic style which the French have entitled the *Style Marotique*. We give Longfellow's translation of a characteristic example of his witty manner.]

## FRIAR LUBIN.

To gallop off to town post-haste,  
So oft, the times I cannot tell,  
To do vile deed, nor feel disgraced,—  
Friar Lubin will do it well.  
But a sober life to lead,  
To honor virtue, and pursue it,  
That's a pious, Christian deed,—  
Friar Lubin cannot do it.

To mingle, with a knowing smile,  
The goods of others with his own,  
And leave you without cross or pile,  
Friar Lubin stands alone.  
To say 'tis yours is all in vain  
If once he lays his finger to it;  
For as to giving back again,  
Friar Lubin cannot do it.

With flattering words and gentle tone  
To woo and win some guileless maid,  
Cunning pander need you none,—  
Friar Lubin knows the trade.  
Loud preacheth he sobriety,  
But as for water, doth eschew it;  
Your dog may drink it,—but not he;  
Friar Lubin cannot do it.

## ENVOY.

When an evil deed's to do,  
Friar Lubin is stout and true;  
Glimmers a ray of goodness through it,  
Friar Lubin cannot do it.

[Pierre de Ronsard, one of the most celebrated of early French writers, was born in 1524, became page to the Duke of Orleans, and, after some public service, devoted himself to literary pursuits, in consequence of having become deaf. His poems were received with the utmost enthusiasm, and critics of ability vied in encomiums of his genius. Yet this popularity could not long continue. His style was so pedantic and affected that, in the words of Boileau, "his language was an absurd and unintelligible jargon." He was the originator of the French *Pléiades*, composed of himself and six other poets, of his choosing. His poems were highly esteemed by Mary, Queen of Scots, to whom he dedicated the following graceful ode on the occasion of her leaving France for Scotland. The translation is by Costello.]

## TO MARY STUART.

All beauty, granted as a boon to earth,  
That is, has been, or ever can have birth,  
Compared to hers, is void, and Nature's care  
Ne'er formed a creature so divinely fair.

In spring amidst the lilies she was born,  
And purer tints her peerless face adorn;

And though Adonis' blood the rose may paint,  
Beside her bloom the rose's hues are faint.

With all his richest store Love decked her eyes :  
The Graces each, those daughters of the skies,  
Strove which should make her to the world most dear,  
And, to attend her, left their native sphere.

The day that was to bear her far away,—  
Why was I mortal, to behold that day ?  
Oh, had I senseless grown, nor heard, nor seen !  
Or that my eyes a ceaseless fount had been,  
That I might weep, as weep amidst their bowers  
The nymphs when winter winds have cropped their flowers,  
Or when rude torrents the clear streams deform,  
Or when the trees are riven by the storm !  
Or, rather, would that I some bird had been,  
Still to be near her in each changing scene,  
Still on the highest mast to watch all day,  
And like a star to mark her vessel's way :  
The dangerous billows past, on shore, on sea,  
Near that dear face it still were mine to be !

O France ! where are thy ancient champions gone,—  
Roland, Rinaldo ?—is there living none  
Her steps to follow and her safety guard  
And deem her lovely looks their best reward,—  
Which might subdue the pride of mighty Jove  
To leave his heaven and languish for her love ?  
No fault is hers, but in her royal state ;  
For simple Love dreads to approach the great :  
He flies from regal pomp, that treacherous snare,  
Where truth unmarked may wither in despair.

Wherever destiny her path may lead,  
Fresh-springing flowers will bloom beneath her tread,  
All nature will rejoice, the waves be bright,  
The tempest check its fury at her sight,  
The sea be calm : her beauty to behold,  
The sun shall crown her with his rays of gold,—  
Unless he fears, should he approach her throne,  
Her majesty should quite eclipse his own.

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## THE FALL OF ROBESPIERRE.

FRANÇOIS MIGNET.

[François Auguste Marie Mignet, a French historian of distinguished rank, was born at Aix in 1796. He studied at the College of Avignon, with Thiers as his fellow-student, and in 1821 became editor of the *Courrier Français* at Paris. In 1824 appeared his great historical work, "History of the French Revolution from 1789 to 1814," which had an extraordinary success and was quickly translated into the principal languages of Europe. He occupied various literary and political positions, and wrote several other historical works, dying in 1884. From the work named we select a vividly-written description of the fall of Robespierre, the master-spirit of the reign of terror. In the principal committees of the Assembly a secret hostility to this tyrant had arisen, which soon developed into an open rupture. Robespierre violently assailed these committees before the Assembly, and endeavored to suppress and punish his enemies. The members of the committees saw that it had become a life-and-death struggle, and resolved to defend themselves.]

VADIER first opposed Robespierre's speech and Robespierre himself. Cambon went further. "It is time," he cried, "to speak the whole truth: one man paralyzed the resolution of the National Assembly; that man is Robespierre." "The mask must be torn off," added Billaud-



Varennès, "whatever face it may cover: I would rather my corpse should serve an ambitious man for his throne, than by my silence to become the accomplice of his crimes." Panis, Bentaïole, Charlier, Thirion, Amar, attacked him in turn. Fréron proposed to the convention to throw off the fatal yoke of the committees. "The time is come," said he, "to revive liberty of opinion; I move that the Assembly revoke the decree which gives the committee power to arrest the representatives of the people. Who can speak freely while he fears an arrest?" Some applause was heard; but the moment for the entire deliverance of the convention was not yet arrived. It was necessary to contend with Robespierre from behind the committees, in order subsequently to attack the committees more easily. Fréron's motion was accordingly rejected. "The man who is prevented by fear from delivering his opinion," said Billaud-Varennès, looking at him, "is not worthy the title of a representative of the people." Attention was again drawn to Robespierre. The decree ordering his speech to be printed was recalled, and the convention submitted the speech to the examination of the committees. Robespierre, who had been surprised by this fiery resistance, then said, "What! I had the courage to place before the Assembly truths which I think necessary for the safety of the country, and you send my discourse for the examination of the members whom I accuse." He retired, a little discouraged, but hoping to bring back the Assembly to his views, or rather bring it into subjection, with the aid of the conspirators of the Jacobins and the commune.

[During the night that followed both parties prepared for the expected crisis of the next day. The committees spent the night in session. The Assembly met early, and was opened with some recriminations.]

Billaud-Varennès rose from his seat. "Yesterday," said he, "the society of Jacobins was filled with hired men, for no one had a card; yesterday the design of assassinating the members of the National Assembly was developed in that society; yesterday I saw men uttering the most atrocious insults against those who have never deviated from the revolution. I see on the Mountain one of those men who threatened the republic; there he is." "Arrest him! arrest him!" was the general cry. The sergeant seized him, and took him to the committee of general safety. "The time is come for speaking the truth," said Billaud. "The Assembly would form a wrong judgment of events, and of the position in which it is placed, did it conceal from itself that it is placed between two massacres. It will perish, if feeble." "No! no! it will not perish!" exclaimed all the members, rising from their seats. They swore to save the republic. The spectators in the gallery applauded, and cried, "Vive la Convention Nationale!" The impetuous Lebas attempted to speak in defence of the triumvirs; he was not allowed to do so, and Billaud continued. He warned the convention of its danger, attacked Robespierre, pointed out his accomplices, denounced his conduct and his plans of dictatorship. All eyes were directed towards him. He faced them firmly for some time; but at length, unable to contain himself, he rushed to the tribune. The cry of "Down with the tyrant!" instantly became general, and drowned his voice.

"Just now," said Tallien, "I required that the veil should be torn asunder. It gives me pleasure to see that it is wholly sundered. The conspirators are unmasked; they will soon be destroyed, and liberty will triumph. I was present yesterday at the sitting of the Jacobins; I trembled for my country. I saw the army of this new Cromwell forming, and I armed myself with a poniard to stab

him to the heart, if the national convention wanted courage to decree his impeachment." He drew out his poniard, brandished it before the indignant Assembly, and moved, before anything else, the arrest of Henriot, and the permanent sitting of the Assembly; and both motions were carried, in the midst of cries of "Vive la République!" Billaud also moved the arrest of three of Robespierre's most daring accomplices, Dumas, Boulanger, and Dufrèse. Barrère caused the convention to be placed under the guard of the armed sections, and drew up a proclamation to be addressed to the people. Every one proposed a measure of precaution. Vadier diverted the Assembly for a moment, from the danger which threatened it, to the affair of Catherine Theos. "Let us not be diverted from the true object of debate," said Tallien. "I will undertake to bring you back to it," said Robespierre. "Let us turn our attention to the tyrant," rejoined Tallien, attacking him more warmly than before.

Robespierre, after attempting to speak several times, ascending and descending the stairs of the tribune, while his voice was drowned by cries of "Down with the tyrant!" and the bell which the president Thuriot continued ringing, now made a last effort to be heard. "President of assassins," he cried, "for the last time, will you let me speak?" But Thuriot continued to ring his bell. Robespierre, after glancing at the spectators in the public gallery, who remained motionless, turned towards the Right. "Pure and virtuous men," said he, "I have recourse to you: give me the hearing which these assassins refuse." No answer was returned; profound silence prevailed. Then, wholly dejected, he returned to his place, and sank on his seat exhausted by fatigue and rage. He foamed at the mouth, and his utterance was choked. "Wretch!" said one of the Mountain, "the blood of Danton chokes thee." His

arrest was demanded and supported on all sides. Young Robespierre now arose: "I am as guilty as my brother," said he. "I share his virtues, and I will share his fate." "I will not be involved in the opprobrium of this decree," added Lebas: "I demand my arrest too." The Assembly unanimously decreed the arrest of the two Robespierres, Couthon, Lebas, and Saint-Just. The latter, after standing for some time at the tribune with unchanged countenance, descended with composure to his place. He had faced this protracted storm without any show of agitation. The triumvirs were delivered to the gendarmerie, who removed them amidst general applause. Robespierre exclaimed as he went out, "The republic is lost, the brigands triumph." It was now half-past five, and the sitting was suspended till seven.

During this stormy contest the accomplices of the triumvirs had assembled at the Commune and the Jacobins. Fleuriot the mayor, Payan the national agent, and Henriot the commandant, had been at the Hôtel de Ville since noon. They had assembled the municipal officers by the sound of the drum, hoping that Robespierre would be triumphant in the Assembly, and that they should not require the general council to decree the insurrection, or the sections to sustain it. A few hours after, a sergeant of the convention arrived to summon the mayor to the bar of the Assembly, to give a report of the state of Paris. "Go and tell your scoundrels," said Henriot, "that we are discussing how to purge them. Do not forget to tell Robespierre to be firm, and to fear nothing." About half-past four they learned the arrest of the triumvirs, and the decree against their accomplices. The tocsin was immediately sounded, the barriers closed, the general council assembled, and the sectionaries called together. The cannoneers were ordered to bring their pieces to the com-

mune, and the revolutionary committees to take the oath of insurrection. A message was sent to the Jacobins, who sat permanently. The municipal deputies were received with the greatest enthusiasm. "The society watches over the country," they were told. "It has sworn to die rather than live under crime." At the same time they concerted together, and established rapid communications between these two centres of the insurrection. Henriot, on his side, to arouse the people, ran through the streets, pistol in hand, at the head of his staff, crying "To arms!" haranguing the multitude, and instigating all he met to repair to the commune to *save the country*. While on this errand, two members of the convention perceived him in the Rue St.-Honoré. They summoned, in the name of the law, a few gendarmes to execute the order for his arrest: they obeyed, and Henriot was pinioned and conveyed to the committee of public safety.

Nothing, however, was decided as yet on either side. Each party made use of its means of power,—the convention of its decrees, the commune of the insurrection; each party knew what would be the consequences of defeat, and this rendered them both so active, so full of foresight and decision. Success was long uncertain. From noon till five the convention had the upper hand; it caused the arrest of the triumvirs, Payan the national agent, and Henriot the commandant. It was already assembled, and the commune had not yet collected its forces; but from six to eight the insurgents regained their position, and the cause of the convention was nearly lost. During this interval the national representatives had separated, and the commune had redoubled its efforts and audacity.

Robespierre had been transferred to the Luxembourg, his brother to Saint-Lazare, Saint-Just to the Écossais, Couthon to La Bourbe, Lebas to the Conciergerie. The

commune, after having ordered the jailers not to receive them, sent municipal officers with detachments to bring them away. Robespierre was liberated first, and conducted in triumph to the Hôtel de Ville. On arriving he was received with the greatest enthusiasm: "Long live Robespierre! Down with the traitors!" resounded on all sides. A little before, Coffinhal had departed, at the head of two hundred cannoneers, to release Henriot, who was detained at the committee of general safety. It was now seven o'clock, and the convention had resumed its sitting. Its guard, at the most, was a hundred men. Coffinhal arrived, made his way through the outer courts, entered the committee-chamber, and delivered Henriot. The latter repaired to the Place du Carrousel, harangued the cannoneers, and ordered them to point their pieces on the convention.

The Assembly was just then discussing the danger to which it was exposed. It had just heard of the alarming success of the conspirators, of the insurrectional orders of the commune, the rescue of the triumvirs, their presence at the Hôtel de Ville, the rage of the Jacobins, the successive convocation of the revolutionary council and of the sections. It was dreading a violent invasion every moment, when the terrified members of the committees rushed in, fleeing from Coffinhal. They learned that the committees were surrounded and Henriot released. This news caused great agitation. The next moment Amar entered precipitately and announced that the cannoneers, acted upon by Henriot, had turned their pieces upon the convention. "Citizens," said the president, putting on his hat, in token of distress, "the hour is come to die at our posts!" "Yes, yes! we will die there!" exclaimed all the members. The people in the galleries rushed out, crying, "To arms! Let us drive back the



scoundrels!" And the Assembly courageously outlawed Henriot.

Fortunately for the Assembly, Henriot could not prevail upon the cannoneers to fire. His influence was limited to the inducing them to accompany him, and he turned his steps to the Hôtel de Ville. The refusal of the cannoneers decided the fate of the day. From that moment the commune, which had been on the point of triumphing, saw its affairs decline. Having failed in a surprise by main force, it was reduced to the slow measures of the insurrection; the point of attack was changed, and soon it was no longer the commune which besieged the Tuileries, but the convention which marched upon the Hôtel de Ville. The Assembly instantly outlawed the conspiring deputies and the insurgent commune. It sent commissioners to the sections, to secure their aid; named the representative Barras commandant of the armed force, joining with him Fréron, Rovere, Bourdon de l'Oise, Feraud, Leonard Bourdon, Legendre, all men of decision; and made the committees the centre of operation.

The sections, on the invitation of the commune, had assembled about nine o'clock; the greater part of the citizens, in repairing thither, were anxious, uncertain, and but vaguely informed of the quarrels between the commune and the convention. The emissaries of the insurgents urged them to join them, and to march their battalions to the Hôtel de Ville. The sections confined themselves to sending a deputation, but as soon as the commissioners of the convention arrived among them had communicated to them the decrees and invitations of the Assembly and informed them that there was a leader and a rallying-point, they hesitated no longer. Their battalions presented themselves in succession to the Assembly; they swore to defend it, and they passed in files

through the hall, amid shouts of enthusiasm and sincere applause. "The moments are precious," said Fréron; "we must act; Barras is gone to take the orders of the committees; we will march against the rebels; we will summon them in the name of the convention to deliver up the traitors, and if they refuse we will reduce the building in which they are to ashes." "Go," said the president, "and let not day appear before the heads of the conspirators have fallen." A few battalions and some pieces of artillery were placed round the Assembly, to guard it from attack, and the sections then marched in two columns against the commune. It was now nearly midnight.

The conspirators were still assembled. Robespierre, after having been received with cries of enthusiasm, promises of devotedness and victory, had been admitted into the general council between Payan and Fleuriot. The Place de Grève was filled with men, and glittered with bayonets, pikes, and cannon. They only awaited the arrival of the sections to proceed to action. The presence of their deputies, and the sending municipal commissioners among them, had inspired reliance on their aid. Henriot answered for everything. The conspirators looked for certain victory; they appointed an executive commission, prepared addresses to the armies, and drew up various lists. Half-past midnight, however, arrived, and no section had yet appeared, no order had yet been given, the triumvirs were still sitting, and the crowd on the Place de Grève became discouraged by this tardiness and indecision. A report spread in whispers that the sections had declared in favor of the convention, that the commune was outlawed, and that the conventional troops were advancing. The eagerness of the armed multitude had already abated, when a few emissaries of the Assembly glided among them and raised the cry, "Vive la Con-

vention!" Several voices repeated it. They then read the proclamation of outlawry against the commune; and, after hearing it, the whole crowd dispersed. The Place de Grève was deserted in a moment. Henriot came down a few minutes after, sabre in hand, to excite their courage; but, finding no one, "What!" cried he, "is it possible? Those rascals of cannoneers, who saved my life five hours ago, now forsake me." He went up again. At that moment the columns of the convention arrived, surrounded the Hôtel de Ville, silently took possession of all its outlets, and then shouted, "Vive la Convention Nationale!" The conspirators, finding they were lost, sought to escape the violence of their enemies by committing violence on themselves. Robespierre shattered his jaw with a pistol-shot; Lebas followed his example, but succeeded in killing himself; Robespierre the younger jumped from a window on the third story, and survived his fall. Couthon hid himself under a table; Saint-Just awaited his fate; Coffinhal, after reproaching Henriot with cowardice, threw him from a window into a gutter, and fled. Meantime, the conventionalists penetrated into the Hôtel de Ville, traversed the desolate halls, seized the conspirators, and carried them in triumph to the Assembly. Bourdon entered the hall, crying, "Victory! victory! the traitors are no more!" "The wretched Robespierre is there," said the president: "they are bringing him on a litter. Doubtless you would not have him brought in." "No! no!" they cried; "carry him to the Place de la Révolution!" He was deposited for some time at the committee of general safety before he was transferred to the Conciergerie; and here, stretched on a table, his face disfigured and bloody, exposed to the looks, the invectives, the curses of all, he beheld the various parties exulting in his fall, and charging upon him all the crimes that had

been committed. He displayed much insensibility during his last moments. He was taken to the Conciergerie, and afterwards appeared before the revolutionary tribunal, which, after identifying him and his accomplices, sent them to the scaffold. On the 10th of Thermidor, about five in the evening, he ascended the death-cart, placed between Henriot and Couthon, mutilated like himself. His head was enveloped in linen saturated with blood; his face was livid, his eyes almost visionless. An immense crowd thronged round the cart, manifesting the most boisterous and exulting joy. They congratulated and embraced each other, loading him with imprecations, and pressed near to view him more closely. The gendarmes pointed him out with their sabres. As to him, he seemed to regard the crowd with contemptuous pity; Saint-Just looked calmly at them; the rest, in number twenty-two, were dejected. Robespierre ascended the scaffold last; when his head fell, shouts of applause rose in the air, and lasted for some minutes. With him ended the reign of terror.

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## THE ANCIENT EGYPTIANS.

JACQUES BÉNIGNE BOSSUET.

[The celebrated divine and pre-eminent pulpit-orator to whom we owe our present selection was a native of Dijon, where he was born in 1627. Joining the priesthood, in 1652 he became canon of Metz, but his great reputation as an orator brought him in 1661 to Paris, where he preached for years. He became Bishop of Meaux in 1681, and died in 1704. His great polemical work against the Protestants, "History of the Variations of the Protestant Churches," appeared in 1688. He

wrote several other theological works, a "Discourse on Universal History," and six "Funeral Orations" which have been highly admired. Bossuet stands in the first rank among the writers of France, through the power, eloquence, and clearness of his style, and the moral wisdom of his thoughts. The example we give is a panegyric upon the Egyptians, which, while in accordance with the knowledge of his period, would hardly be accepted in its entirety to-day, in view of our present acquaintance with the manners and customs of that people.]

THE Egyptians were the first among whom the laws of government were known. These grave and serious people perceived at once the true end of politics,—viz., to make life comfortable and people happy. The unvarying temperature of the country produced strong and steadfast minds. As virtue is the basis of all society, they carefully cultivated it. Their principal virtue was gratitude. The praise that has been bestowed upon them of being the most grateful of all men shows that they were also the most sociable. Kind actions are the bond of public and private peace. He who acknowledges favors loves to do them, and, by banishing ingratitude, the pleasure of doing good remains so pure that it is impossible to be insensible to it any longer. Their laws were simple, equitable, and calculated to bind the citizens together. He who being able to save a man that was attacked, and did not do it, was punished with death as rigorously as an assassin. If he could not help the unhappy man, he was obliged at least to denounce the author of the violence, and there were fixed penalties for those who failed in this duty. Thus the citizens were protected from one another, and the whole body of the state was united against the wicked.

No one was allowed to be useless to the state: the law assigned to each his employment, and it was handed down from father to son. No one could have two, or change his profession; but then all professions were honored. It was necessary that there should be some more important

employments and persons, as it is necessary that there should be eyes in the body; their brightness does not cause the feet to be despised, nor the lower parts. So among the Egyptians, the priests and the soldiers had marks of particular honor; but all trades, down to the lowest, were held in esteem, and one could not without crime despise citizens whose works, whatever they might be, contributed to the public good. By this means all the arts were brought to perfection; the honor that supported them mingled with them everywhere; men improved on the old models, and on the works in which they had been exclusively engaged from their childhood.

But there was one occupation common to all,—the study of the laws and of wisdom. Ignorance of the religion and politics of the country was not excused in any rank. For the rest, each profession had a certain quarter assigned to it. This caused no inconvenience in a country the size of which was not large: under such a good arrangement, idle people did not know where to hide themselves.

Added to such good laws, what was still better was that everybody was brought up to keep them. A new custom was a prodigy in Egypt; everything was always done in the same way; and the exactness with which little things were observed preserved the greater.

The judicial administration served to keep up this spirit. Thirty judges were chosen from the chief towns to compose the tribunal that judged the whole kingdom. People were accustomed to see in these offices none but the most upright and grave men of the land. The prince assigned them certain revenues, in order that, freed from domestic cares, they might give all their time to promoting the observance of the laws. They gained nothing by lawsuits, for it was not thought right then to make a trade of justice. To avoid mistakes, all matters were transacted



in writing in this assembly. The false eloquence that dazzles the mind and moves the passions was feared; the truth could not be expressed in too dry a manner. The president of the senate wore a necklace of gold and precious stones, from which hung a figure without eyes, called Truth. When he put it on, it was the signal to begin the sitting. He turned it to the person that gained the cause, and this was the form of pronouncing sentence.

One of the finest devices of the Egyptians to preserve their ancient maxims was to clothe them in certain ceremonies which impressed them on the mind. These ceremonies were thoughtfully observed, and the grave temper of the Egyptians did not permit them to become mere forms. Those who had no lawsuits, and whose life was free from blame, could avoid the examination of this severe tribunal. But there was in Egypt one kind of very strange judgment, quite extraordinary, which no one could escape. When a man dies, it is a comfort to him to leave his name in esteem among men, and, of all earthly wealth, this is the only thing that death cannot take from us. But it was not allowed in Egypt to praise all the dead indiscriminately: this honor must be obtained by a public sentence. Directly a man was dead they brought him to trial. The public accuser was heard. If he proved that the conduct of the dead man had been bad, his memory was condemned, and he was deprived of burial. The people admired the power of the laws which lasted even after death, and each one, touched by the example, feared to dishonor his memory or his family. But if the dead man was not convicted of any crime, they buried him honorably, and delivered a panegyric on him, but without saying anything about the circumstances of his birth. All the Egyptians were noble, and, besides, they cared for no praises but those earned by merit.

Every one knows how carefully the Egyptians preserved the dead bodies: their mummies may still be seen. Thus their gratitude to their parents was never-ending: children, seeing the bodies of their ancestors, remembered their virtues acknowledged by the public, and were stirred up to love the laws that they had bequeathed to them.

To hinder borrowing, from which laziness, fraud, and chicanery arise, the decree of the king Asychis did not allow any one to borrow except on condition of pledging his father's body to the lender. It was thought an impious and shameful action not to redeem without delay so precious a pledge; and he who died without having acquitted himself of this duty was deprived of burial. . . .

One thing that was impressed most strongly on the minds of the Egyptians was esteem and love for their native country. She was, they said, the abode of the gods; they had reigned there for thousands and thousands of years. It was the mother of men and animals, which the land of Egypt watered by the Nile had brought forth while the rest of the earth was barren. The priests who composed the history of Egypt during the immense series of centuries which they filled with nothing but fables of genealogies of their gods, did so to impress on the minds of the people the antiquity and nobility of their country. As to the rest, their true history was included within reasonable limits; but they thought it a fine thing to lose one's self in an infinite abyss of time, that seemed to bring one near to eternity. However, the love of their country had many solid foundations. Egypt was really the most beautiful country of the whole world,—the most fruitful by nature, the best cultivated by art, and the most adorned by the care and magnificence of her kings.

## THE INSURRECTION OF THE CITIES.

FRANÇOIS GUIZOT.

[Modern historic literature presents no more illustrious name than that of François Pierre Guillaume Guizot, born at Nîmes in 1787, the son of an able advocate who fell a victim to the reign of terror in 1794. In 1812 he was appointed professor of modern history at the Sorbonne. He acquired great celebrity by his lectures at this institution, which were subsequently published under the title of "History of Civilization," one of the most valuable works of philosophical history that the world possesses. In 1830 he entered into political life, and filled important cabinet positions from that date till the revolution of 1848, when he was forced to fly in disguise to England. He wrote numerous other historical works of great value, of which we shall name only his excellent "History of the Revolution in England." He died in 1874.

The "Edinburgh Review" of October, 1858, says of him, "We think that M. Guizot will retain in history, as he has occupied in life, the first and highest place. Other writers, gifted with livelier powers of imagination, and appealing more directly to the sentiment of their contemporaries, may, like Chateaubriand, have exercised for a time a more powerful influence on the literature of France. . . . But in the depth and variety of his literary labors, which have enlarged the philosophy of history, in the force and precision of his oratory, which at one swoop could bend an assembly or crush a foe, and in the systematic consistency of his whole political life, . . . M. Guizot has had no equal either in his own country or, as far as we know, in any other."

From the vast range of political details in the "History of Civilization" we select one of the most interesting passages. Nothing could place in a stronger light the difference between the civic life of the twelfth century and that of the nineteenth than the contrast here drawn. The translation is by William Hazlitt.]

LET us suppose that in the year 1789, at the commencement of the terrible regeneration of France, a burgess of the twelfth century had risen from his grave and made

his appearance among us, and some one had put into his hands (for we will suppose he could read) one of those spirit-stirring pamphlets which caused so much excitement, for instance that of M. Sieyès, "What is the Third Estate?" If, in looking at this, he had met the following passage, which forms the basis of the pamphlet,—“The third estate is the French nation without the nobility and clergy,”—what, let me ask, would be the impression such a sentence would make on this burgess’s mind? Is it probable that he would understand it? No; he would not be able to comprehend the meaning of the words “the French nation,” because they remind him of no facts or circumstances with which he would be acquainted, but represent a state of things to the existence of which he is an entire stranger; but if he did understand the phrase, and had a clear apprehension that the absolute sovereignty was lodged in the third estate, it is beyond a question that he would characterize such a proposition as almost absurd and impious, so utterly at variance would it be with his feelings and his ideas of things, so contradictory to the experience and observation of his whole life.

If we now suppose the astonished burgess to be introduced into any one of the free cities of France which had existed in his time,—say Rheims, or Beauvais, or Laon, or Noyon,—we shall see him still more astonished and puzzled: he enters the town, he sees no towers, ramparts, militia, or any other kind of defence; everything exposed, everything an easy spoil to the first depredator, the town ready to fall into the hands of the first assailant. The burgess is alarmed at the insecurity of this free city, which he finds in so defenceless and unprotected a condition. He then proceeds into the heart of the town; he inquires how things are going on, what is the nature of its government, and the character of its inhabitants. He learns that there

is an authority not resident within its walls, which imposes whatever taxes it pleases to levy upon them without their consent; which requires them to keep up a militia and to serve in the army without their inclination being consulted. They talk to him about the magistrates, about the mayor and aldermen, and he is obliged to hear that the burgesses have nothing to do with their nomination. He learns that the municipal government is not conducted by the burgesses, but that a servant of the king, a steward living at a distance, has the sole management of their affairs. In addition to this, he is informed that they are prohibited from assembling together to take into consideration matters immediately concerning themselves, that the church bells have ceased to announce public meetings for such purposes. The burgess of the twelfth century is struck dumb with confusion: a moment since, he was amazed at the greatness, the importance, the vast superiority which the *tiers état* so vauntingly arrogated to itself; but now, upon examination, he finds them deprived of all civic rights, and in a state of thralldom and degradation far more intolerable than he had ever before witnessed. He passes suddenly from one extreme to the other, from the spectacle of a corporation exercising sovereign power to a corporation without any power at all: how is it possible that he should understand this or be able to reconcile it? his head must be turned, and his faculties lost in wonder and confusion.

Now let us burgesses of the nineteenth century imagine, in our turn, that we are transported back into the twelfth. A twofold appearance, but exactly reversed, presents itself to us in a precisely similar manner. If we regard the affairs of the public in general,—the state, the government, the country, the nation at large,—we shall neither hear nor see anything of burgesses; they were mere ciphers,

—of no importance or consideration whatever. Not only so, but if we would know in what estimation they held themselves as a body, what weight, what influence they attached to themselves with respect to their relations towards the government of France as a nation, we shall receive a reply to our inquiry in language expressive of deep humility and timidity; while we shall find their masters, the lords, from whom they subsequently wrested their franchises, treating them, at least as far as words go, with a pride and scorn truly amazing; yet these indignities do not appear in the slightest degree to provoke or astonish their submissive vassals.

But let us enter one of these free cities, and see what is going on within it. Here things take quite another turn: we find ourselves in a fortified town, defended by armed burgesses. These burgesses fix their own taxes, elect their own magistrates, have their own courts of judicature, their own public assemblies for deliberating upon public measures, from which none are excluded. They make war at their own expense, even against their suzerain,—maintain their own militia. In short, they govern themselves, they are sovereigns.

Here we have a similar contrast to that which made France of the eighteenth century so perplexing to the burgess of the twelfth: the scenes only are changed. In the present day the burgesses, in a national point of view, are everything, municipalities nothing; formerly corporations were everything, while the burgesses, as respects the nation, were nothing. From this it will appear evident that many things, many extraordinary events, and even many revolutions, must have happened between the twelfth and fifteenth centuries, in order to bring about so great a change as that which has taken place in the social condition of this class of society. But, however vast this



change, there can be no doubt but that the commons, the third estate of 1789, politically speaking, are the descendants, the heirs, of the free towns of the twelfth century. And the present haughty, ambitious French nation, which aspires so high, which proclaims so loudly its sovereignty, and pretends not only to have regenerated and to govern itself, but to regenerate and rule the whole world, is indisputably descended from those very free towns which revolted in the twelfth century,—with great spirit and courage, it must be allowed, but with no nobler object than that of escaping to some remote corner of the land from the vexatious tyranny of a few nobles. . . .

After the fall of the Roman empire, between the fifth and tenth centuries, the towns were neither in a state of servitude nor freedom; . . . they suffered all the evils to which weakness is liable; they were a prey to the continual depredations, rapacity, and violence of the strong: yet, notwithstanding these horrid disorders, their impoverished and diminishing population, the towns had, and still maintained, a certain degree of importance; in most of them there was a clergyman, a bishop who exercised great authority, who possessed great influence over the people, served as a tie between them and their conquerors, thus maintaining the city in a sort of independence by throwing over it the protecting shield of religion. Besides this, there was still left in the towns some valuable fragments of Roman institutions. . . .

These remains of urban activity and freedom were gradually disappearing, it is true, from day to day. Barbarism and disorder, evils always increasing, accelerated depopulation. The establishment of the lords of the country in the provinces, and the rising preponderance of agricultural life, became another cause of the decline of the cities. The bishops themselves, after they had incorporated them-

selves into the feudal frame, attached much less importance to their municipal life. Finally, upon the triumph of the feudal system, the towns, without falling into the slavery of the agriculturists, were entirely subjected to the control of a lord, were included in some fief, and lost, by this title, something of the independence which still remained to them, and which, indeed, they had continued to possess even in the most barbarous times,—even in the first centuries of invasion. So that from the fifth century up to the time of the complete organization of the feudal system the state of the towns was continually getting worse.

[Under the feudal system, however, the cities gradually regained importance. They were in a measure protected from other depredators by the lords who claimed suzerainty over them, and to whose interest it was that they should grow in wealth and population. The vanished commerce and industry returned, and with them riches and citizens. The asylum which the church afforded to fugitives was an important element in the increase of population. Not only men of the lower orders, but men of rank and wealth, sought this asylum, and formed a valuable portion of the growing civic populations.]

By the concurrence of all these causes the cities regained a small portion of power as soon as the feudal system became somewhat settled. But the security of the citizens was not restored to an equal extent. The roving, wandering life had, it is true, in a great measure ceased, but to the conquerors, to the new proprietors of the soil, this roving life was one great means of gratifying their passions. When they desired to pillage, they made an excursion, they went afar to seek a better fortune, another domain. When they became more settled, when they considered it necessary to renounce their predatory expeditions, the same passions, the same gross desires, still remained in full force. But the weight of these now

fell upon those whom they found ready at hand, upon the powerful of the world, upon the cities. Instead of going afar to pillage, they pillaged what was near. The exactions of the proprietors of fiefs upon the burgesses were redoubled at the end of the tenth century. Whenever the lord of the domain by which a city was girt felt a desire to increase his wealth, he gratified his avarice at the expense of the citizens. It was more particularly at this period that the citizens complained of the total want of commercial security. Merchants, on returning from their trading rounds, could not with safety return to their city. Every avenue was taken possession of by the lord of the domain and his vassals. The moment in which industry commenced its career was precisely that in which security was most wanting. Nothing is more galling to an active spirit than to be deprived of the long-anticipated pleasure of enjoying the fruits of his industry. When robbed of this, he is far more irritated and vexed than when made to suffer in a state of being fixed and monotonous, than when that which is torn from him is not the fruit of his own activity, has not excited in him all the joys of hope. There is in the progressive movement which elevates a man of a population towards a new fortune, a spirit of resistance against iniquity and violence much more energetic than in any other situation.

Such, then, was the state of cities during the course of the tenth century. They possessed more strength, more importance, more wealth, more interests to defend. At the same time it became more necessary than ever to defend them, for these interests, their wealth, and their strength, became objects of desire to the nobles. With the means of resistance, the danger and difficulty increased also. Besides, the feudal system gave to all connected with it a perpetual example of resistance; the idea of an

organized energetic government, capable of keeping society in order and regularity by its intervention, had never presented itself to the spirits of that period. On the contrary, there was a perpetual recurrence of individual will refusing to submit to authority. Such was the conduct of the major part of the holders of fiefs towards their suzerains, of the small proprietors of land to the greater; so that at the very time when the cities were oppressed and tormented, at the moment when they had new and greater interests to sustain, they had before their eyes a continual lesson of insurrection. The feudal system rendered this service to mankind,—it has constantly exhibited individual will displaying itself in all its power and energy. The lesson prospered; in spite of their weakness, in spite of the prodigious inequality which existed between them and the great proprietors, their lords, the cities everywhere broke out into rebellion against them.

It is difficult to fix a precise date to this great event, this general insurrection of the cities. The commencement of their enfranchisement is usually placed at the beginning of the eleventh century. But in all great events how many unknown and disastrous efforts must have been made before the successful one! Providence, upon all occasions, in order to accomplish its designs, is prodigal of courage, virtues, sacrifices,—finally, of man; and it is only after a vast number of unknown attempts apparently lost, after a host of noble hearts have fallen into despair, convinced that their cause was lost, that it triumphs. Such, no doubt, was the case in the struggle of the free cities. Doubtless in the eighth, ninth, and tenth centuries there were many attempts at resistance, many efforts made for freedom, many attempts to escape from bondage, which not only were unsuccessful, but the remembrance of which, from their ill success, has remained without glory.

Still, we may rest assured that these attempts had a vast influence upon succeeding events: they kept alive and maintained the spirit of liberty; they prepared the great insurrection of the eleventh century.

I say insurrection, and I say it advisedly. The enfranchisement of the towns or communities in the eleventh century was the fruit of a real insurrection, of a real war,—a war declared by the population of the cities against their lords. The first fact which we always meet with in annals of this nature is the rising of the burgesses, who seize whatever arms they can lay their hands on; it is the expulsion of the people of the lord, who come for the purpose of levying contributions, some extortion; it is an enterprise against the neighboring castle: such is always the character of the war. If the insurrection fails, what does the conqueror instantly do? He orders the destruction of the fortifications erected by the citizens, not only around the city, but also around each dwelling. We see that at the very moment of confederation, after having promised to act in common, after having taken in common the corporation oath, the first act of each citizen was to put his own house in a state of resistance. . . .

Let us enter the interior of these habitations of our ancestors; let us examine the form of their construction, and the mode of life which this reveals: all is devoted to war, everything is impressed with this character.

The construction of the house of a citizen of the twelfth century, so far, at least, as we can now obtain an idea of it, was something of this kind: it consisted usually of three stories, one room in each: that on the ground-floor served as a general eating-room for the family; the first story was much elevated, for the sake of security, and this is the most remarkable circumstance in the construction. The room in this story was the habitation of the master of the

house and his wife. The house was, in general, flanked with an angular tower, usually square,—another symptom of war, another means of defence. The second story consisted again of a single room; its use is not known, but it probably served for the children and domestics. Above this, in most houses, was a small platform, evidently intended as an observatory or watch-tower. Every feature of the building bore the appearance of war. This was the decided characteristic, the true name, of the movement which wrought out the freedom of the cities. . . .

Our notions of the burgess of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, and of his life, are very erroneous. The picture which Sir Walter Scott has drawn in “*Quentin Durward*” of the burgomaster of Liege, fat, inactive, without experience, without daring, and caring for nothing but passing his life in ease and enjoyment, is only fitted for the stage; the real burgess of that day had a coat of mail continually on his back, a pike constantly in his hand; his life was nearly as stormy, as warlike, as rigid, as that of the nobles with whom he contended. It was in these every-day perils, in combating the varied dangers of practical life, that he acquired that bold and masculine character, that determined exertion, which have become more rare in the softer activity of modern times. . . .

After a war has continued a certain time, whatever may be the belligerent parties, it naturally leads to a peace. The treaties of peace between the cities and their adversaries were so many charters. These charters in the cities were so many positive treaties of peace between the burgesses and their lords.

[The insurrection was general. There was no concerted plan, but the same conditions led to the same results throughout Europe. Possibly the power of example did something towards this, but the over-



weight of oppression everywhere was the main cause. The vicissitudes were great, and the charters were often violated or eluded.]

In spite of all these vicissitudes, notwithstanding the perpetual violation of charters in the twelfth century, the freedom of the cities was consummated. Europe, and particularly France, which, during a whole century, had abounded in insurrections, now abounded in charters; cities rejoiced in them, with more or less security, but still they rejoiced; the event succeeded, and the right was acknowledged.

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## FROM THE TRAGEDY OF "BRUTUS."

FRANÇOIS MARIE AROUET DE VOLTAIRE.

[From Voltaire's tragedy of "Brutus" we select the closing scene, as a powerful representation of one of the most striking events in the traditional history of Rome. The story, as given in the play, makes Titus, the son of Brutus, on his return from leading the Roman armies to victory, yield to his love for Tullia, the daughter of Tarquin, and join a conspiracy against the liberties of his country. The plot is discovered, the principal conspirators are arrested and executed, and Titus, who is overwhelmed with remorse for his share in it, is taken prisoner. What follows we give in the words of the play.]

### ACT V.—SCENE III.

SENATORS, BRUTUS, VALERIUS, PROCULUS.

*Brutus.* Say, Valerius,  
The traitors doubtless thou hast apprehended,  
At least they all are known. Ha! whence that cloud  
Darkening thy brow?—that melancholy aspect  
Which seems as if portending greater ills,

Calamities more dreadfully severe?

These tremors whence?

*Valerius.*

Remember thou art Brutus.

*Brut.* What dost thou mean?

*Val.*

I shudder at the thought:

Its aid my tongue refuses.

[*Gives him the tablets.*]

In this list,

Read, know the guilty.

*Brut.*

Do my eyes deceive me?

Oh, day most hateful! Oh, most wretched father!

The name of Tiberinus! of my son!—

Forgive this weakness.—Is the traitor seized?

*Val.* With two of the conspirators he dared

Oppose the course of justice, and, resolved,

Rather than yield, on death, beside them fell,

Covered with wounds. But, oh! a tale more dire

Remains for thee, for all the sons of Rome,—

To me more exquisitely painful.

*Brut.*

Ha!

What am I to expect?

*Val.*

Again behold

That fatal catalogue, which from Messala

By Proculus was wrested.

*Brut.*

Give it me—

Let me behold it.—Why these fears? this horror?

Eternal guardians! Titus!

[*He sinks into the arms of Proculus.*]

*Val.*

Near this place

I found him wandering, in despair, unarmed,

He seemed as panic-struck, and full of terror,

Haply reflecting on th' attempt which now

Shocks every sense, an enterprise abhorred.

*Brut.* Go, conscript fathers, to your sacred dome  
Return; no station in the assembled senate

Dare I again assume. Go, extirpate  
 My guilty race ; punish the sire himself ;  
 Nor, by false mercy swayed, refrain to pierce  
 This heart, the source of their polluted blood.  
 I shall not follow you, lest in my presence  
 Rome should suspend her judgment, or pull back  
 The hand of vengeance.

## SCENE IV.

BRUTUS. [Alone.]

Powers supreme ! who rule  
 With might resistless ! to whose high decrees  
 My soul, and every secret wish it breathes,  
 Submissive bends ! Ye gods, who have revenged  
 Our violated laws ! who have revenged  
 My injured country ! by whose aid these hands,  
 On the strong base of justice, have upraised  
 The fane of freedom, built, as it appeared,  
 To last through endless ages ! Would you sink  
 The holy structure level with the dust ?  
 Hath your impulsive spirit urged my children  
 Against your own celestial work ?—Alas  
 That Tiberinus, blind with headstrong rage,  
 Should seek to obey a tyrant, and reduce  
 His country to the yoke of servitude !  
 Most grievous was the stroke, for, though a traitor,  
 He was my son. But Titus ! in whose breast  
 Dwelt each heroic virtue, upon whom  
 Rome gazed, enamoured ! who this very day  
 Shone forth the minion of success, full fraught  
 With glory's brightest gifts, by Victory led,  
 And placed aloft in her triumphal car !  
 Crowned by my hands with laurels, while with shouts

The Capitol resounded ; whom my age  
With fondest hope regarded ; on whose worth  
The total state relied !—that he ! that Titus !——  
All-powerful gods !

## SCENE V.

BRUTUS, VALERIUS, ATTENDANTS, LICTORS.

*Val.* The senate hath resolved  
To thy determination to submit  
The sentence of thy son.

*Brut.* To mine ?

*Val.* His fate  
On thee alone depends.

*Brut.* How of the rest  
Have they disposed ?

*Val.* All who conspired besides  
Have been condemned ; e'en now perhaps they feel  
The fatal stroke.

*Brut.* And is his destiny  
Referred to me ? The fathers of their country,  
Have they to my arbitrament decreed  
The life or death of Titus ? of my son ?

*Val.* It is a signal honor, which they thought  
Due to thy virtues.

*Brut.* Oh, my country !

*Val.* What,  
Shall I inform the senate, is thy answer ?

*Brut.* That Brutus sees, and values as he ought,  
A favor so distinguished, freely given  
And unsolicited ; nor shall he prove  
Unworthy of the trust.—But Titus yielded  
Without resistance : could he then——Forgive me,  
If I am anxious to find grounds for doubt.

To him Rome owes her freedom ; and affection  
 Cannot at once its pleasing thoughts resign :  
 My heart still t'ward him beats.

*Val.* Th' unhappy Tullia——

*Brut.* Say, what of Tullia ?

*Val.* Hath too well confirmed

The truth of our suspicions.

*Brut.* How, Valerius ?

*Val.* Brought back with shame and anguish to our walls,  
 When her sad eyes beheld the dreadful scene  
 Of punishment prepared, her hand completing  
 The melancholy sacrifice, she fell,  
 She breathed her last ; thus offering to our laws,  
 Ill-fortuned maid, the sole remaining branch  
 From a foul tyrant sprung.—If Titus erred,  
 If, strongly tempted, he betrayed his country,  
 She was the cause.—My heart reveres thee, Brutus ;  
 I venerate a father's sacred grief ;  
 But Tullia when expiring hither cast  
 Her eyes, scarce struggling with th' incumbent weight,  
 And called on Titus.

*Brut.* O all-righteous gods !

*Val.* Thou art his judge ; whether thou strike the victim,  
 Save or condemn, Rome cannot but approve  
 What Brutus shall determine.

*Brut.* Lictors, hence !

Bring Titus straight before me.

*Val.* I retire,

While all my bosom, by thy virtue filled,  
 Dilated swells. Astonishment and pity  
 With admiration join as I behold thee.  
 I go, with awe imprest, to represent  
 Th' excess of thy affliction to the senate,  
 And thy unshaken fortitude of soul.

## SCENE VII.

BRUTUS, PROCULUS. TITUS [*at the farther end of the stage, conducted by the victors.*]

*Pro.* See where he comes!

*Titus.* Ha, Brutus! how I sink  
Beneath th' oppressive weight of grief and shame.  
These trembling limbs!—Open, thou solid earth,  
And in thy central darkness ever hide me!  
Wilt thou permit thy son——

*Brut.* Presumptuous, hold!  
No farther! Lately I possessed two children,  
How dear to this fond heart, witness, ye gods,  
Who gave them to me! One, alas! is lost.  
One, said I? O thou most unhappy Titus!  
Speak, have I yet a son?

*Tit.* No son is thine.

*Brut.* Now, then, attend thy judge, attend and answer,  
My stain and my disgrace! [*He seats himself.*]

Couldst thou resolve

T' enslave thy country?—to betray thy father  
Into the hands of lawless power?—to sport  
With perjury, and break thy sacred oaths?

*Tit.* I had resolved on nothing; but my soul,  
With deadly poison filled, its very essence  
Infected, plague-struck, to its horrid force  
Compelled to yield, the knowledge of myself  
Was ravished from me, and in vain I strive  
E'en now for recollection. Wandering still  
In a delirious maze, my heart, which then,  
By frenzy urged, left reason far behind,  
Was guilty for a moment. That short space  
O'erwhelmed me with eternal shame, and stamped  
Deep on my brow the mark of treason. Gods!



Of treason to the country which I prized  
With sumless estimation.—Madness fled ;  
Reason soon came, and with it brought remorse.  
Dreadful its stings, its tortures are immense,  
And equal to my crime: Rome could not take  
Severer punishment in its just vengeance.  
Pronounce my doom. The common weal requires  
My forfeit life; all eyes are fixed on thee,  
And an example ought to be displayed  
Great and conspicuous; so, withheld by terror  
At my deserved fate, no son of Rome  
Shall dare hereafter to pursue my steps.  
And as through life, so in the hour of death  
I still shall serve my country; while the blood  
Always expended for her sake, unstained  
In its pure course till this pernicious day,  
Shall, as it wont, be from my heart poured forth,  
And only flow for liberty.

*Brut.*

I hear

With wonder! How with perfidy so base  
Accords this generous ardor!—blackest crimes  
(Horrid assemblage!) with the brightest virtues  
In union joined!—Heaven! with the laurels crowned,  
And 'mid the trophied ensigns, to my eyes  
More beauteous for the sanguine stains they bore,  
What envious demon breathed into thy heart  
This levity and fickleness so dire  
And so unparalleled?

*Tit.*

All, all the passions

With inimical power; the thirst of vengeance,  
Ambition, hatred, the fierce sudden rage  
Of madly-wild despair——

*Brut.*

Unhappy youth!

Proceed!

*Tit.* One error more, transcending all,  
A flame which captive led, and still retains  
O'er my subjected senses uncontrolled  
And absolute dominion; which at first  
Quickened my guilt, and now perhaps augments it.  
But wherefore should I thus confess my shame?  
Odious to thee, and painful, were th' avowal.  
Rome needs it not; the sire and son must blush  
At th' unbecoming tale. . . .

But if in battle I have trod thy steps,  
If I have strove to emulate thy deeds,  
If I have loved my country, if, my guilt  
Pursued by keen remorse, I feel the pang  
Sufficiently severe, oh, deign once more  
In thy paternal arms to clasp a son [Kneeling]  
Bent to the ground with anguish! Say, at least,  
Thy father hates thee not; that word alone  
Shall snatch my memory from the gulf of shame  
In which I now am plunged. It shall be told  
To late posterity that Titus sunk not  
To the dark regions of the dead unblest  
By a kind look from thee, the great reward  
Of his sincere contrition; that he still  
Preserved an interest in thy heart, and bore,  
Spite of his crimes, bore with him to the tomb  
Thy favor and esteem.

*Brut.* I feel his anguish!  
It overpowers me!—Must it be? Oh, Rome!  
Oh, genius of my country!—Proculus,  
Call thou the lictors hither, bid them lead  
My son to death.—Rise, wretched Titus! rise!  
Object of my aversion, of my love  
And tenderest sympathy! my age's hope!  
Dear to its partial sight, and fondly deemed

Its sure support!—Approach! embrace thy father,  
Who could not but condemn thee, yet had sealed  
Frankly thy pardon, had he not been Brutus.  
Witness these sighs, these tears which, as I speak,  
Descend upon thee!—Go, and meet thy fate  
With steadier fortitude! Go, look on death  
Calm and unmoved, with more of Roman firmness  
Than I can boast! and, while thy country claims  
Its vengeance due, let it admire thy fall.

*Tit.* This last embrace! Farewell! The mortal stroke  
Impends.—Enough! I meet it with a soul  
Still worthy of my father.

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## THE LAST HOURS AT WATERLOO.

ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN.

[In the history of literary partnerships there can be found none more effective than that of Émile Erckmann (born at Phalsbourg, Alsace, in 1822) and Alexandre Chatrian (born at Abreschwiller in 1826). From this interesting partnership, in which the individuality of the two writers seems completely lost in the joint productions of their pens, we have a series of popular and attractive romances on the customs of the Germans and the history of the wars of the French Revolution and Empire. Of these works may be named "Stories of the Borders of the Rhine," "Mme. Thérèse," "Friend Fritz and the Conscript of 1813," "The Invasion," "Waterloo," "The Blockade of Phalsbourg," "The Story of the Plébiscite," and "Brigadier Frederick." From Scribner's translated edition of "Waterloo" we make the following selection, which presents the most striking incidents in that memorable battle, and with a graphic power and truth that give our extract value both as romance and as history.]

THE position of the English seemed to me still stronger than it was in the morning; and as we had already failed

in our attack on their left wing, and the Prussians had fallen on our flank, the idea occurred to me, for the first time, that we were not sure of gaining the battle.

I imagined the horrible rout that would follow in case we lost the battle,—shut in between two armies, one in front and the other on our flank, and then the invasion that would follow; the forced contributions, the towns besieged, the return of the *émigrés*, and the reign of vengeance.

I felt that my apprehensions had made me grow pale.

At that moment the shouts of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" broke from thousands of throats behind us. Buche, who stood near me in a corner of the loft, shouted, with all the rest of his comrades, "*Vive l'Empereur!*"

I leaned over his shoulder and saw all the cavalry of our right wing, the cuirassiers of Milhaud, the lancers and the chasseurs of the Guard,—more than five thousand men,—advancing at a trot. They crossed the road obliquely and went down into the valley between Hougoumont and Haie-Sainte. I saw that they were going to attack the squares of the English, and that our fate was to be decided.

We could hear the voices of the English artillery-officers, giving their orders, above the tumult and the innumerable shouts of "*Vive l'Empereur!*"

It was a terrible moment when our cuirassiers crossed the valley; it made me think of a torrent formed by the melting snows, when millions of flakes of snow and ice sparkle in the sunshine. The horses, with the great blue portmanteaux fastened to their croups, stretched their haunches like deer and tore up the earth with their feet, the trumpets blew their savage blasts amidst the dull roar as they passed into the valley, and the first discharge of grape and canister made even our old shed tremble.

The wind blew from the direction of Hougoumont, and

drove the smoke through all the openings; we leaned out to breathe, and the second and third discharges followed each other instantly.

I could see through the smoke that the English gunners had abandoned their cannon and were running away with their horses, and that our cuirassiers had immediately fallen upon the squares, which were marked out on the hill-side by the zigzag line of their fire.

Nothing could be heard but a grand uproar of cries, incessant clashing of arms and neighing of horses, varied with the discharge of artillery from time to time, and then new shouts, new tumult, and fresh groans. A score of horses with their manes erect rushed through the thick smoke which settled around us, like shadows, some of them dragging their riders with one foot caught in the stirrup.

And this lasted more than an hour.

After Milhaud's cuirassiers came the lancers of Lefebvre-Desnouettes, after them the cuirassiers of Kellermann, followed by the grenadiers of the Guard, and after the grenadiers came the dragoons. They all mounted the hill at a trot, and rushed upon the squares with drawn sabres, shouting "*Vive l'Empereur!*" in tones which reached the clouds. At each new charge it seemed as if the squares must be overthrown; but when the trumpets sounded the signal for rallying and the squadrons rushed pell-mell back to the edge of the plateau to re-form, pursued by the showers of shot, there were the great red lines, steadfast as walls, in the smoke.

Those Englishmen are good soldiers; but then they knew that Blücher was coming to their assistance with sixty thousand men, and no doubt this inspired them with great courage.

In spite of everything, at six o'clock we had destroyed half their squares, but the horses of our cuirassiers were

exhausted by twenty charges over the ground soaked with rain. They could no longer advance over the heaps of dead.

As night approached, the great battle-field in our rear began to be deserted; at last the great plain where we had encamped the night before was tenantless, only the Old Guard remained across the road with shouldered arms; all had gone,—on the right against the Prussians, on the left against the English. We looked at each other in terror.

It was already growing dark, when Captain Florentin appeared at the top of the ladder, and, placing both hands on the floor, he said, in a grave voice, "Men, the time has come to conquer or die!"

I remembered that these words were in the proclamation of the Emperor, and we all filed down the ladder. It was still twilight, but all was gray in the devastated court; the dead were lying stiff on the dung-heap and along the walls. . . .

In spite of everything, we were not conquered; the cuirassiers still held their position on the plateau, and from all sides, over the thunder of cannon, over all the tumult, the cry was heard, "The Guard is coming!" Yes, the Guard was coming at last! We could see them in the distance on the highway, with their high bear-skin caps, advancing in good order.

Those who have never witnessed the arrival of the Guard on the battle-field can never know the confidence which is inspired by a body of tried soldiers,—the kind of respect paid to courage and force.

The soldiers of the Old Guard were nearly all old peasants, born before the Republic; men five feet and six inches in height, thin and well built, who had held the plough for convent and château; afterward they were levied with



all the rest of the people, and went to Germany, Holland, Italy, Egypt, Poland, Spain, and Russia, under Kléber, Hoche, and Marceau first, and under Napoleon afterward. He took special care of them, and paid them liberally. They regarded themselves as the proprietors of an immense farm, which they must defend and enlarge more and more. This gained them consideration; they were defending their own property. They no longer knew parents, relatives, or compatriots; they only knew the Emperor; he was their God. And, lastly, they had adopted the King of Rome, who was to inherit all with them and to support and honor them in their old age. Nothing like them was ever seen: they were so accustomed to march, to dress their lines, to load, and fire, and cross bayonets, that it was done mechanically, in a measure, whenever there was a necessity. When they advanced, carrying arms, with their great caps, their white waistcoats and gaiters, they all looked just alike: you could plainly see that it was the right arm of the Emperor which was coming. When it was said in the ranks, "The Guard is going to move," it was as if they had said, "The battle is gained."

But now, after this terrible massacre, after the repulse of these furious attacks, on seeing the Prussians fall on our flank, we said, "This is the decisive blow."

And we thought, "If it fails, all is lost."

This was why we all looked at the Guard as they marched steadily up on the road.

It was Ney who commanded them, as he had commanded the cuirassiers. The Emperor knew that nobody could lead them like Ney, only he should have ordered them up an hour sooner, when our cuirassiers were in the squares: then we should have gained all.

But the Emperor looked upon his Guard as upon his

own flesh and blood. . . . This was why he waited so long before sending them. . . . He could always replace thirty or forty thousand by conscription; but to have another such Guard he must commence at twenty-five and gain fifty victories, and what remained of the best, most solid, and the toughest would be *the Guard*.

It came, and we could see it. Ney, old Friant, and several other generals marched in front. We could see nothing but *the Guard*: the roaring cannon, the musketry, the cries of the wounded, all were forgotten.

But the lull did not last long; the English perceived as well as we that this was to be the decisive blow, and hastened to rally all their forces to receive it.

That part of the field at our left was nearly deserted; there was no more firing, either because their ammunition was exhausted, or the enemy were forming in a new order.

On the right, on the contrary, the cannonade was redoubled; the struggle seemed to have been transferred to that side, but nobody dared to say, "The Prussians are attacking us; another army has come to crush us."

No, the very idea was too horrible; when suddenly a staff-officer rushed past like lightning, shouting,—

"Grouchy!—Marshal Grouchy is coming!"

This was just at the moment when the four battalions of the Guard took the left of the highway in order to go up in the rear of the orchard and commence the attack.

In listening to accounts you would think that only the Guard took part in the attack, that it moved forward like ranks of palisades, and that it was the Guard alone which received the showers of shot.

But in truth this terrible attack took place in the greatest confusion: our whole army joined in it,—all the remnant of the left wing and centre, all that was left of the cavalry exhausted by six hours of fighting, every

one who could stand or lift an arm, the infantry of Reille which concentrated on the left, we who remained at Haie-Sainte,—*all* who were alive and did not wish to be massacred.

And when they say we were in a panic of terror and tried to run away like cowards, it is not true. When the news arrived that Grouchy was coming, even the wounded rose up and took their places in the ranks; it seemed as if a breath had raised the dead; and all those poor fellows in the rear of Haie-Sainte, with their bandaged heads and arms and legs, with their clothes in tatters and soaked with blood, *every one* who could put one foot before the other, joined the Guard when it passed before the breaches in the wall of the garden, and every one tore open his last cartridge.

The attack sounded, and our cannon began again to thunder. All was quiet on the hill-side, the rows of English cannon were deserted, and we might have thought they were all gone, only as the bear-skin caps of the Guard rose above the plateau, five or six volleys of shot warned us that they were waiting for us.

Then we knew that all those Englishmen, Germans, Belgians, and Hanoverians, whom we had been sabreing and shooting since morning, had re-formed in the rear, and that we must encounter them. Many of the wounded retired at this moment, and the Guard, upon which the heaviest part of the enemy's fire had fallen, advanced through the showers of shot almost alone, sweeping everything before it, but it closed up more and more, and diminished every moment. In twenty minutes every officer was dismounted, and the Guard halted before such a terrible fire of musketry that even we, two hundred paces in the rear, could not hear our own guns; we seemed to be only exploding our priming.

At last the whole army, in front, on the right, and on the left, with the cavalry on the flanks, fell upon us.

The four battalions of the Guard, reduced from three thousand to twelve hundred men, could not withstand the charge; they fell back slowly, and we fell back also, defending ourselves with musket and bayonet.

We had seen other battles more terrible, but this was the last.

When we reached the edge of the plateau, all the plain below was enveloped in darkness and in the confusion of the defeat. The disbanded troops were flying, some on foot and some on horseback.

A single battalion of the Guard in a square near the farm-house, and three other battalions farther on, with another square of the Guard at the junction of the route at Planchenois, stood motionless as some firm structure in the midst of an inundation which sweeps away everything else.

They all went—hussars, chasseurs, cuirassiers, artillery, and infantry—pell-mell along the road, across the fields, like an army of savages.

Along the ravine of Planchenois the dark sky was lighted up by the discharges of musketry; the one square of the Guard still held out against Bulow, and prevented him from cutting off our retreat, but nearer us the Prussian cavalry poured down into the valley like a flood breaking over its barriers. Old Blucher had just arrived with forty thousand men: he doubled our right wing and dispersed it.

What can I say more? It was dissolution: we were surrounded. The English pushed us into the valley, and it was through this valley that Blucher was coming. The generals and officers and even the Emperor himself were compelled to take refuge in a square, and they say

that we poor wretches were panic-stricken! Such an injustice was never seen.

Buche and I with five or six of our comrades ran towards the farm-house: the bombs were bursting all around us. We reached the road in our wild flight just as the English cavalry passed at full gallop, shouting, "No quarter! No quarter!"

At this moment the square of the Guard began to retreat, firing from all sides in order to keep off the wretches who sought safety within it. Only the officers and generals might save themselves.

I shall never forget, even if I should live a thousand years, the immeasurable, unceasing cries which filled the valley for more than a league; and in the distance the *grenadière* was sounding like an alarm-bell in the midst of a conflagration. But this was much more terrible: it was the last appeal of France, of a proud and courageous nation; it was the voice of the country saying, "Help, my children! I perish!"

This rolling of the drums of the Old Guard in the midst of disaster had in it something touching and horrible. I sobbed like a child. Buche hurried me along, but I cried, "Jean, leave me: we are lost! everything is lost!"

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## COMMERCE, ITS CONDITIONS AND ORIGIN.

CHARLES, BARON DE MONTESQUIEU.

[Charles de Secondat, Baron de Montesquieu, a brilliant and popular French author, was born near Bordeaux in 1689. He was an intense student from his youth, his favorite studies in mature life being the historical and moral sciences. In 1721 appeared his "Persian

Letters," which, combining profound views of the problems of commerce, law, etc., with a brilliant satire on French manners, and a highly attractive style, gained immediate and high popularity. It was succeeded in 1734 by his excellent survey of the "Causes of the Grandeur and Decadence of the Romans," and in 1748 by his greatest work, "The Spirit of Laws," to whose composition he had devoted fourteen years. This admirable production excited universal admiration, which has not yet subsided. No book of its age equalled it in deep thought and advanced ideas upon the political and social problems of mankind, and it will long hold a place among modern classics. From Nugent's translation we extract the opening portion of the chapter on commerce, which will well serve to show the lucid style of the writer.]

THOUGH commerce be subject to great revolutions, yet it is possible that certain physical causes, as the quality of the soil, or the climate, may fix its nature forever.

We at present carry on the trade of the Indies merely by means of the silver which we send thither. The Romans carried annually thither about fifty millions of sesterces; and this silver, as ours is at present, was exchanged for merchandise, which was brought to the West. Every nation that ever traded to the Indies has constantly carried bullion and brought merchandise in return.

It is nature itself that produces this effect. The Indians have their hearts adapted to their manner of living. Our luxury cannot be theirs; nor theirs our wants. Their climate demands and permits hardly anything which comes from ours. They go in a great measure naked; such clothes as they have the country itself furnishes; and their religion, which is deeply rooted, gives them an aversion for those things that serve for our nourishment. They want, therefore, nothing but our bullion to serve as the medium of value; and for this they give us merchandise in return, with which the frugality of the people and the nature of the country furnish them in great abundance.



Those ancient authors who have mentioned the Indies describe them just as we now find them, as to their policy, customs, and manners. The Indies have ever been the same Indies they are at present; and in every period of time those who traded with that country carried specie thither and brought none in return.

The greatest part of the people on the coast of Africa are savages and barbarians. The principal reason, I believe, of this is because the small countries capable of being inhabited are separated from each other by large and almost uninhabitable tracts of land. They are without industry or arts. They have gold in abundance, which they receive immediately from the hand of nature. Every civilized state is therefore in a condition to traffic with them to advantage, by raising their esteem for things of no value, and receiving a very high price in return.

In Europe there is a kind of balance between the southern and northern nations. The first have every convenience of life, and few of its wants; the last have many wants, and few conveniences. To one nature has given much, and demands but little; to the other she has given but little, and demands a great deal. The equilibrium is maintained by the laziness of the southern nations, and by the industry and activity which she has given to those in the north. The latter are obliged to undergo excessive labor, without which they would want everything and degenerate into barbarians. This has neutralized slavery to the people of the south: as they can easily dispense with riches, they can more easily dispense with liberty. But the people of the north have need of liberty, for this can best procure them the means of satisfying all those wants which they have received from nature. The people of the north, then, are in a forced state if they are not either free or barbarians. Almost all the people of the

south are, in some measure, in a state of violence if they are not slaves.

The world has found itself, from time to time, in different situations, by which the face of commerce has been altered. The trade of Europe is, at present, carried on principally from the north to the south; and the difference of climate is the cause that the several nations have great occasion for the merchandise of each other. For example, the liquors of the south, which are carried to the north, form a commerce little known to the ancients. Thus the burden of vessels, which was formerly computed by measures of corn, is at present determined by tons of liquor.

The ancient commerce, so far as it is known to us, was carried on from one port in the Mediterranean to another, and was almost wholly confined to the south. Now the people of the same climate, having nearly the same things of their own, have not the same need of trading among themselves as with those of a different climate. The commerce of Europe was therefore formerly less extended than at present.

This does not at all contradict what I have said of our commerce to the Indies; for here the prodigious difference of climate destroys all relation between their wants and ours.

Commerce is sometimes destroyed by conquerors, sometimes cramped by monarchs; it traverses the earth, flies from the places where it is oppressed, and stays where it has liberty to breathe; it reigns at present where nothing was formerly seen but deserts, seas, and rocks; and where it once reigned, now there are only deserts.

To see Colchis in its present situation, which is no more than a vast forest, where the people are every day diminishing, and only defend their liberty to sell themselves by piecemeal to the Turks and Persians, one would never

imagine that this country had ever, in the time of the Romans, been full of cities, where commerce convened all the nations of the world. We find no monuments of these facts in the country itself; there are no traces of them, except in Pliny and Strabo.

The history of commerce is that of the communication of people. Their numerous defeats, and the flux and reflux of populations and devastations, here form the most extraordinary events.

The immense treasures of Semiramis, which could not be acquired in a day, give us reason to believe that the Assyrians themselves had pillaged other rich nations, as other nations afterwards pillaged them.

The effect of commerce is riches; the consequence of riches, luxury; and that of luxury, the perfection of arts. . . . In the empires of Asia there was a great commerce of luxury. The history of luxury would make a fine part of that of commerce. The luxury of the Persians was that of the Medes, as the luxury of the Medes was that of the Assyrians.

Great revolutions have happened in Asia. The north-east parts of Persia were formerly full of flourishing cities, which are now no more; and the north of this empire, that is, the isthmus which separates the Caspian and the Euxine Seas, was covered with cities and nations, which are now destroyed. . . .

While the empires of Asia enjoyed the commerce of luxury, the Tyrians had the commerce of economy, which they extended throughout the world. Bochart has employed the first book of his "Canaan" in enumerating all the colonies which they sent into all the countries bordering upon the sea: they passed the pillars of Hercules, and made establishments on the coasts of the ocean.

In those times their pilots were obliged to follow the

coasts, which were, if I may so express myself, their compass. Voyages were long and painful. The laborious voyage of Ulysses has been the fruitful subject of the finest poem in the world, next to that which alone has the preference.

The little knowledge which the greatest part of the world had of those who were far distant from them favored the nations engaged in the economical commerce. They managed trade with as much obscurity as they pleased; they had all the advantages which the most intelligent nations could take over the most ignorant.

The Egyptians—a people who by their religion and their manners were averse to all communication with strangers—had scarcely at that time any foreign trade. They enjoyed a fruitful soil and great plenty. Their country was the Japan of those times: it possessed everything within itself.

It was not so with the Phœnicians: theirs was not a commerce of luxury; nor was their trade owing to conquest; their frugality, their abilities, their industry, their perils, and the hardships they suffered, rendered them necessary to all the nations of the world.

Before Alexander, the people bordering on the Red Sea traded only in this sea, and in that of Africa. The astonishment which filled the globe at the discovery of the Indian Sea, under that conqueror, is a sufficient proof of this. . . .

I am not ignorant that the fleets of Solomon and Jehoshaphat returned only every three years; but I do not see that the time taken up in the voyage is any proof of the greatness of the distance.

Pliny and Strabo inform us that the junks of India and the Red Sea were twenty days in performing a voyage which a Greek or Roman vessel could accomplish in seven.

In this proportion, a voyage of one year made by the fleets of Greece or Rome would take very nearly three when performed by those of Solomon. . . .

The first Greeks were all pirates. Minos, who enjoyed the empire of the sea, was only more successful, perhaps, than others in piracy; for his maritime dominion extended no farther than round his own isle. But when the Greeks became a great people, the Athenians obtained the real dominion of the sea; because this trading and victorious nation gave laws to the most potent monarch of that time, and humbled the maritime powers of Syria, of the isle of Cyprus, and Phœnicia.

But this Athenian lordship of the sea deserves to be more particularly mentioned. "Athens," says Xenophon, "rules the sea; but as the country of Attica is joined to the continent, it is ravaged by enemies while the Athenians are engaged in distant expeditions. Their leaders suffer their lands to be destroyed, and secure their wealth by sending it to some island. The populace, who are not possessed of lands, have no uneasiness. But if the Athenians inhabited an island, and, besides this, enjoyed the empire of the sea, they would, so long as they were possessed of these advantages, be able to annoy others, and at the same time to be out of all danger of being annoyed." One would imagine that Xenophon was speaking of England. . . .

Before Homer's time the Greeks had scarcely any trade but among themselves and with a few barbarous nations; in proportion, however, as they formed new colonies, they extended their dominion. Greece was a large peninsula, the capes of which seemed to have kept off the seas, while its gulfs opened on all sides to receive them. If we cast an eye on Greece, we shall find, in a pretty compact country, a considerable extent of sea-coast. Her innumerable colo-

nies formed an immense circle round her; and there she beheld, in some measure, the whole civilized world. Did she penetrate into Sicily and Italy, she formed new nations. Did she navigate towards the sea of Pontus, the coast of Asia Minor, or that of Africa, she acted in the same manner. Her cities increased in prosperity in proportion as they happened to have new people in their neighborhood. And, what was extremely beautiful, she was surrounded on every side with a prodigious number of islands, drawn, as it were, in a line of circumvallation.

What a source of prosperity must Greece have found in those games with which she entertained, in some measure, the whole globe; in those temples to which all the kings of the earth sent their offerings; in those festivities at which such a concourse of people used to assemble from all parts; in those oracles to which the attention of all mankind was directed; and, in short, in that exquisite taste for the polite arts, which she carried to such a height that to expect ever to surpass her would be only betraying our ignorance!

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## SONGS OF SENTIMENT AND PASSION.

VICTOR MARIE HUGO.

[We have elsewhere given a selection from the prose works of Victor Hugo, but his genius cannot be fairly represented without some examples from his poems as well, since in the poetic field he ranks first among recent French writers. His odes are marked by a richness of imagination, a vigor of thought, and a splendor of diction in which he is unrivalled by any contemporary writer of his country, though their merit, like that of his novels, is often vitiated by extravagance. Of his poems, in addition to his Odes and Ballads, we may specify the



collections entitled "Autumn Leaves," "Songs of Twilight," "The Inner Voices," "Contemplation," "Songs of the Streets and of the Woods," "The Legend of the Ages," and "The Art of being a Grandfather."]

INFANCY.

In the dusky alcove,  
Near the altar laid,  
Sleeps the child in shadow  
Of his mother's bed;  
Softly he reposes,  
And his lids of roses,  
Closed to earth, uncloses  
On the heaven o'erhead.

Many a dream is with him,  
Fresh from fairy-land:  
Spangled o'er with diamonds  
Seems the ocean sand;  
Suns are gleaming there;  
Troops of ladies fair  
Souls of infants bear  
In their charming hand.

Oh, enchanting vision!  
Lo! a rill up-springs,  
And from out its bosom  
Comes a voice that sings.  
Lovelier there appear  
Sire and sisters dear,  
While his mother near  
Plumes her new-born wings.

But a brighter vision  
Yet his eyes behold:

Roses all and lilies  
Every path unfold ;  
Lakes in shadow sleeping,  
Silver fishes leaping,  
And the waters creeping  
Through the reeds of gold.

Slumber on, sweet infant,  
Slumber peacefully !  
Thy young spirit knows not  
What thy lot may be.  
Like dead leaves that sweep  
Down the stormy deep,  
Thou art borne in sleep :  
What is all to thee ?

\* \* \* \*

Innocent ! thou sleepest !—  
See, the heavenly band,  
Who foreknow the trials  
That for man are planned,  
Seeing him unarmed,  
Unfearing, unalarmed,  
With their tears have warmed  
His unconscious hand.

Angels, hovering o'er him,  
Kiss him where he lies ;  
Hark ! he sees them weeping :  
"Gabriel !" he cries ;  
"Hush !" the angel says,  
On his lip he lays  
One finger, and displays  
His native skies.

THE VEIL.

SISTER.

What ails, what ails you, brothers dear?  
 Those knitted brows why cast ye down?  
 Why gleams that light of deathly fear  
 'Neath the dark shadows of your frown?  
 Torn are your girdles' crimson bands;  
 And thrice already have I seen,  
 Half drawn within your shuddering hands,  
 Glitter your poniards' naked sheen.

ELDEST BROTHER.

Sister, hath not to-day thy veil upraiséd been?

SISTER.

As I returnéd from the bath,  
 From the bath, brothers, I returned,—  
 By the mosque led my homeward path,  
 And fiercely down the hot noon burned;  
 In my uncovered palanquin,  
 Safe from all eye of infidel,—  
 I gasped for air,—I dreamed no sin,—  
 My veil a single instant fell.

SECOND BROTHER.

A man was passing?—in green caftan?—sister, tell!

SISTER.

Yes, yes,—perhaps; but his bold eye  
 Saw not the blush upon my cheek.—  
 Why speak ye thus aside? Oh, why,  
 Brothers, aside do ye thus speak?

Will ye my blood?—Oh, hear me swear,  
He saw me not,—he could not see!  
Mercy!—will ye refuse to spare  
Weak woman helpless on her knee?

## THIRD BROTHER.

When sank the sun to-night, in robe of red was he!

## SISTER.

Mercy!—Oh, grant me, grant me grace!—  
Oh, God! four poniards in my side!—  
Ah! by your knees which I embrace!  
My veil! my veil of snowy pride!—  
Fly me not now!—in blood I swim!  
Support, support my sinking head!  
For o'er my eyes, now dark and dim,  
Brothers, the veil of death is spread.

## FOURTH BROTHER.

That veil, at least, is one thou ne'er shalt lift again!

## THE DJINNS.

Town, tower,  
Shore, deep,  
Where lower  
Cliffs steep;  
Waves gray,  
Where play  
Winds gay,—  
All sleep.

Hark! a sound,  
Far and slight,  
Breathes around .  
On the night:

High and higher,  
Nigh and nigher,  
Like a fire  
Roaring bright.

Now on 'tis sweeping  
With rattling beat,  
Like dwarf imp leaping  
In gallop fleet:  
He flies, he prances,  
In frolic fancies,  
On wave-crest dances  
With pattering feet.

Hark, the rising swell,  
With each nearer burst!  
Like the toll of bell  
Of a convent cursed;  
Like the billowy roar  
On a storm-lashed shore,—  
Now hushed, now once more  
Maddening to its worst.

O God! the deadly sound  
Of the Djinns' fearful cry!  
Quick, 'neath the spiral round  
Of the deep staircase fly!  
See, see our lamplight fade!  
And of the balustrade  
Mounts, mounts the circling shade  
Up to the ceiling high!

'Tis the Djinns' wild streaming swarm  
Whistling in their tempest-flight;  
Snap the tall yews 'neath the storm,  
Like a pine-flame crackling bright.

Swift and heavy, lo, their crowd  
Through the heavens rushing loud,  
Like a vivid thunder-cloud  
With its bolt of fiery night!

Ha! they are on us, close without!  
Shut tight the shelter where we lie!  
With hideous din the monster rout,  
Dragon and vampire, fill the sky!  
The loosened rafter overhead  
Trembles and bends like quivering reed;  
Shakes the old door with shuddering dread,  
As from its rusty hinge 'twould fly.

Wild cries of hell! voices that howl and shriek!  
The horrid swarm before the tempest tossed—  
O Heaven!—descends my lowly roof to seek:  
Bends the strong wall beneath the furious host.  
Totters the house, as though, like dry leaf shorn  
From autumn bough and on the mad blast borne,  
Up from its deep foundations it were torn  
To join the stormy whirl. Ah! all is lost!

O Prophet! if thy hand but now  
Save from these foul and hellish things,  
A pilgrim at thy shrine I'll bow,  
Laden with pious offerings.  
Bid their hot breath its fiery rain  
Stream on my faithful door in vain,  
Vainly upon my blackened pane  
Grate the fierce claws of their dark wings!

They have passed!—and their wild legion  
Cease to thunder at my door;  
Fleeting through night's rayless region,  
Hither they return no more.



Clanking chains and sounds of woe  
Fill the forests as they go ;  
And the tall oaks cower low,  
Bent their flaming flight before.

On! on! the storm of wings  
Bears far the fiery fear  
Till scarce the breeze now brings  
Dim murmurings to the ear,  
Like locusts' humming hail,  
Or thrash of tiny flail  
Plied by the pattering hail  
On some old roof-tree near.

Fainter now are borne  
Fitful mutterings still ;  
As, when Arab horn  
Swells its magic peal,  
Shoreward o'er the deep  
Fairy voices sweep,  
And the infant's sleep  
Golden visions fill.

Each deadly Djinn,  
Dark child of fright,  
Of death and sin,  
Speeds the wild flight.  
Hark, the dull moan,  
Like the deep tone  
Of ocean's groan,  
Afar, by night !

More and more  
Fades it now,  
As on shore  
Ripple's flow,—

As the plaint  
Far and faint  
Of a saint  
Murmured low.

Hark! hist!  
Around,  
I list!  
The bounds  
Of space  
All trace  
Efface  
Of sound.

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## THE ALCHEMIST AND HIS DAUGHTER.

HONORÉ DE BALZAC.

[Balzac, in certain respects the most notable of French novelists, was born at Tours in 1799. His first successful novel, "*La Peau de Chagrin*," was published in 1829, from which period till his death in 1850 he continued actively engaged in the writing of what he called the "*Comédie Humaine*," a series of novels and tales intended to illustrate every phase of French social life. This series of works forms the most complete picture yet drawn of life in the nineteenth century. Balzac was remarkable for the breadth of his knowledge and the keenness of his observation, his power of analyzing character, and his sympathy with human life in its every phase and condition. In his works he scales every height and sounds every depth of human character, his chief defect being an overabundance of detail. Morally, many of his works are low in tone. From one of the most notable and effectively written of these works, "*The Alchemist*," we select the following vivid descriptive passage. In his mad search for gold and gems through chemical means, the half-insane devotee of alchemy has dissipated an immense fortune, has driven his wife to the grave, and has finally roused his daughter to rebellion.]

A BANKER of the city came to demand payment of a bill of exchange for ten thousand francs, accepted by Claës. Marguerite having requested the banker to wait during the day, and evincing regret that she had not been made aware of this bill coming due, the latter informed her that the house of Protez and Chiffreville had nine others, of the same amount, falling due from month to month.

"All is said!" cried Marguerite: "the hour is come!"

She sent for her father, and walked with hasty steps and in great agitation about the parlor, talking to herself. "Find a hundred thousand francs!" said she, "or see our father in prison! What is to be done?"

Balthazar did not come down. Tired of waiting for him, Marguerite went up to the laboratory. On entering, she found her father in an immense apartment, strongly lighted, furnished with machines and heavy pieces of glass-work; here and there books, tables loaded with products, ticketed and numbered; everywhere the disorder which the profession of the savant drags in its train, offensive to Flemish habits. This collection of long-necked bottles, retorts, metals, fantastically-colored crystallizations, sketches fastened against the walls, or cast upon the stoves, was dominated by the figure of Balthazar Claës, without his coat, his shirt-sleeves tucked up like those of a workman, and his open breast covered with hair as white as that on his head. His eyes were intensely, frightfully, fixed upon a pneumatic machine. The recipient of this machine was surmounted and closed by a lens of double-convex glasses; the interior was filled with alcohol, and it collected in the powerful focus the rays of the sun, which entered by one of the compartments of the little garret window. The recipient, the plateau of which was isolated, communicated with the wires of an immense voltaic pile.

Lemulquinier, occupied in moving the plateau of this machine, mounted on a movable axis, in order to keep the lens in a direction perpendicular to the rays of the sun, rose up, with a face black with dust, exclaiming,—

“Ah, mademoiselle, don’t come in!”

The aspect of her father, who, almost kneeling before his machine, received the light of the sun full upon his bald, bumpy head, the thin hairs of which resembled fine silver wire; his countenance contracted by fearful expectation; the singularity of the objects which surrounded him; the obscurity of most parts of this immense loft, from which gleamed strange machines,—all contributed to strike Marguerite, who exclaimed, in an accent of terror,—

“My father is mad!” She approached him, and whispered in his ear, “Send away Lemulquinier.”

“No, no, my child; I want him. I expect the issue of a beautiful experiment, which nobody has dreamt of. We have been three days watching for a ray of the sun. I have found the means of submitting metals, in a perfect void, to concentrated sun-rays and electric currents. Look, then; in a moment the most energetic action a chemist has in his power is about to be displayed, and I alone——”

“Yes, father, but instead of vaporizing metals you ought to keep them to discharge your bills of exchange.”

“Wait! wait, I tell you!”

“M. Merkstus has been here, father: he demands ten thousand francs within four hours!”

“Yes, yes, I know; presently will do for that. I did sign a bill for some such trifle, which would be due this month, that is true; but I thought I should have found the absolute. Good God! if it were a July sun my experiment would be completed!” He clutched his thin gray hair, seated himself in an old cane chair, and the tears rolled down his cheeks.

"Monsieur is right. All this is owing to that beggarly sun; it is too weak!—the mean, idle——"

"Leave us, Lemulquinier," said she.

"I am engaged in a new experiment, I tell you," said Claës.

"Father, you must forget your experiments," said his daughter to him, when they were left alone: "you have a hundred thousand francs to pay, and you do not possess a farthing. Leave your laboratory: your honor is at stake. What will become of you in prison? Would you stain your gray hairs and the name of Claës by the infamy of bankruptcy? I will oppose myself to it; I will find strength to combat your madness; it would be frightful to see you without bread in your last days. Open your eyes upon your position! Exercise a little reason!"

"Madness!" cried Balthazar, who drew himself up, fixed his luminous eyes upon his daughter, crossed his arms upon his breast, and repeated the word "madness" so majestically that Marguerite trembled. "Ah, your mother would not have spoken that word!" replied he; "she was not ignorant of the importance of my researches; she studied my science in order to understand me; she knew that I worked for humanity's sake, that there is nothing personal or sordid in me. The sentiment of a woman who loves is, I see, above filial affection. Yes, love is the most beautiful of all sentiments! Exercise reason, indeed!" continued he, striking his breast. "Am I wanting in it? Am I not myself? We are poor, my child. Very well! I wish it to be so. I am your father; obey me. I will make you rich when I please. Your fortune! Bah! that is a trifle! When I shall have discovered a dissolvent for carbon, I will fill your parlor with diamonds; and that is a nothing in comparison with what I am in search of. You surely can wait while I am consuming myself in gigantic efforts."

“Father, I have no right to demand an account of you of the four millions you have squandered in this garret without a result. I will not mention my mother, whom you killed. If I had a husband, I should, no doubt, love him as much as my mother loved you, and should be ready to sacrifice everything to him. I have followed her orders in giving myself up to you entirely. I have proved it to you by not marrying, that you might not be forced to render an account of your guardianship. Let us leave the past and think of the present. I am come here to represent a necessity you have yourself created. Money must be had to provide for your bills of exchange: do you understand that? There is nothing left here that can be seized but the portrait of your ancestor, Van Claës. I come, then, in the name of my mother, who proved too weak to defend her children against their father, and who ordered me to resist you,—I come in the name of my brothers and sister,—I come, father, in the name of all the Claës, to command you to discontinue your experiments, and to make a fortune by other means before you resume them. If you arm yourself with your paternity, which only makes itself felt to kill us, I have on my part your ancestors and honor, which speak with a louder voice than chemistry: families take precedence of science. I have been too much your daughter!”

“And would now wish to be my executioner,” said he, in a weak voice.

Marguerite made her escape, to avoid failing in the part she had undertaken to play: she thought she heard the voice of her mother when she had said, *Do not thwart your father too much: love him dearly.*



## THE ISLAND OF ST. PIERRE.

JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU.

[French literature contains nothing more charmingly picturesque than some of the descriptive passages of Rousseau. He had a warm and earnest love for nature, delighting in botanical studies, and still more in solitary dream-life amid the charms of woods and waters. From his "Reveries of a Solitary Wanderer" we select an illustrative example.]

I UNDERTOOK to compile the "*Flora Petrinsularis*," and to describe all the plants in the island, without omitting a single one, with sufficient detail to occupy me for the rest of my days. They say that a German has written a book on a bit of lemon-peel. I would have made one on each blade of the meadows, on each moss of the woods, on each lichen which covered the rocks: in short, I did not intend to leave a blade of grass, not a vegetable atom, that was not fully described. In consequence of this fine project, every morning after breakfast, which we had all together, I went, with a magnifying-glass in my hand and my "*Systema Naturæ*" under my arm, to visit one part of the island, which I had divided for this purpose into little squares, intending to go over them, one after another, every season.

Nothing is more singular than the delight, the ecstasy that I experienced at each observation that I made on vegetable structure and organization. . . . The distinction of generic characters, of which I had not the least idea before, enchanted me, as I verified them among the common kinds while I was waiting till rarer ones offered themselves. The two long forked stamens of the self-

heal, the elastic ones of the nettle and the wallwort, the bursting of the fruit of the balsam and of the capsule of the box-tree, a thousand little sports of fructification that I noticed for the first time, filled me with joy, and I went about asking people if they had seen the horns of the self-heal, as La Fontaine asked if they had read Habakkuk. At the end of two or three hours I returned loaded with an ample harvest,—a store of provision for the afternoon at home in case of rain. The exercise that I had taken in the morning, and the good humor that is inseparable from it, made the repose of dinner very agreeable to me; but when it lasted too long, and the fine weather looked inviting, I could not wait, and, while the rest were still at table, I slipped away, and went off and got into a boat by myself, which I steered into the middle of the lake when the water was calm; and there, stretched at full length in the boat, looking up to the sky, I would let myself go and drift about slowly, sometimes for hours, plunged in a thousand confused but delicious memories; and this, to my taste, was a hundred times preferable to all that I had thought the most agreeable in what are called the pleasures of life. Often, warned by the setting of the sun that it was time to retreat, I found myself so far from the isle that I was forced to work with all my might to get in before night closed. At other times, instead of wandering about the middle of the lake, I pleased myself by coasting along the verdant banks of the island, the limpid waters and fresh shades of which often tempted me to bathe. But one of my most frequent voyages was to go from the great to the little island, to get out, and to spend the afternoon there, sometimes in very circumscribed walks in the midst of osiers, brambles, buckwheat, shrubs of all kinds, and sometimes establishing myself on the top of a little sandy hill, covered with grass, thyme, flowers, even

with sainfoin and clover, that had been probably sown there some time or other, and afforded very good cover for rabbits, which might multiply there in peace, without fearing anything and without injuring anything. I imparted this idea to the receiver, who sent to Neufchâtel for some male and female rabbits, and we went in great state—his wife, one of his sisters, and I—to establish them in the little isle, which they began to people before my departure, and where they will have prospered without doubt, if they have been able to sustain the severity of the winters. The foundation of this little colony was a feast-day. The pilot of the Argonauts was not more proud than I was, leading in triumph the company and the rabbits from the large island to the little one; and I noticed proudly that the wife of the receiver, who was excessively afraid of the water, and was always ill on it, embarked under my guidance with confidence, and showed no fear at all while we were crossing.

When the lake was too rough for sailing, I spent my afternoon in going through the island, botanizing on the right and left, seating myself sometimes in the most pleasant and solitary places to dream at my ease, sometimes on terraces and little hills, that I might get a splendid and charming view of the lake and its banks, crowned on one side by near mountains, and on the other spread out into rich and fertile plains, over which the eye ranged to the distant blue mountains which shut it in.

When evening drew on, I came down from the hills of the island, and went and sat down very willingly on the strand at the edge of the lake, in some hidden nook. There the noise of the waves and the motion of the waters, fixing my senses and chasing all other agitation from my soul, plunged it into a delicious reverie, in

which the night often surprised me without my perceiving it.

After supper, when the evening was fine, we went out all together again to take a little turn on the terrace and breathe the cool air of the lake. We rested in the tent, we laughed, we chatted, we sang some old song, which was quite as good as the modern stuff, and, lastly, we went to bed, pleased with our day, and only wishing to have one like it on the morrow.

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## THE LAST DAYS OF LOUIS XI.

PHILIPPE DE COMINES.

[The celebrated historian Philippe de Comines, Lord of Argenton, was born near Menin, in Flanders, in 1445. His first political service was with Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, but in 1472 he entered the service of Louis XI. of France, who loaded him with honors and appointed him to a high office. He attended Charles VIII. in his invasion of Italy in 1494. After this date he began to write his "*Mémoires*," the work by which he is known in literature, and which details the political events from 1464 to 1498. This is looked upon as the first European history which ascends above the level of mere annals and shows any power of philosophical and statesmanlike discrimination. It is prized for its truthfulness, candor, and sound judgment. It is mainly devoted to the history of Louis XI., of whom Comines shows throughout the deepest admiration, seeking to excuse him for even such enormities as those faithfully detailed in our selection, and hoping that his sufferings on earth will be credited against his purgatorial pains hereafter.]

HE was continually discoursing on some subject or another, and always with a great deal of sense and judgment. His last illness continued from Monday to Saturday night. Upon which account I will now make comparison

between the evils and sorrows which he brought upon others, and those which he suffered in his own person; for I hope his torments here on earth have translated him into Paradise, and will be a great part of his purgatory; and if, in respect of their greatness and duration, his sufferings were inferior to those he had brought upon other people, yet, if you consider the grandeur and dignity of his office, and that he had never before suffered anything in his own person, but had been obeyed by all people, as if all Europe had been created for no other end but to serve and be commanded by him, you will find that little which he endured was so contrary to his nature and custom that it was more grievous for him to bear. . . .

Never man was more fearful of death, nor used more means to prevent it. He had all his life long requested and ordered his servants, and me among the rest, that whenever we saw him in any danger of death we should not tell him of it, but merely admonish him to confess himself, without ever mentioning that cruel and shocking word Death; for he did not believe he could ever endure to hear so cruel a sentence. However, he endured that virtuously, and several more things equally terrible, when he was ill; and indeed he bore them better than any other man I ever saw die. . . .

Some five or six months before his death he began to suspect everybody, especially those who were most capable and deserving of the administration of affairs. He was afraid of his son, and caused him to be kept close, so that no man saw or discoursed with him but by his special command. At last he grew suspicious of his daughter, and of his son-in-law the Duke of Bourbon, and required an account of what persons came to speak with them at Plessis, and broke up a council which the Duke of Bourbon was holding there by his order. . . .

Behold, then, if he had caused many to live under him in continual fear and apprehension, whether it was not returned to him again; for of whom could he be secure when he was afraid of his son-in-law, his daughter, and his own son? I speak this not only of him, but of all other princes who desire to be feared, that vengeance never falls on them till they grow old, and then, as a just penance, they are afraid of everybody themselves; and what grief it must have been to this poor king to be tormented with such terrors and passions!

He was still attended by his physician, Master James Coctier, to whom in five months' time he had given fifty-four thousand crowns in ready money, besides the bishopric of Amiens for his nephew, and other great offices and estates for himself and his friends; yet this doctor used him very roughly indeed; one would not have given such outrageous language to one's servants as he gave the king, who stood in such awe of him that he durst not forbid him his presence. It is true that he complained of his impudence afterwards, but he durst not change him as he had done all the rest of his servants; because he had told him after a most audacious manner one day, "I know well that some time or other you will dismiss me from court, as you have done the rest; but be sure" (and he confirmed it with a great oath) "you shall not live eight days after it;" with which expression the king was so terrified that ever after he did nothing but flatter and bribe him, which must needs have been a great mortification to a prince who had been humbly obeyed all his life by so many good and brave men.

The king had ordered several cruel prisons to be made; some were cages of iron, and some of wood, but all were covered with iron plates both within and without, with terrible locks, about eight feet wide and seven high; the



first contriver of them was the Bishop of Verdun, who was immediately put in the first of them that was made, where he continued fourteen years. Many bitter curses he has had since for his invention, and some from me as I lay in one of them eight months together in the minority of our present king. He also ordered heavy and terrible fetters to be made in Germany, and particularly a certain ring for the feet, which was extremely hard to be opened, and fitted like an iron collar, with a thick weighty chain and a great globe of iron at the end of it, most unreasonably heavy; which engines were called the king's nets. However, I have seen many eminent and deserving persons in these prisons, with these nets about their legs, who afterwards came forth with great joy and honor and received great rewards from the king. . . .

This by way of digression. But to return to my principal design. As in his time this barbarous variety of prisons was invented, so before he died he himself was in greater torment and more terrible apprehension than those he had imprisoned; which I look upon as a great mercy towards him, and as part of his purgatory; and I have mentioned it here to show that there is no person, of what station or dignity soever, but suffers some time or other, either publicly or privately, especially if he has caused other people to suffer.

The king towards the latter part of his days caused his castle of Plessis-les-Tours to be encompassed with great bars of iron in the form of thick grating, and at the four corners of the house four sparrow-nests of iron, strong, massy, and thick, were built. The grates were without the wall on the other side of the ditch, and sank to the bottom. Several spikes of iron were fastened into the wall, set as thick by one another as was possible, and each furnished with three or four points. He likewise placed

ten bowmen in the ditches, to shoot at any man that durst approach the castle before the opening of the gates; and he ordered that they should lie in the ditches, but retire to the sparrow-nests upon occasion. He was sensible enough that this fortification was too weak to keep out an army, or any great body of men, but he had no fear of such an attack: his great apprehension was that some of the nobility of his kingdom, having intelligence within, might attempt to make themselves masters of the castle at night, and, having possessed themselves of it partly by favor and partly by force, might deprive him of the regal authority and take upon themselves the administration of public affairs, upon pretence that he was incapable of business and no longer fit to govern.

The gate of the Plessis was never opened, nor the drawbridge let down, before eight o'clock in the morning, at which time the officers were let in, and the captains ordered their guards to their several posts, with pickets of archers in the middle of the court, as in a town upon the frontiers that is closely guarded; nor was any person admitted to enter except by the wicket and with the king's knowledge, unless it were the steward of his household, and such persons as were not admitted into the royal presence.

Is it possible, then, to keep a prince (with any regard to his quality) in a closer prison than he kept himself? The cages which he made for other people were about eight feet square; and he (though so great a monarch) had but a small court of the castle to walk in, and seldom made use of that, but generally kept himself in the gallery, out of which he went into the chambers on his way to mass, but never passed through the court. Who can deny that he was a sufferer as well as his neighbors, considering how he was locked up and guarded, afraid of his

own children and relations, and changing every day those very servants whom he had brought up and advanced; and though they owed all their preferment to him, yet he durst not trust any of them, but shut himself up in those strange chains and enclosures. If the place where he confined himself was much larger than a common prison, he also was much greater than common prisoners. . . .

[The author goes on to say that this might be looked upon as a punishment inflicted on him by God in this world in order that He might be more merciful to him in the next; and that he had never seen a better prince, "for, though he oppressed his subjects himself, he would never see them injured by anybody else."

After so many fears, sorrows, and suspicions, God, by a kind of miracle, restored him both in body and mind, as is His divine method in such kind of wonders; for He took him out of this miserable world in perfect health of mind, and understanding, and memory; after having received the sacraments himself, discoursing without the least twinge or expression of pain, and repeating his paternosters to the very last moment of his life. He gave directions for his own burial, appointed who should attend his corpse to the grave, and declared that he desired to die on a Saturday of all days in the week, and that he hoped Our Lady would procure him that favor, for in her he had always placed great trust and served her very devoutly. And so it happened; for he died on Saturday, the 30th of August, 1483, at about eight in the evening, in the castle of Plessis, where his illness seized him on the Monday before. May Our Lord receive his soul, and admit it unto His kingdom of Paradise!

## THE CUNNING OF MADNESS.

EDMOND ABOUT.

[Edmond François Valentin About was born at Dieuze in 1828. In 1855 he published a work on Greece, "*La Grèce contemporaine*," which is noted for the effectiveness of its style. In the same year appeared "*Tolla*," a romance of Italy, which attracted wide attention. Other novels followed, "*The King of the Mountains*," "*Germaine*," and "*Trente-et-Quarante*," which added to his popularity, and a political work, "*La Question Romaine*," which, urging the abolition of the temporal power of the Pope, created a great sensation. Besides these works, he published three grotesque novels, "*The Man with a Broken Ear*," "*The Nose of a Notary*," and "*The Case of Monsieur Guérin*;" also, "*The Romance of an Honest Man*," "*Madelon*," etc. He wrote a number of plays, few of which, however, were successful. He died in 1885. From the translation of "*Germaine*" by Mary L. Booth we select a highly effective scene, in which the half-wit of the insane becomes the basis of a striking situation.

Our extract needs the following introductory explanation. The insane duke had been infatuated with Madame Chermidy, a beautiful fiend, who sought the death of Germaine, the heroine of the story. The duke, possessed with the fancy that Madame Chermidy was going to kill herself, and not knowing where she resided, followed Mantoux, a murderous convict, with whom she had appointed an interview. Like a shadow in the darkness he tracked Mantoux to her house, and saw him enter. Madame Chermidy here tempted the convict to slay Germaine, giving him a dagger for this purpose, and offering him fifty thousand francs, out of one hundred thousand which she incautiously remarked she had in her *escritoire*. The astute convict turned her weapon on herself, struck her dead, took the money, and fled. What followed is given in our selection.]

THE shadow which had followed Mantoux from the Villa Dandola to the house of Madame Chermidy was the Duke de La Tour d'Embleuse.

An instinct as unerring as reason had told the maniac that Mathieu was expected that night at the house of the fair Arlesian. He awaited the hour of his departure at the bottom of a dark corridor, and when he heard the convict open the door of his room he knew enough to stifle his voice, and to repress the nervous laughter which shook his old body from head to foot. Before descending the staircase at the heels of his guide, he had the precaution to take off his shoes, and he travelled with bare feet the whole way, over sharp flints, thorns, and briars which marked every step with blood. He heeded neither the pain, the fatigue, the interminable windings, nor the length of the road; the dominion of a fixed idea rendered him insensible to everything; he feared nothing but to lose his guide, or to be seen by him. When Mantoux quickened his steps, the duke flew after him as if he had wings; when the convict turned his head, he threw himself on his face and crept into the ditches, or glided under a thorny hedge of cactus or pomegranate.

He paused at last at the edge of the enclosure. A secret voice told him that the single window that gleamed on the ground-floor was Madame Chermidy's. He saw his guide stop at the door. A woman opened it, and his old heart bounded with an extravagant joy on recognizing the siren that had drawn him hither.

She was not dead, then! He could see her, could speak to her, and perhaps could attach her again to life! His first impulse was to spring towards her, but he restrained himself, and cowered down out of sight. He was sure that she would not kill herself in the presence of the domestic. He resolved to wait till she should be alone, then to force his way into the house to surprise her and to wrest the dagger from her hand.

He kept his covert for a long hour, without perceiving

the lapse of time. He loved Madame Chermidy as he had loved neither his wife nor his daughter. Thoughts of devotion, of abnegation, of disinterested attentions, and of humble slavery, were springing up in his brain. This absolute, unreasoning, unmeasured, and unrestricted love was no new sentiment to him: it was thus that for the last sixty years he had loved himself. His egotism had changed its object, without changing its character. He would have immolated the whole world to the caprices of Madame Chermidy, as he would formerly have done to his own interest or pleasure.

Since the day on which the ingrate had quitted him he had not lived. His heart could not beat except at her side, and his lungs could only breathe the air which she breathed. He wandered through the world like an inert body launched in empty space. . . .

The hope of seeing her so soon gave him a fever. His eyes, fatigued with sleeplessness, stung him grievously, but he hoped to relieve them by tears on falling at the feet of Honorine. In the deep sorrows of life, our eyes slake their thirst in tears. M. de La Tour d'Embleuse, seated in a corner of the garden facing the house, resembled an animal who has hastened three days in the desert in pursuit of water, and who pauses with burning eye and lolling tongue within the last bound of the coveted spring.

The last light was extinguished in the chamber, and the window over which his gaze had brooded became confounded with the rest in the darkness. But the house, though invisible to an indifferent spectator, was not so to M. de La Tour d'Embleuse, and the window towards which his last desire was strained shone like a sun to his dazzled eyes. He saw Mantoux quit the house and fly through the fields at a maddened speed without turning his head. Then he ventured from his hiding-place, and crept like a



cat to the window, from which his fixed and haggard eyes had not yet swerved. He did not even think of going to see whether the door was closed, so much had this window possessed him. He leaned his elbows on the sill; he felt the sash and the panes; he pressed his face against the glass, glued his nose and mouth to it, and refreshed his parched lips by the cooling touch.

Profound midnight reigned within as without, but his diseased senses fancied Madame Chermidy on her knees at the foot of the bed, with her head buried in her hands and her beautiful rosy lips just opening in prayer. He tapped gently on the window to attract her attention: no one replied. Then he fancied he saw her sleeping; for the most contradictory hallucinations rose successively in his mind. He reflected a long time on the means of gaining access to her without awakening her suddenly and frightening her. To attain this end he felt capable of anything, even of demolishing a wall with no other tools than his ten fingers. By feeling the window he discovered that the panes were set in a leaden sash, and he undertook to take one out with his nails. He set about the task at once, and applied himself so heartily that he soon accomplished it. His nails were bent on the lead or broken against the glass, and his fingers, hacked in twenty little gashes, were all bleeding at the same time; but he did not give them a thought, and if he stopped from time to time it was but to lick off the blood, to bend his ear to watch for the sounds within, and to assure himself that Honorine was still sleeping.

When the pane had been loosened on three sides, he took it gently by the bottom and shook it slightly, pausing every time that the glass creaked a little or that too violent a shock rattled the whole window. At last his patience was rewarded; the transparent sheet was left in

his hands. He stooped and laid it down noiselessly upon the gravel of the walk, leaped up triumphantly, laying his finger on his lips, and returned to inhale the air of the chamber through the opening he had made. He inflated his lungs with greedy voluptuousness: it was the first time that he had breathed for ten days.

He reached his hand into the chamber, groped along the inside of the window, found the fastening, and seized it. The panes were small, the opening narrow, the sash cut his arm and crippled his movements; but the window yielded, creaking on its hinges. The duke started at the noise, and thought that all was lost. He fled to the bottom of the garden and climbed into a tree, his eyes riveted on the house and his ear open to every sound. He listened a long time, hearing nothing but the melancholy plaint of the toads that were singing by the roadside. He then descended from his post of observation, and crept on his hands and knees to the window, now crouching down that he might not be seen, and now rising that he might see and hear. He returned to the spot from which fear had chased him, and he assured himself that Honorable was still sleeping.

The casement had ceased creaking, and stood wide open. The night air was filling the house, without awaking the beautiful sleeper. The duke climbed the window and glided stealthily into the room. He trembled with joy and fear, like a tree shaken by the wind. He reeled on his feet, without daring to steady himself by the furniture about him. The room was lumbered with articles of all kinds, trunks open and shut, and even overthrown furniture. The duke made his way through this disorder with infinite caution. He walked on tiptoe, brushing past everything without touching it, and groping his way with his mangled fingers. At each step he murmured, in a low

voice, "Honorine! are you there? Do you hear me? It is I,—your old friend,—the most unhappy, the most devoted of all friends. Do not be afraid; fear nothing, not even that I shall reproach you. I was mad at Paris, but the voyage has cured me. It is a father come to console you. Do not kill yourself; I should die!"

He stopped, held his breath, and listened attentively. He heard nothing but the beatings of his own heart. Terror seized him; he seated himself for an instant on the floor to calm his emotion and to cool the blood that was boiling in his veins.

"Honorine!" cried he, springing to his feet again, "are you dead?" Death itself made answer. He stumbled against a table, and his hands dabbled in a pool of blood.

He fell on his knees, leaned his arms upon the bed, and remained till daylight in the same position. He did not ask himself how this had happened; he felt neither surprise nor regret: the blood rushed to his brain, and all was over. His head was now but an empty cage, from which reason had taken its flight forever. He passed the remaining hours of the night with his elbows leaning upon a corpse which grew gradually colder and colder until morning.

When *Le Tas* came in the morning to see if her beautiful cousin was awake, she heard through the door a shrill and discordant cry, which resembled the scream of a jay. She opened it, and saw an old man covered with blood, who shook his head from side to side, as if to cast it from his body. The Duke de La Tour d'Embleuse was crying, "Aca! Aca! Aca!" It was all that remained to him of the gift of speech, the noblest of man's privileges. His face was grimacing horribly, his eyes opening and shutting as if by springs; his limbs were paralyzed, his body nailed to the fauteuil, his hands lifeless.

## THE LAY OF THE LITTLE BIRD.

ANONYMOUS.

[The metrical Legends and Fabliaux of early France yield us numerous anonymous poems, usually of no great merit, and frequently much too coarse in language for modern ideas of propriety. These serve, through their wit and vivacity, as a foil to the serious and ponderous *Chansons de Geste*, or rhymed romances of chivalry, of that period. We give some examples.]

In days of yore, at least a century since,  
There lived a carle as wealthy as a prince :  
His name I wot not ; but his wide domain  
Was rich with stream and forest, mead and plain ;  
To crown the whole, one manor he possessed  
In choice delight so passing all the rest,  
No castle burgh or city might compare  
With the quaint beauties of that mansion rare.  
The sooth to say, I fear my words may seem  
Like some strange fabling, or fantastic dream,  
If, unadvised, the portraiture I trace,  
And each brave pleasure of that peerless place ;  
Foreknow ye, then, by necromantic might  
Was raised this paradise of all delight.  
A good knight owned it first ; he, bowed with age,  
Died, and his son possessed the heritage ;  
But the lewd stripling, all to riot bent,—  
His chattels quickly wasted and forespent,—  
Was driven to see this patrimony sold  
To the base carle of whom I lately told :  
Ye wot right well there only needs be sought  
One spendthrift heir, to bring great wealth to naught.

A lofty tower and strong, the building stood  
'Midst a vast plain surrounded by a flood ;  
And hence one pebble-paved channel strayed,  
That compassed in a clustering orchard's shade :  
'Twas a choice, charming plat ; abundant round,  
Flowers, roses, odorous spices clothed the ground,  
Unnumbered kinds, and all profusely showered  
Such aromatic balsam, as they flowered,  
Their fragrance might have stayed man's parting breath  
And chased the hovering agony of death.  
The sward one level held ; and close above,  
Tall, shapely trees their leafy mantles wove,  
All equal growth, and low their branches came,  
Thickset with goodliest fruits of every name.  
In midst, to cheer the ravished gazer's view,  
A gushing fount its waters upward threw,  
Thence slowly on with crystal current passed,  
And crept into the distant flood at last !  
But nigh its source a pine's umbrageous head  
Stretched far and wide, in deathless verdure spread,  
Met with broad shade the summer's sultry gleam,  
And through the livelong year shut out the beam.

Such was the scene ;—yet still the place was blessed  
With one rare pleasure passing all the rest :  
A wondrous bird, of energies divine,  
Had fixed his dwelling in the tufted pine ;  
There still he sat, and there with amorous lay  
Waked the dim morn and closed the parting day :  
Matched with these strains of linked sweetness wrought,  
The violin and full-toned harp were naught ;  
Of power they were with new-born joy to move  
The cheerless heart of long-desponding love ;  
Of power so strange, that, should they cease to sound,  
And the blithe songster flee the mystic ground,

That goodly orchard's scene, the pine-tree's shade,  
Trees, flowers, and fount, would all like vapor fade.

"Listen, listen to my lay!"

Thus the merry notes did chime,

"All who mighty love obey,

Sadly wasting in your prime,

Clerk and laic, grave and gay!

Yet do ye, before the rest,

Gentle maidens, mark me tell!

Store my lesson in your breast:

Trust me, it shall profit well;

Hear and heed me, and be blessed!"

So sang the bird of old; but when he spied  
The carle draw near, with altered tone he cried,  
"Back, river, to thy source! and thee, tall tower,  
Thee, castle strong, may gaping earth devour!  
Bend down your heads, ye gaudy flowers, and fade!  
And withered be each fruit-tree's mantling shade!  
Beneath these beauteous branches once were seen  
Brave gentle knights disporting on the green,  
And lovely dames; and oft these flowers among  
Stayed the blithe bands, and joyed to hear my song;  
Nor would they hence retire, nor quit the grove,  
Till many a vow were passed of mutual love:  
These more would cherish, those would more deserve  
Cost, courtesy, and arms, and nothing swerve.  
Oh, bitter change! for master now we see  
A faitour villain carle of low degree;  
Foul gluttony employs his livelong day,  
Nor heeds nor hears he my melodious lay."

So spake the bird; and, as he ceased to sing,  
Indignantly he clapped his downy wing,  
And straight was gone; but no abasement stirred  
In the clown's breast at his reproachful word:



Bent was his wit alone by quaint device  
To snare, and sell him for a passing price.  
So well he wrought, so craftily he spread  
In the thick foliage green his slender thread,  
That, when at eve the little songster sought  
His wonted spray, his heedless foot was caught.  
"How have I harmed you?" straight he 'gan to cry,  
"And wherefore would you do me thus to die?"  
"Nay, fear not," quoth the clown, "for death or wrong;  
I only seek to profit by thy song;  
I'll get thee a fine cage, nor shalt thou lack  
Good store of kernels and of seeds to crack.  
But sing thou shalt; for if thou play'st the mute,  
I'll spit thee, bird, and pick thy bones to boot."  
"Ah, woe is me!" the little thrall replied,  
"Who thinks of song, in prison doomed to bide?  
And, were I cooked, my bulk might scarce afford  
One scanty mouthful to my hungry lord."

What may I more relate? The captive wight  
Assayed to melt the villain all he might,  
And fairly promised, were he once set free,  
In gratitude to teach him secrets three,—  
Three secrets, all so marvellous and rare,  
His race knew naught that might with these compare.

The carle pricked up his ears amain; he loosed  
The songster thrall, by love of gain seduced.  
Up to the summit of the pine-tree's shade  
Sped the blithe bird, and there at ease he stayed,  
And tricked his plumes full leisurely, I trow,  
Till the carle claimed his promise from below.  
"Right gladly," quoth the bird. "Now grow thee wise:  
All human prudence few brief lines comprise:  
First, then, lest haply in the event it fail,  
*Yield not a ready faith to every tale.*"

"Is this thy secret?" quoth the moody elf,—  
"Keep, then, thy silly lesson for thyself:  
I need it not." "Howbe, 'tis not amiss  
To prick thy memory with advice like this;  
But late, meseems, thou hadst forgot the lore;  
Now mayst thou hold it fast for evermore.  
Mark next my second rule, and sadly know,  
*What's lost, 'tis wise with patience to forego.*"

The carle, though rude of wit, now chafed amain;  
He felt the mockery of the songster's strain.  
"Peace," quoth the bird; "my third is for the best;  
Store thou the precious treasure in thy breast:  
*What good thou hast, ne'er lightly from thee cast.*"  
He spoke, and twittering fled away full fast.  
Straight, sunk in earth, the gushing fountain dries;  
Down fall the fruits; the withered pine-tree dies;  
Fades all the beauteous plat, so cool, so green,  
Into thin air, and never more is seen.

Such was the meed of avarice,—bitter cost!  
The carle, who all would gather, all has lost.

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## AN AUTHOR'S PETS.

THÉOPHILE GAUTIER.

[Gautier, born at Tarbes in 1811, has earned a distinguished place among French poets and novelists, and ranks as one of the ablest of modern authors. He first entered the field of literature as a poet, his productions displaying high powers of imagery and description. From 1833 until his death, in 1872, his pen was busy on prose subjects, comprising novels, works of travel and criticism, and journalistic writings. One of his best novels is "*Le Capitaine Fracasse*," a work in the school of Dumas, but marked by excellent powers of descrip-

tion and characterization. The selection we offer is from "My Household of Pets," as translated by Susan Coolidge, and published by Messrs. Roberts Brothers.]

WE must say of our cats, as said Ruy Gomez de Silva to the impatient Don Carlos, when giving him the names and titles of his ancestors, which began with "Don Silvius, three times elected consul of Rome," "I have skipped some of the best—," and so pass on to Madame Theophile, a reddish cat, with a white breast, pink nose, and blue eyes, who was thus named because she lived with us in an almost conjugal intimacy, sleeping on the foot of our bed or on the arm of our writing-chair, following us in our walks in the garden, assisting at our meals, and not infrequently intercepting the morsels which we were conveying from our plate to our mouth.

One day a friend, who was leaving home for a short time, left in our charge a favorite parrot. The bird, feeling lonely in a strange house, climbed by the help of his beak to the top of the perch, and sat there rolling about in a scared way his eyes, which glittered like gilt nails, and wrinkling over them the white membranes which served for eyelids. Madame Theophile had never before encountered a parrot, and the novelty awoke in her mind an evident astonishment. Motionless as an Egyptian cat embalmed in its net-work of bandages, she sat regarding the bird with an air of profound meditation, and putting together all the ideas of natural history which she had been able to collect during her excursions on the roofs or in the court-yard and garden. The shadows of her thoughts flitted across her changeful eyes, and it was not difficult to read the decision at which she finally arrived: "This is—decidedly it is—a green chicken!"

This conclusion reached, the cat jumped from the table which she had chosen as her observatory, and crouched

in a corner of the room, her belly on the floor, her knees bent, her head lowered, her spine stiffened like that of the black panther in Gérôme's picture as it glares at the gazelles who are drinking by the lake.

The parrot followed each movement of the cat with a feverish disquietude. His feathers bristled; he rattled his chain, raised one of his claws and exercised its talons, while he whetted his beak on the edge of the feeding-cup. Instinct revealed to him that this was an enemy who was plotting mischief.

As for the eyes of the cat, they were riveted on the bird with a fascinated intensity, and said plainly as eyes can speak, and in a language which the parrot understood only too well, "Green though he be, this chicken is without doubt good to eat."

While we watched this scene with interest, ready to interfere whenever it should seem necessary, Madame Theophile was imperceptibly drawing nearer to her prey. Her pink nose quivered, her eyes were half shut, her elastic claws projected and then disappeared again in their velvet sheaths. Little shivers ran down her spine: she was like an epicure as he seats himself at table before a dish of truffled chicken and smacks his lips in advance over the choice and succulent repast which he is about to enjoy. This exotic dainty tickled all her sensuous capabilities.

Suddenly her back curved like a bow which is bent, and with one strong elastic bound she alighted on the perch. The parrot, seeing his danger, remarked in a deep bass voice, as low and solemn as that of M. Joseph Prudhomme, "Hast thou breakfasted, Jacquot?"

This remark created in the mind of the cat an evident dismay. She took a sudden leap backward. A blast from a trumpet, a pile of plates crashing to the floor, a pistol-shot close to the ear, could not have inspired more sudden

and giddy terror in an animal of her race. All her ornithological ideas were in one fell moment overturned.

"And on what? On the roast beef of the king?" continued the parrot.

The face of the cat now said, as distinctly as words, "This is not a bird. It is a gentleman! He speaks!"

"When I on wine have feasted free,  
The tavern turns around with me,"

sang the bird, in a tremendous voice; for he perceived that the alarm caused by his words was his readiest means of defence. The cat cast a questioning glance towards us, and, getting no reassurance in reply, took refuge under the bed, from which place of safety she could not be enticed for the remainder of that day.

People who are not accustomed to live with animals, or who, like Descartes, see in them nothing but irrational organisms, will no doubt suppose that these designs and reflections which we attribute to birds and beasts are pure inventions of our fancy. In this they are mistaken: we but interpret their ideas, and faithfully translate them into human speech.

Next day Madame Theophile, regaining courage, made another attempt on the parrot, which was repulsed in the same way. After that she gave it up, and accepted the bird as a man.

[The writer goes on to describe a pair of white Norway rats which he bought and tamed, and for which he had made an intricate cage, full of staircases and apartments.]

These pretty creatures—of which so many people, for reasons which we cannot understand, have a silly fear—grew tame to an astonishing degree as soon as they became certain that no harm was intended them. They

allowed themselves to be stroked like kittens, and, taking our finger between their tiny pink paws, delicate to an ideal degree, would lick it in a friendly way. They were usually let loose at the end of our meals, and, climbing on our arms, shoulders, and head, would dart in and out of the sleeves of our jacket or dressing-gown with singular skill and agility. The motive of all these exercises, so gracefully performed, was to win leave to rummage among the remains of the dessert. Placed upon the table, in the twinkling of an eye the pair would make away with every walnut or hazel-nut, every dried raisin, every bit of sugar, which remained. Nothing could be droller than the eager and furtive glances which they cast about them while doing this, or their look of surprise when they found themselves on the edge of the table-cloth. When a tiny board was laid from the cage to the table, they would joyfully run across it and store their plunder away in their private cupboard.

The couple multiplied rapidly, until whole families of equal whiteness ascended and descended the staircases of the cage. At last we found ourself at the head of thirty rats, all so much at home with us that when the weather was cold they burrowed in our pockets without the least ceremony, and lay there, keeping themselves warm. Sometimes, leaving open the door of the Ratopolis, we would go up to the second story of the house and give a whistle well known to our pupils. Then the tiny crew, who with great difficulty could climb from one step of the stairs to the other, would swarm upward, clutching the rail, pulling themselves along by the balusters, following each other in a file with the regularity of acrobats, up the steep road, down which occasionally one slipped, and run to find us, uttering little cries and manifesting the liveliest joy. . . .

You will doubtless wonder how our rats and cats, creat-



ures so totally unsympathetic—one in fact being the natural prey of the other—managed to live together. In the most amicable way imaginable. The cats never showed their claws to the rats; the rats never exhibited the least fear or distrust of the cats. This conduct on the part of the cats was thoroughly sincere, and never once were the rats called upon to mourn the death of a comrade. Don Pierrot de Navarre [one of the author's cats] showed the tenderest affection for these tiny neighbors. He would lie down by the cage for hours together, watching them at play. If by accident the door of the room was shut, he would scratch and softly mew to have it opened, that he might rejoin his little white friends, who not infrequently would come from their cage and go to sleep by his side. Seraphita, of a loftier nature than he, and not so fond of the musky odor of rats, never took part in these games; but she did the rats no harm, and suffered them to pass before her without once extending a claw.

The end of these rats was strange enough. One sultry day in summer, when the thermometer marked the ordinary heat of Senegal, their cage was placed in the garden, under the shade of a vine-covered arbor; for they seemed to suffer from the heat. A heavy storm came up, with great gusts of wind, lightning, and rain. The tall poplars on the river's bank bent like reeds. Armed with an umbrella, we were on the point of going out to look for our pets, when a vivid lightning-flash, which seemed to split the very depths of the heavens, stopped us on the first step of the flight which led from the terrace to the garden. A tremendous thunder-clap followed, louder than the discharge of a hundred cannon. The shock was so violent that we were almost thrown down by it.

After this explosion the storm grew a little calmer; and, hastening to the arbor, we found the thirty-two rats lying

with their paws in the air, all killed by the same thunderbolt.

The wire of their cage had without doubt attracted the lightning. Thus perished together, as they had lived together, thirty-two Norway rats,—an enviable death, and one not often granted by implacable fate!

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## VIRGIN FORESTS.

ARTHUR MANGIN.

[The French stand at the head of all modern nations in the power of making science attractive, and in the writings of Figuier, Flammariion, Michelet, and others who might be named, subjects which are usually voted dry and difficult are made as light, clear, and attractive as the romance of some other nations. From one of these works of popular science, "The Desert World" of Arthur Mangin, we offer the following selection, with the assurance that it cannot fail to prove of interest to readers.]

IN all parts of the world some regions exist where, owing to a concurrence of favorable circumstances, the productive forces of nature have been able to manifest themselves with an exceptional energy,—where vegetable life, in particular, has acquired an extraordinary development. The rich soil is covered, over more or less extensive areas, with vivacious plants, robust and of great stature, which, closely rooted, one against another, with intertwining and over-arching boughs, sustaining by their bulk and shading with their foliage other and weaker plants, have formed in the course of innumerable ages those masses of umbrageous gloom called forests.

These undoubtedly are one of the grandest and most

impressive monuments of the creative power, one, I may add, of the most eloquent, for there is nothing in all nature whose study better repays the student, or which more largely abounds in important lessons.

The virgin forest, moreover, is one of the sanctuaries of nature, where her mysteries are seldom profaned by man. There life reveals itself, and moves at liberty, under an infinite variety of forms. It is the asylum of a multitude of animals of all classes, which find therein, united, the two essential conditions of existence,—shelter and nourishment. Without the difficult approaches, the obscurity, and the profound depths of the forests, says a naturalist, what would become of the species of mammals, birds, and reptiles against which man wages incessant war? Nature, then, seems to have provided these immense reservoirs to prevent their species from being entirely annihilated. Independently of the trees which constitute the forests, a host of other plants make them their exclusive habitat; thence the specific and eminently characteristic names—such as *sylvestris*, *sylvaticus*, *nemorosus*—imposed upon a great number among them. Such plants are distinguished from their congeners by the great dimensions of their stems; but, on the other hand, they do not possess the brilliantly-colored flowers which adorn the plants of the mountains and the plains, always exposed to the action of the solar light.

The forests, moreover, offer for the botanist this remarkable and singularly precious circumstance, that they form natural collections of trees of the same species, or of several species of the same genus, or at least of the same family; so that their limits circumscribe the habitat of these grand vegetables and permit us to determine with ease their geographical distribution. . . .

Forests formerly abounded in Europe. In Gallia, Ger-

mania, Illyria, Sarmatia, whole provinces were covered with immense woods of ancient and patriarchal trees. Civilization has destroyed them in great part, and often without discernment. At the present day few forests in Europe remain untouched. They are rare in Western Africa, in Central Asia, and in Northern Asia; rarer still in the Chinese Empire, where the population is denser than in any other country of the world, and where it is the great object of the policy of the state that not a rood of land shall be lost for the culture of plants valuable as food or for industrial purposes. It is only to the south of the Himalaya Mountains, in the still savage and scantily-peopled regions of India and Indo-China, that one sees the great vegetables of the tropical zone agglomerated in compact masses of considerable extent. In Africa, forests of any size or density only exist in the mountainous countries and towards the western littoral; as, notably, in the Soudan, the Senegal, in Guinea, at the Gaboon, and on the coasts of Angola and Benguela. In North America civilization has accomplished in less than three centuries the work which in Europe occupied a much longer period. The magnificent forests which spread their awful shades—their vast luxuriance of gloom—over the surface of this continent have fallen before the axe of the pioneer. Only at a few points is realized the fine picture of the poet; only in a few untrodden recesses still flourishes the primeval forest, where

“The murmuring pines and the hemlocks,  
Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight,  
Stand like Druids of eld, with voices sad and prophetic,  
Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their bosoms.”

When Captain Palliser's expedition attempted to reach the head-waters of the North Thompson from the source of the North Saskatchewan River, the leader encountered

a forest-growth so dense and so encumbered with fallen timber that it proved an insurmountable obstacle. Viscount Milton and Mr. Cheadle, in their adventurous journey across the Rocky Mountains to British Columbia, were involved in one of these wildernesses, and with difficulty effected a passage. "No one," they remark, "who has not seen a primeval forest, where trees of gigantic size have grown and fallen undisturbed for ages, can form any idea of the collection of timber or the impenetrable character of such a region. There were pines and thujas of every size,—the patriarch of three hundred feet in height standing alone, or thickly-clustering groups of young ones struggling for the vacant place of some prostrate giant. The fallen trees lay piled around, forming barriers often six or eight feet high on every side; trunks of huge cedars, moss-grown and decayed, lay half buried in the ground on which others as mighty had recently fallen; trees still green and living, recently blown down, blocking the view with the walls of earth held in their matted roots; living trunks, dead trunks, rotten trunks; dry, barkless trunks, and trunks moist and green with moss; bare trunks, and trunks with branches—prostrate, reclining, horizontal, propped up at different angles; timber of every size, in every stage of growth and decay, in every possible position, entangled in every possible combination. The swampy ground was densely covered with American dogwood, and elsewhere with thickets of the azalea, a tough-stemmed trailer, with leaves as large as those of the rhubarb-plant, and growing in many places as high as a man's shoulders. Both stem and leaves are covered with sharp spines, which pierce your clothes as you force your way through the tangled growth, and make the legs and hands of the pioneers scarlet from the inflammation of myriads of punctures."

Far grander the scene, however,—for richer in form and color,—which meets our gaze in the stupendous forest-growth still covering the basins of the Amazon and the Orinoco. . . . In his forest wanderings Mr. Bates was especially attracted by the colossal trees. He says that, on the whole, they have not remarkably thick stems; the great and uniform height to which they grow without throwing off a branch is a more noticeable feature than their thickness; but at intervals he paused before a veritable giant. Only one of these huge patriarchs of the woods can flourish within a given space; it monopolizes the domain, and none but humble individuals can nestle within its shadow. The cylindrical trunks of these large trees were generally about twenty to twenty-five feet in circumference. Von Martius, another Brazilian traveller, mentions having measured trees in the Pará district which were fifty to sixty feet in girth at the point where they became cylindrical! The height of the vast column-like stems could not be less than one hundred feet from the ground to their lowest branch. The total height of the pao d'ano and the massaranduba, stem and crown together, may be computed at from one hundred and eighty to two hundred feet. Where one of them stands, the vast canopy of leafiness rises above the other forest-trees like a domed cathedral above the minor buildings of a city.

A very curious feature in these trees is the growth of buttress-shaped projections around the lower part of their stems. The spaces between these buttresses, which may be compared to thin walls of wood, form spacious chambers, like stalls in a stable, some of them large enough to hold half a dozen persons. "The purpose of these structures," says Mr. Bates, "is as obvious at the first glance as that of the similar props of brickwork which support a high wall. . . . They are the roots, which have raised



themselves ridge-like out of the earth, growing gradually upwards as the increasing height of the tree required augmented support. Thus they are plainly intended to sustain the massive crown and trunk in these crowded forests, where lateral growth of the roots in the earth is rendered difficult by the number of competitors." . . .

It is in the vast primeval forests of Central and Southern America, and in the leafy wildernesses of the great East Indian islands,—Borneo, Sumatra, Java, Madagascar,—that man may still contemplate in all its savage majesty the prodigious flora of the tropics. These, too, are the haunts of many remarkable animals,—mammals, birds, and reptiles,—which are there comparatively safe from the pitiless persecution of the hunter and the trapper.

To obtain an idea—which, however, can only be very vague and imperfect—of the strange and imposing spectacle and the unexpected scenes which at every step astonish the traveller in the great tropical woodlands, we must study the descriptions of those few but richly-endowed adventurers who, after exploring them with the enlightened curiosity of science, have been able to embody the results in language worthy of the subject.

In the foremost rank of those who have possessed the twofold qualification of scientific knowledge and descriptive power we must place the illustrious Humboldt. His works are a rich storehouse from which later writers have freely borrowed the materials of their essays. In reference to the phrases "*virgin forest*," "*primeval forest*," he has some judicious observations. Ought we to call, he says, by either of these appellations every kind of wild thick wood, encumbered with vigorous trees, upon which man has never laid his destructive hand? In that case they would be appropriate in a number of very different countries, under the temperate, ay, and even under the

frigid zone. But if we intend them to designate the impenetrability of an almost boundless forest, the impossibility of clearing a path with the pioneer's axe between serried ranks of trees, not one of which is less than from eight to ten feet in diameter, such virgin forests belong exclusively to tropical regions. We must not believe, however, according to the ordinary story in Europe, in the creeping parasitical lianas which by the interlacement and entanglement of their branches render the equatorial forests impenetrable. The lianas form but a comparatively insignificant portion of the underwood. The principal obstacle is found in the arborescent plants, which leave not a space uncovered, and this, too, in a country where all vegetables spreading over the soil become ligneous. If a traveller, as soon as he arrives in a tropical clime, whether in the continent or the islands, believes, even before he has penetrated inland, that he is transported to the heart of the virgin forests, his error simply originates in his impatience to realize a long-cherished desire. All tropical forests are not virgin forests.

The true virgin forests, notwithstanding the recent explorations of Wallace, Bates, and Agassiz, are very imperfectly known; because it is, in truth, perfectly impossible to survey them in every direction, on account of their vast extent and astonishing impenetrability. When we are told by the traveller that he opened for himself a path with his trusty hatchet, we readily understand that he achieved his boasted victory in places where the obstacles were reduced to feeble lianas and brushwood of no great density, and that he turned aside from the massive barriers formed by the closely-planted trunks of colossal trees. Than these mighty vegetable Anakim, nothing, says a naturalist, is more imperfectly known in botany. The stems of most being bare and branchless up to a

considerable height, their fructification is frequently beyond the reach of man. In vain would he level them by their base: their summits remain suspended by the intertangement of the neighboring summits, and, like so many Tantaluses, our travellers see themselves shunned by the fruits which their eyes devour. The rivers, those "tracks which march" through the leafy, woody depths, and the tortuous paths trodden down by generations of wild beasts in their quest after new pastures, after fresh hunting-grounds, or fountains to slake their thirst, are the only roads which can be pursued by the explorer.

As far as concerns their botanical composition, the virgin forests of the tropics are distinguished from those of cold and temperate regions by general characters which it will, perhaps, be useful to indicate. If, for example, we adopt as our standard of comparison the European forest, we there remark, in the first place, the complete absence of trees belonging to the important groups of acotyledons and monocotyledons, and, in consequence, of the superb palms and elegant arboreal ferns of tropical countries. Or, considering only the dicotyledonous plants, we see, again, that in lands bordering on the equator there is scarcely a family of this class which does not furnish its contingent of woody plants, offering most frequently, with forms of infinite variety, clearly-displayed and brilliant flowers, remarkable either for their beauty or their fragrance,—

"Sweet as Sabæan odors from the shores  
Of Araby the Blest;"

while our trees are comprised in a small number of natural groups, and present in general very opposite features, as, for instance, an almost uniform character or aspect, and flowers scarcely visible and of little elegance. . . . In the

forests of oaks, firs, and birches which cover the countries of the North, in the forests of limes of the East, a unique species of Amentaceæ, Coniferæ, or Tillaceæ generally prevails. This uniform society is foreign to the tropical forests. The infinite variety of flowers which expand in these *Hylææ* do not permit us to ask of what the virgin forests are composed. An innumerable quantity of different families stand side by side; even in the most confined spaces it is rare to see trees of the same nature reunited. Every day, as the traveller advances, he discovers new forms; oftentimes the outline of the leaf and the ramification of a tree attract his attention, without his being able to distinguish the flowers.

There is yet another feature, more striking still, and more general than those previously mentioned, which broadly distinguishes the arborescent vegetation of the tropics from that of Northern climates. Here the plants, exposed annually to an often intense degree of cold which lasts for several months, experience a kind of suspension of their vital activity, cease to flower and to fructify, and entirely shed their foliage: the resinous species are the only exceptions to this rule. In the neighborhood of the equator, on the contrary, it is during the hottest, driest season that vegetation suffers; then the herbaceous plants and bushes of the plains die down; but the great trees of the virgin forests are hardly affected; their foliage incessantly renews itself; their branches are at all times loaded with fruits and flowers; and to the wayfarer's eye they present the glorious spectacle of an eternal freshness, of a life which never wanes.

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